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THE

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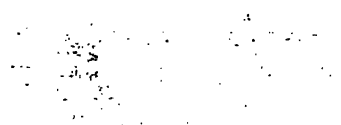
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VOLUME LIII.

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JOHN A. GRAY, 16 & 18 JACOB STREET.  
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Or his heart had its thorns: and he sometimes would dream  
Of a low cottage-porch and a murmuring stream,  
Where a placid-faced wife drew his head on her breast,  
And whispered, sweet comfort, of joy and of rest.

In the vision it seemed that his children were there,  
Sporting wild on the lawn with their free flowing hair;  
And the happy day crowned, all regardless of wealth,  
With a plain rustic meal, and the sound sleep of health.

But 't was only a dream, and 't was hard to forget  
That he was the husband of grand Mrs. Nett,  
And the father, moreover, of charming Adele,  
Who ranked, beyond doubt, as the most approved belle.

#### POOR RELATIONS.

But as fortune will have it, such things there still are—  
A fact recognized by mankind near and far—  
As poor kith and poor kin, those most troublesome bores,  
Upon whom, if we could, we would shut our great doors.

Now the Netts, as they walked in their grandeur and pride,  
Though they knew such things were, little thought by their side,  
On the night of their ball, such a ghost as a cousin,  
A maiden just one of a round baker's dozen,

Would spring up in their way: but I'll show you the letter,  
And then you will know all the facts so much better  
Than I could explain them. A thundering peal  
Of the bell brought a note—Mrs. Nett broke the seal.

Good heavens! what pallor o'erspread her fine face;  
How nearly she fainted, but 't was done with great grace,  
I assure you: 'Adele! quick, oh! quick, my dear child:  
Speak, what shall we do? or my brain will grow wild!'

Her daughter, more lately escaped from the school,  
Where every emotion is hidden by rule,  
Took the missive, and slowly pronouncing, she read  
The words which her mother seemed so much to dread:

#### LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

'My sister beloved, though long years have gone by,  
Since we shared the same couch, shared each smile and each sigh,  
Though distance our lives has divided in two,  
Yet never has faded my deep love for you.

'As a proof that I know, all unchanged by your wealth  
And 'The World,' you remain, I send you by stealth  
My sweet rose-bud, Jessie, my young rustic child :  
(You'll find her, I fear, somewhat simple and wild.)

'Unpolished, but gentle, I trust her to you :  
Oh! keep her still guileless, and pious and true :  
Display to her eyes all the wonders you boast ;  
But teach her to love her home duties the most.

'But you are a mother ; nor need I advise  
Nor express all my hopes and my fears as they rise :  
Be a mother unto her, my own cherished child,  
And smile upon her, as on me you have smiled

'In the far-away time of our dear childhood's hours,  
When life was a tissue of fair woven flowers.  
Farewell, and expect the dear child by the morrow :  
Our parting is mingled with joy and with sorrow.

'For she leaves me — how sad and how mournful the sound !  
And yet in your love recompense will be found ;  
For with you as her guide, and a friend in Adele,  
What have I to fear? Nothing: sister, farewell!'

MISGIVINGS.

Blanched was the cheek of the fair reader, too :  
To-morrow! No respite! The moments how few !  
This season, of all other times, to intrude,  
With her *gauche* country manners, unpolished and rude !

Why, what would the elegant Fontenoy say ?  
Alas! that they ever had witnessed that day :  
Of course his attentions would cease : could he bear —  
He, the polished — her vulgar and countrified air ?

Would he, the fastidious, long-travelled beau,  
Claim kin with those cousins — a terrible row,  
All poverty-stricken, and worse, unrefined,  
Without any culture of manners or mind ?

It is true that they never this Jessie had seen ;  
But no more could they speak of her aspect or mien,  
For the door, opened wide by gloved waiter, displayed  
A crowd of their guests in ball costume arrayed.

Never before was Adele so much praised,  
Never before were her hopes so much raised ;  
For Fontenoy whispered in tenderest tone,  
And he sought in the dance the fair Adele alone.

But pleasures must end, and so ended this eve,  
As the guests, one by one, most reluctant, took leave ;  
And the mother and child met once more, to deplore  
The chance that had led Jessie Gray to their door.

‘ Out of sight ’ they would keep her, most wisely they said ;  
And then by the sun-light betook them to bed,  
To dream of their triumphs in banquet and hall,  
And the fame of their last most successful grand ball.

But the father, the worker, so care-worn and gray,  
Was smiling, most strangely to see, the next day ;  
For a vision came o’er his companionless mind,  
That in Jessie a comfort and friend he would find.

And thus very true was the welcome she found,  
As in his fond arms he encircled her round ;  
But the others ! — her aunt, so stately and cold,  
And the girl, fair Adele, with her trinkets and gold —

Their measured words chilled her and saddened her heart,  
And she longed from that strange gorgeous home to depart ;  
And she yearned for the night in the darkness to weep,  
And to lose her sad thought in oblivious sleep.

JESSIE GRAY.

‘ Out of sight ! ’ it was politic, I must confess :  
It was wise in the Netts, most certainly, yes ;  
But for far other reasons than first had been given,  
They kept Jessie Gray from their own brilliant heaven.

She was bright, she was lovely, sweet, gentle, refined,  
All the graces seemed in her fair person combined ;  
And one would have thought that the blue of her eyes  
Had been caught from the deep azure tint of the skies :

And her lashes drooped o’er them like night o’er the sea,  
And her red lips were tempting as bud to the bee,  
While her form was as lithe as the breeze-cradled spray,  
And as buoyant with health as the goddess of day.

'Out of sight!' far too young, so they told her, was she,  
At balls and at routs and at dinners to be;  
But, of course, with the children and nurse in the park,  
She might go, if she chose, quite as soon as the lark.

And beside, she must read: it was good for her mind:  
What books? Oh! why, any to which she inclined;  
And then quiet evenings would keep up the glow  
On her cheeks — 't was good counsel, we very well know.

This was only dear reader, to last till the day,  
When the young Fontenoy, in plain language would say  
To the blooming Adele: 'Lovely one, be thou mine,'  
And to hear her lips murmur, blest words, 'I am thine!'

And remember, 't was only in quite an 'aside,'  
To her mother she whispered, 'When I am a bride  
I will *chaperone* Jessie; but just now, you know,  
'T would scarcely be right her fair features to show.'

But hours and days on swift pinions flew by,  
And wasted forever was many a sigh;  
And fading and faded grew brilliant Adele,  
The proud and the haughty and beautiful belle.

AN INNOCENT COUNTER-PLOT.

And brighter and brighter grew Jessie's blue eye,  
And sweeter her voice as the time hasted by,  
And happy she seemed with an old musty book  
In the quiet retreat of some tree-sheltered nook.

At dawn, with her uncle, who loved her so well,  
She wandered o'er hill and in shadowy dell,  
And when the night came still well pleased would she read  
Some tale to amuse the lone man in his need.

But the truth must be told — in those calm, early hours,  
When the dew was bespangling the glittering flowers,  
Another had found that he loved nature too,  
Another admired a fine sun-rise view.

And young Jessie Gray, with the good Mr. Nett,  
Each morning this lover of Nature's works met,  
And when the soft shadows stole over the plain,  
He sometimes would join the glad couple again.



## A BELLE'S BOUDOIR.

One day Mrs. Nett, with a grand, pompous air,  
And a look of unrest on her features so fair,  
Bade Jessie repair to her dear cousin's room,  
And try by her reading to banish the gloom,

That deeper and deeper stole over her heart,  
And spite of all treatment refused to depart.  
She entered — rare indeed were the luxuries seen,  
The room was a palace, its inmate a queen.

Her toilet in progress, she raised her white face,  
With a curious stare and a funny grimace,  
When she saw that 't was Jessie, that poor, harmless child,  
Who her father so oft by a book had beguiled.

'Oh! my mother has sent you to read to *me*, too.  
Be seated, my toilet quite soon will be through.'  
And Jessie, with wonder, obedient sat,  
And viewed with surprise this contrivance and that

Of a woman of 'ton,' with inquisitive look ;  
But first a brief glance at her cousin she took :  
Could this be the brilliant, the beautiful belle,  
The observed of observers, the lovely Adele ?

Her form that like Hebe's seemed rounded last night,  
As soft as an infant's, as pure and as white,  
As plump as a Venus, as light as a Fay,  
Was shrivelled and coarse in the broad light of day.

Her hair that was praised for its glorious length,  
Its fineness and gloss, and its wonderful strength,  
Where can it be now ? Jessie raised up her eyes,  
And nearly betrayed her increasing surprise ;

For among a long list of receipts 'very rare'  
Hung bunches of thick and luxuriant hair,  
And perfumes, and lotions, and 'pommade divine,'  
All labelled *cosmetics*, a regular line.

The toilet progressed — see, inclosing her waist  
A circlet of bones in the corset encased,  
All woven together with exquisite care,  
To lend shape and *contour* to the form of the fair.

But now it was fit to give roundness and ease,  
(For a form must be plump to enchant and to please,)  
So 'Sea Island' supplied what in flesh was denied,  
And the semblance forever detection defied.

Not that the least blame to Adele could be traced,  
On her potent dress-makers the fault must be placed,  
And they, too, but join all the world while they sing  
In chorus majestic that 'Cotton is King!'

Then came lotions and powders and chalk, white and rose,  
While a slight touch of *rouge* on her pallid cheek glows,  
And a draught of red liquid gives light to her eye,  
And a pencil lends tone to her brow's faded dye.

Then a brush softly drawn o'er her colorless lips  
Flushed them red as the bud which the humming-bird sips.  
Ah! how oft had the bards sung their rich crimson glow,  
And her neck soft and white as the newly-dropped snow!

Jessie Gray gave a thought to *her* toilet so plain,  
Then turned in amazement to wonder again,  
For transferred were the thick, flowing locks she had seen  
To the head of Adele, now of fashion the queen.

Next important and grand came the stiff crinoline,  
Such a 'love of a skirt' there never was seen;  
And then to give grace to the flow of the robe,  
A fine *pollison* was tied on like a globe.

Last a dress crowned the whole, of a texture so fine,  
That the price was above what your thought could divine;  
No matter, 'papa' worked to give them such gear,  
And his income was 'ever so much' by the year.

How lovely she looked in the pride of her power,  
How simply she placed on her breast a white flower,  
An emblem of innocence fitting the place,  
Where it rested content in its exquisite grace.

A D I S A P P O I N T M E N T .

'Now Jessie, read on,' said the beauty once more,  
But hark! there's a step on the hall entrance floor,  
A step they both knew — said Adele: 'It is he!  
Oh! what cause can bring him so early to me?'

She sailed from the room in her grandeur and state,  
Almost blushing with hope, and with joy quite elate;

ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1858, BY  
JOHN A. GRAY,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

JOHN A. GRAY, *Printer and Stereotyper,*  
16 and 18 Jacob Street, New-York.

## A Q U E E R R E P U B L I C .

THE world, there can be no doubt about it, is fond of historic parallels. We are all inclined to analogize. We delight in rummaging the past for tinsel wherewith to deck our favorite of the present. We are not content with the praises lavished on the hero of some great or fancied great achievement, unless we can recall a title illustrious in the rolls of fame wherewith to add a supplemental glow to the popularity of our favorite. What reams of paper — what eternities of patience have been wasted, in our own time, on the elaboration of comparisons between Napoleon the Great and Hannibal or Cæsar; between Bolívar and Washington; between Brigham Young, of Salt Lake City, and the eyeless fanatic Ziska, of the Bohemian hills; between John Smith and Thomas Jones; and (to come down to the month of September, 1858,) between the accomplishers of the Laying of the Cable and half the patient, plodding, unconquerable perseverers, who, in all past ages, have wrung success from the reluctant grasp of Time!

Next to historic — the two are frequently found in combination — the thirst for a discovery of geographical affinities is most remarkable. 'Every school-boy' (with information traditionally encyclopædic) knows the prettiness of a theoretical juxtaposition of countries situated widely apart in fact. We all delight in calling the White Mountains the Switzerland of America — in following the course of the Hudson with an eye to the current of the Rhine. Again, we are told that in India is to be found a complete reduplication of sturdy little Scotland; and the emigrant to New-Zealand will not be content, unless you admit that his New-Munster and New-Ulster are indubitably the Britain of the South. But the stock geographico-historical parallel of the day lies between the huge and ill-comprehensible Empire of China and the tiny little Commonwealth, far away down in South-America, which is scarcely better known than the Flowery Kingdom. In fact, the *savans* of the *Manhattan Daily Chronometer* have not yet satisfactorily settled the point, whether Paraguay is the South-American China, or China the Asiatic Paraguay.

Argues Fluellen, (of the *Daily C.*): 'If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find in the comparisons between China and Paraguay, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in China; and there is also, moreover, a river at Asuncion; it is called Paraguay at Asuncion, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is fishes in both.' Ingenious Fluellen! cut out by Nature for a Benedictine commentator, who yet, it would

seem, was belated or left behind, and so did not get himself born till a couple of centuries too late! The flimsy columns of the *Daily C.* are a poor substitute for the unbounded luxuriance of folios permitted to the brethren of St. Maur.

Yet truth there is, without doubt, or at least a smattering of it, in Fluellen's comparison. There is certainly a resemblance between Paraguay and China — a sort of negative affinity, or of similarity turned upside down. China has an immense seaboard, with bays and harbors yet unnumbered: the Paraguayans, on the contrary, scarcely know what salt water means. Yet they too have a vast extent of coast; for their country is hemmed in between two rivers, almost of the first magnitude among the fluvial wonders of the globe. Tea grows on bushes in China, and in Paraguay on trees; China is hot and swampy, and so is Paraguay. In China every body can read and write; in Paraguay about one individual in a thousand is able to do either. China believes in Buddhism; Paraguay reveres the Pope. China is the largest existing monarchy, with a population comprising at least one quarter of the human race; Paraguay is the smallest independent State in South-America, and its population does not equal, by one-third, the number of inhabitants of the city of New-York. China, in name an autocracy, is governed very much on the republican plan; Paraguay, called a Republic, is not a bad specimen of unadulterated autocracy. Finally, China is susceptible of being bullied, and so is Paraguay.

Seriously speaking, the point of resemblance to China by this secluded little State, which is most worthy of fixing the attention, is its former complete and protracted isolation from the remainder of the world. The difficulty of access to the Celestial Empire was as nothing, but a few years since, in comparison with that of reaching Paraguay; and the task of getting in, was in its turn exceeded by the difficulty of getting out. The Republic was for many years the inaccessible diamond-valley of nations; and only at long intervals, some convenient Roc afforded the opportunity of reaching the precious locality, or of leaving it, laden with inestimable wealth. Jealousy, suspicion, exclusiveness — these were some of the bequests, among better legacies, which the Jesuit brethren left to their Empire of Paraguay.

Every body has read, or ought long ago to have read, the history of the State up to the year eighteen hundred and forty; for is it not written (without speaking of works less generally obtainable) in the accessible and entertaining pages of the Robertson brothers, of the instructive Parish, and the intense Carlyle? but there are few who have read its history for the period subsequent, for the excellent reason, that it has not yet been written. It still lies scattered in the columns of newspapers, in the wordy pages of public documents, in statistical

works, and in the archives of governments and commerce; nor would we hesitate to wish that some undaunted knight-errant of literature might brace himself to the task of collecting and digesting the widely-scattered material provided for the coming historian. There is a decided call for courage in this direction.

A mere cursory glance at the state of any nation on whom little study has been bestowed, is terribly akin to a peep at one of those panoramic views which form features so attractive in many a public show. Your vision ranges over an immensity of landscape; but every individual point is hazy and indistinct. You are perpetually inclined to rub the glass, in the hope of obtaining a more definite perception of the scene; but no ocular effort is sufficient to add clearness to the outline, or strength to the impression left upon the mind. So in a panoramic view of a political or social scene, one complains perpetually of blurred details, and of indistinctness in the whole; yet even such a glimpse is better than total ignorance. Such a glimpse is all that the world has yet obtained of Paraguay.

What we know of the Republic geographically, is little at best. A vague notion has settled down on the minds of men, that it is an inland peninsula, covering an area of some seventy thousand square miles, washed on the one side by the waters of the straight-flowing Paraguay, and on the other by those of the more impetuous and erratic Paraná. A rolling interior covered with enormous forests, trodden only by the tapir, the capybara, the peccary, the jaguar, and other irreclaimable animals, including nomadic tribes of Indians—Guaycurús, Mbayas, Payaguás, and the like—and intersected by noble streams still ignorant of usefulness: a little fringe of semi-civilization following the course of the two great demarcating rivers, and sapping gradually inward, at the rate of scarcely a mile a year—such are the principal features of the isolated State. Here and there, at distant intervals, as you sail up the Paraná, or the Paraguay, you stop before some collection of unpretending huts forming a town with a few hundred inhabitants; at very widely-separated points, you are attracted to a place of somewhat more imposing size; and at the capital, Asuncion, you find yourself in a city lacking none of the peculiarities of the Spanish-American type, while it possesses many which are exclusively its own. Again, if we penetrate the forests and traverse the luxuriant plains of the interior, we shall stumble, now and then, upon some traces of a sleepy civilization, in isolated villages and hamlets, in which a few wealthy but uneducated proprietors and their dependents lead a monotonous, easy life; and far in the interior, we shall halt at the Rich City—the venerable Villa Rica—which the energetic Spaniard, De Garay, founded very nearly three centuries ago. But no where, save



perhaps in and around the capital, shall we find life and action: Paraguay is a perpetual dream beneath a luscious sky.

If we stem the stately current of the Paraná — that magnificent river which is two miles broad at a distance of two hundred miles from its mouth — and leave it, after six or seven days' navigation, for the Paraguay just above the town of Corrientes, we shall be brought, by continuing our ascent, to the only city, worthy of that title, which the Republic can properly be said to possess. Our eleven or twelve hundred miles of fluvial navigation will terminate at Asuncion. Quaint, torrid, delightful little place, with its twelve or fifteen thousand dusky inhabitants, its plain and quiet though cheerful streets, its charming steadfastness in habits elsewhere almost obsolete, its simple but unbounded hospitality — who would not choose it as a place of residence, in preference to nine-tenths of the garish Spanish-American cities, in which the charm of creole manners and society has been sacrificed for a faint, unworthy imitation of European polish, as honest New-England rum is sometimes doctored and drugged, and presented as veritable Cognac brandy! No: Asuncion is worth a dozen Valparaisos and Limas, pleasant as those famous cities truly are; and a single one of its broad-shouldered, ignorant, hearty *vecinos* should be esteemed more highly than a dozen of the effeminate, false *Porteños* of Buenos Ayres, or than a score of the pretentious *Creoles* of the western coast.

The epithet that most naturally occurs to one, in seeking to characterize Asuncion, is the young-ladylike expletive, *charming*. The last five years have undoubtedly worked wonders in depriving the city of its individuality — in leavening it with that hateful yet inevitable yeast of 'commercial activity,' which is no sooner brought in contact with singularity and unselfishness, than it ferments them into radical change and deterioration. This hidden nook, since Urquiza opened the river Plata in 1852 to the navigators of the world, has suffered many an innovation, which would be witnessed with regret by those who love to think of Asuncion in its state of unsophisticated, dreamy quiet, that was so sweet in the days of long ago. Nor is it necessary that one should have gray hair to remember Asuncion before it was afflicted with the commercial dropsy. Ten years ago, you might walk the Plaza for a month, and meet no English-speaking stranger all the while. Then, how pleasant to lounge away the languid hours in your fragrant dwelling — yours by the laws of Creole hospitality, so long as you tarried within it as a guest — with the Señor, your courteous entertainer, and the stout Señora, and the Señoritas, so graceful and engaging, who, alas! as you reflect with a sigh, are nevertheless destined to attain, ere many years are past, a coarseness of physical

development equal to that of their respected but not particularly attractive mothers. Look at Don Fulgencio, our host, as he sits with his silver cup of *yerba* tea in one hand, and his portly segar, exhaling nicotian fragrance, between the fingers of the other. It is summer perhaps, and within twenty-five degrees of the Equator the weather has a right to be hot — a privilege which it exercises with especial sultriness at Asuncion. Don Fulgencio, therefore, has cast aside his cloth jacket, and is sitting in the thinnest practicable attire. A cotton shirt, a pair of cotton breeches or drawers reaching nearly to the ankle, and slippers delicately woven out of some species of grass or palm-leaf, are the extent of his habiliments; and his spouse is scarcely encumbered with a greater amount of clothing. La Señora wears perhaps a long petticoat (we are not now north of the Equator, or we would discreetly call it skirt) of stout white cotton, with a short gown, it may be (without body) of some colored calico, a plain chemise of cotton gathered loosely about the waist, a stomacher of lace or cambric, slippers like those of her husband, and a rosary about her neck. Can we complain, if her sprightly daughters delight in coolness and simplicity of garb no less than herself? Is it in nature to do otherwise than approve of the modest unconsciousness of 'impropriety' in their demi-toilette, or to cavil at the costume which permits the innocent display of faultlessly-rounded limbs, and the suggestion of bosoms beneath which affectionate hearts must surely beat? But it is only *chez soi*, and in the heats of summer, that our Creole friends dispense with superfluous finery. On all possible occasions, they delight in decking themselves with gorgeous apparel — the gentlemen in brilliantly-buttoned coats and waistcoats, in splendid pantaloons or breeches, with drawers embroidered in the highest style of aiguillary art, in nicely-fashioned boots of hide, with spurs as large as moderate saucers; and the ladies in robes of silken sheen, not unbespangled with metallic wealth, and with intricately-braided tresses also adorned with supplements of gold and silver.

But why waste description upon dress, when so much that is pleasant may be said of the society of our friends? Chilenos and Peruvians may boast of their *bailes* and *tertulias*; Buenos Ayres may plume herself on her reunions and lame imitations of the Rue St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré; but for sweet, unaffected heartiness, commend us to the *tertulias* of our favorite Asuncion! In the balmy summer evenings, there used frequently to be a *tertulia* at almost every house, and the reason that every house did not present one lay simply in the fact, that if all at once had played the part of entertainers, there had perforce been lack of guests. At these parties, seldom exceeding ten or fifteen in the number of their attendants, one might enjoy, far into the evening, the pleasures of conversation, of



music, of dancing, of (let us whisper it) flirtation in disjointed fragments, behind fans and such-like flying saps of Cupid; or, if one chose to join the elders, of *malilla* (whist) and many another sociable game at cards. To be sure, your conversation, though merry, could scarcely rise above the common-place; the music aspired to no higher flights than the liquid accompaniment of a guitar to the *triste* or *canto* sung by some soft-voiced señorita, and the dancing had far more of natural grace and quaint capriciousness, than of Cellarian precision; but free, unrestricted, sympathetic enjoyment could not fail to be shared in by every individual present, and the healthy hilarity of the tertulia, calling to mind the eternal gilded simper of our ball-rooms, must suggest comparisons in which Fifth Avenue goes decidedly to the wall.

Asuncion, even to-day, scarcely less than a dozen years ago, has a far stronger infusion of the Indian element in its population and its general character, than any other Spanish-American city of equal importance. The Guaraní, indeed, predominates over the Creole to a marked degree. This characteristic holds good, moreover, for the entire Republic, and may be traced to the period of Jesuit domination, when Paraguay was almost inaccessible even to the scanty immigration that Spain then sent across the sea, and the gentle Indians were civilized and educated into a species of counterfeit Christianity, and trained to the adoption of sedentary customs by the earnest, devoted, even though unscrupulous and ambitious fathers or *País*. Up and down the river, settlements of Guaranís were founded, in each of which a little group of black-robed Jesuits assumed the duties of government; and many traces of these Indian villages still survive. The influence of these settlements has been immense upon the character of the Republic. In no other South-American State has there been so complete a fusion of the white and Indian races. The Guaraní language is the most common medium of conversation even at Asuncion, and there are few families in Paraguay with whom a strong infusion of Guaraní blood does not temper the blue Castilian ichor, or the less distinguished blood of common Spain. Amalgamation with the negro race has been less frequent, although it has by no means been wanting in the community; and the *mélange* produced by the various crossings is a population gentle, lymphatic, unenterprising, slow; but at the same time amiable, teachable, and notably devoid of the fickleness which elsewhere in South-America is so prominent a characteristic. The extraordinary heat of the climate, during the greater part of the year, disabling even the native Paraguayans from physical exertion; and the scarcely paralleled fertility of the soil, exuberant with prodigal luxuriance of vegetable wonders, rendering labor scarcely necessary for the supply of physical requirements, exert a potent influence upon the character of the simple-minded people. Every necessity, almost every

luxury, is supplied them by the spontaneous products of the virgin soil: wherefore, then, toil and sweat for greater gain, instead of accepting the gifts of God and Nature, content in thankfulness? And so the Paraguayan lives his somnolent life.

Instead of marvelling at the submission of the Republic to the unrelenting despotism of the Dictator Francia, during the six-and-twenty years of irresponsible government which he enjoyed till the very moment of his death, in 1840, we should rather wonder that so remarkable a character as he — endowed no less with a strong yet subtle intellect than with boundless ambition seconded by energy quite Northern — should have arisen from among a people so devoid of mental vigor. The wonder increases, when we behold his successor, Lopez, displaying a sagacity which surpasses in many respects that of the famous Dictator himself, beside an amount of business-talent and prudence to which Francia could lay no claim. The influence of Lopez on his country has indeed been little short of miraculous for its benefit; and although the infusion of an active commercial spirit may, as we have half-complained above, expel many a pleasant, long-descended custom, and sweep away not a few of the most attractive peculiarities of the people, it is undeniable that the actual progress of Paraguay in civilization and culture, under the rule of Lopez, has been immense.

We have observed above that every one ought to have read the history of Paraguay to the year 1840, since it exists in a form more popular and attractive than that of perhaps any other Spanish-American State; but it is unfortunately too well established that the human race is prone to leave undone those things which it ought to do, as well as to do those things which it ought not to have done. It is possible that some of our readers may have neglected a palpable duty, and we will consequently devote half-a-dozen lines to a recapitulation of facts. When Spanish authority was overthrown at Buenos Ayres on the twenty-fifth of May, 1810, the Province of Paraguay remained loyally obedient to the authority of its Governor; and the Paraguayan troops actually repulsed a 'liberating army' which was led against the Spanish authorities by the Buenos Ayrean General, Belgrano; but the infectious revolutionary spirit spread at length even into that secluded refuge of loyalty, and General Velasco was shortly deposed by the identical Paraguayan Generals, Yegros and Caballero, who had carried out his orders in antagonism to Belgrano; and a *junta*, or board of government, was established, consisting of those two officers and a lawyer named De la Mora. To this junta a young and talented lawyer was further added, whose name was Francia, and who officiated as secretary. Beneath a quiet exterior Doctor Francia concealed a boundless contempt for his colleagues and an insatiable thirst for power; nor was it long before his hidden manœuvres resulted in the dismissal

of a portion of the junta, and his election to fill the post of First Consul of the Republic, with Yegros as the Second. This 'election' was the work of the Paraguayan 'Congress,' an assemblage of ignorant Creoles, who were glad enough to agree to any thing proposed to them by a being of such superhuman wisdom as they held the Doctor to be; and a few months later, a second assemblage of the 'Congress' vested the Government of the Republic, for a space of three years, in the hands of Francia alone, as Dictator. The Congress was never permitted to convene again; and for more than a quarter of a century, Francia continued to exercise this unlimited power, which he yielded only with his life.

On the death (by apoplexy) of Dr. Francia in 1840, he was succeeded in the supreme government by a junta, including the present chief ruler, Carlos Antonio Lopez, who was elected President for life in 1846. The Republic was at this time doubly secured against foreign intrusion. Even had the prohibitory decrees of Francia been insufficient to keep the feet of strangers from crossing the borders of his dominions, the arbitrary conduct of Rosas, the celebrated Governor of Buenos Ayres, effectually obviated any such possibility, by an obstinate refusal to admit foreign vessels into the river Paraná. That magnificent highway, therefore, although forming, in connection with its affluent the Paraguay, an adit by two thousand miles of inland navigation to the very heart of the continent — to the forests and alluvial plains of Paraguay, the pastoral provinces of the Argentine Confederation, the diamond-washings of Brazil, and the thousand gold and silver mines of Bolivia — was rendered utterly and sadly useless. One might skirt the river-bank for hundreds of miles without seeing its waters disturbed by vessels of greater size than a few straggling canoes, laden with *yerba* or tobacco, and manned by half-a-dozen hardy Paraguayan boatmen, which occasionally ventured down the river on trading voyages; but the ceaseless flow of the united currents bore no riches with it on its way toward the sea. The death of Francia would have brought this inactivity to an end, had not the restrictions laid by Rosas upon commerce been still continued. The sagacious Gaucho-ruler may have foreseen, and have been actuated by the consideration (in addition to the delight he took in the exercise of autocratic power, and in annoying his opponents, England and France) that the opening of the Paraná could not fail to induce some such mishap for the Buenos Ayrean revenues as that which has indeed resulted. Rosas felt, in all probability, the conviction that, were the Paraná once converted into a thoroughfare for commerce, new ports must arise upon its banks, which would detract in no slight degree from the wealth and importance of his own Buenos Ayres. So the Paraná remained firmly locked. At length the field of Monte Caseros saw the downfall

of Juan Manuel de Rosas; and his quondam friend, but actual conqueror, General Urquiza, rode in triumph into Buenos Ayres. One of the first acts of the Deliverer (who cared little for the Portefios, but much for his own provinces bordering on the forbidden river) was to proclaim the freedom of the Paraná. The stream of commerce rushed instantaneously upward. The United States, Great Britain, France, Austria, and Sardinia, sent representatives to Asuncion for the purpose of negotiating treaties of amity and commerce; and Paraguay found herself for the first time in her history brought in contact with the busy world. True to the traditions of Francia's policy, she attached herself especially to England. The Dictator, in fact, had possessed ideas the most florid regarding the advantages to be derived from intimate political and commercial relations with Great Britain. In 1814, while the brothers Robertson were the only Europeans in Paraguay, and almost the only Englishmen who had ever visited Asuncion, Francia conceived a splendid scheme. Summoning John, the elder brother, to his presence on one occasion, he astonished and amused the observant merchant by the unfolding of his ambitious plan. After favoring Mr. Robertson with a sketch of his domestic policy and the motives of its exclusiveness, Francia rose from his chair, and ordered the attendant sergeant of the guard 'to bring *that*.' The sergeant withdrew, and in less than three minutes returned with four grenadiers at his back, bearing, to my astonishment, among them a large hide packet of tobacco of two hundred weight, a bale of Paraguay tea of similar dimensions and exterior, a demijohn of Paraguay spirits, a large loaf of sugar, and several bundles of segars, tied and ornamented with variegated fillets. Last of all came an old negress with some beautiful specimens of embroidered cloth, made from Paraguay cotton, and used by the luxurious as hand-towels and shaving-cloths.'

Mr. Robertson naturally supposed that this valuable assortment of native produce was intended as a present for himself, as he was on the eve of returning to England, but to his astonishment, the Consul (Francia was at that time 'First Consul of the Republic') addressed him as follows :

'I desire that as soon as you get to London you will present yourself to the House of Commons, take with you these samples of the productions of Paraguay, . . . and inform the assembly that you are deputed by Don Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia to lay before it these specimens of the rich productions of that country. Tell them I have authorized you to say that I invite England to a political and commercial intercourse with me; and that I am ready and anxious to receive in my capital, and with all the deference due to diplomatic intercourse between civilized States, a minister from the Court of St.

James; I also will appoint to that Court an envoy of my own. . . . Paraguay will be the first republic of South-America, as Great Britain is already the first of European nations.'

Such was the enthusiastic despot's outline of an *entente cordiale* between the two great commercial States, Paraguay and Great Britain. But Mr. Robertson took the liberty of omitting a presentation of himself at the bar of the House of Commons with the message and merchandise of the Paraguayan ruler; nor did any interchange of plenipotentiaries take place. But the fall of Rosas, eleven years after Francia's death, was succeeded by the visit of Sir Charles Hotham, and subsequently of Sir William Gore Ouseley to Asuncion, when treaties were concluded, and Paraguay brought in immediate connection with the trade of Liverpool and Southampton. At the same time, our own treaty was negotiated, and a consul appointed at Asuncion by President Pierce. How the misconduct of that official brought on a quarrel with Lopez, which was aggravated by the proceedings of Lieut. Page in the 'Waterwitch'; how Lopez lost his temper and his prudence at one and the same time; how he refused to accept the treaty returned to him, after ratification and some slight alteration by the United States Senate; and how the Administration sent out, last October, a fleet of fifteen vessels to bring him to an apology and reparation, need not be recounted here. It is a petty quarrel, which a modicum of good sense, applied in the right direction on either side, might easily have avoided.

But while bad blood has been springing up between the United States and Paraguay, the latter has attached herself more and more closely to the counsels and example of Great Britain. Within the last four years, moreover, she has taken immense strides toward a position of importance among the nations. The beneficial effects of forty years of profound quiet are now apparent; and it is evident that Paraguay has acquired, by the sacrifice of an unmeaning and worthless liberty, that sobriety of purpose, and the stability of institutions, which are so rare in Spanish-America, yet so essential to all prosperity. In nearly half a century the Republic has been governed by only two individuals! This fact is unparalleled in South-America: but it is the key to a comprehension of the present condition of the State.

It was precisely the determined despotism of Francia that preserved Paraguay from the greater evils of anarchy and internecine war which devastated all the remaining Republics after their deliverance from the Spanish yoke. The Dictator forcibly withheld the inexperienced and simple-minded creoles from the full enjoyment of that most perilous and intoxicating of gifts — a sudden freedom. Doubtless his acts were in many instances inexcusable, his cruel disposition manifest, his injustice patent; but he was sincerely devoted to the interests of his coun-

try, and there is no good reason for believing that he did not act in strict accordance with the promptings of his conscience, however narrow and unenlightened it may have been. Be that as it may, he trained an entire generation of Paraguayans to obedience, while outside of their Republic the youth of neighboring nationalities thought life not worth the having, if it must be with subordination; and Lopez has well carried out, since 1840, the inaugurated policy, while he has introduced modifications to suit the advanced condition of the people.

In fact, *magnis componere parva*, Lopez is to his predecessor very much what Alexander the Second of Russia is in relation to the Czar Nicholas whom he succeeds. Both the latter and Francia limited their ideas of government, each in his own sphere — one in an immense empire, peopled by sixty millions of his subjects, in a region of frost and cold; the other in one of the smallest of Republics, with scarcely three hundred thousand inhabitants, including Indians, and in a tropical climate — to *security* based on military preponderance. We may smile at Francia's lone company of grenadiers, and at his irregular band of horsemen whom he took so much delight in drilling, when we contrast them with the half-million gray-coated musketeers whom Nicholas could call into the field for the execution of any, no matter what, behest; yet we cannot but perceive that the motive and the result of these two armies were the same. Francia committed *his* invasion of the Principalities when he dispatched that famous band of troopers into the Argentine province of Corrientes to break up poor Aimé Bonpland's plantation of Paraguay tea; nor was he without his Siberia, to which recalcitrant or seditious subjects were unceremoniously dispatched. But Nicholas and the Dictator pass from the scene, and their policy falls into milder hands. The grumbling world finds that after all the curb has been well applied, and that a skilful master has kept the pupil in shallow water till he has learned to swim. Lopez, like Alexander, yields political importance to the people, while he strives to attract to his dominions the wealth of commerce. He builds steamers, grants charters to railway lines, constructs the largest and completest dock-yards ever established in the heart of a continent, sends young men, at the State's expense, to study at English colleges; amends his tariff; imports French, Basque, Spanish, Italian, and German immigrants; encourages manufactures as well as agriculture; embellishes his capital; and (a somewhat important consideration just at present) increases his army to the strength of some ten thousand effective men, whom he wisely places under the command of European officers. That our gallant forces, who have by this time arrived in the Plata, would experience little difficulty in overcoming any resistance that might be made to their attack by the Paraguayan army, there is no reason to doubt; but it is most sincerely to be hoped that Judge Bowlin will

effect such a pacific settlement as will obviate the use of any more gun-powder than will be necessary for salutes. In fact, it is tolerably certain that Lopez will be found quite ready to repair the evil consequences of his error, and the consideration that, after all, the first wrong was committed by one of our own officials, will undoubtedly weigh with our excellent plenipotentiary in the negotiation he has to carry out.

Before long, then, we may hope to be on terms of perfect amity with our Queer Republic. We shall then see the same glad sight which so delighted the good merchants of Liverpool nearly three years ago—the arrival of a merchant-vessel direct from Asuncion, laden with the produce of the country—tobacco, and tea, and sugar, and hides, and cotton—a promising instalment, prophetic of greater things. When the steamer ‘Rio Blanco’ (*manned by Paraguayans*) entered the port of Liverpool in the early part of 1856, with her inaugural cargo, the prosperity of Paraguay was predicted as immediate and assured. Every succeeding month has verified the anticipation. Six years ago the two ports of Asuncion and Villa del Pilar (Neëmbucú) jointly mustered a commercial marine of nine vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of some three hundred and seventy-five tons, while the Paraguayan navy consisted of one superannuated brig; but at the present time the Paraguayan flag floats over a fine fleet of British-built steamers, beside a host of trading-vessels built at Asuncion from the unequalled ship-timbers which the forests of Paraguay yield in almost inexhaustible profusion; and the nucleus of a steam-navy exists which might compare favorably with the marine forces of any other Republic in South-America. Lopez would back his Tacuari, his Ypora, his mosquito fleet of gun-boats, against any equal force that even his grasping neighbor, Brazil, could muster; and the skilful, robust Paraguayan boatmen have been proved no mere fresh-water sailors. They have been found admirable seamen, and displayed many good qualities, hitherto unsuspected, on the first voyage of the ‘Rio Blanco’ to England.

We must take leave of Paraguay and its nascent prosperity, for we have filled our allotted space. Yet we cannot conclude without expressing our sincere hope that these pages may convey a juster impression concerning the little Republic, its present condition, and its future prospects, than that which generally rests upon the public mind. And lest any sensitive journalist should consider that our banter of Fluellen at the outset had a reference in the slightest degree personal, we will place on record the truth that we had ‘in our mind’s eye’ a class and not an individual. *Caballeros — hasta la revista!*

## THE HALLOWELL PASTOR AND HIS THREE SONS.

TO BE READ UNDER CHRISTMAS-TREES.

IN nothing beyond affairs of immediate personal concernment had I for a long time so much interested myself, as in the studies and experiments of my friend, Horton Shell. His glorious aspirations gave me what richness and delight of ideal life I had. I believed in him because I loved him. And the sympathy of a man whom money-lenders praised for punctuality, and speculators for daring, was precious to him; for in his troubled, toilsome life he was not burdened with excess of sympathy.

My friend was called an aeronaut, but the name should not have been applied to him in the manner it was, though in the first year of our acquaintance he had made a score of ascents.

His flights were experimental, with a scientific aim. Usually, the ascent was made on public announcement; for Horton was by no means a rich man when he began to study, and with him, as with most of those who give themselves for the many, his thought was his chief substance; and that would not pass-current in the world, until it had been subjected, as silver is tried, to many transmutations, and perhaps not to be recognized in the end as his. The cabin of the diver is not generally decorated with the coral he has risked his life to bring up from the deep. On many another table beside that of the miner, the vessels of gold and silver are displayed. The pearl's placid splendor does not often shine on the bosom or the hand of the fisherman's bride.

When the time seemed fully ripe for his theory, or rather when he could refrain from testing it no longer, I could do no less than prove my faith in the man I loved, by sharing whatever danger he would be exposed to in the adventure, or at least by enduring with him the mortification of such defeat as might possibly await him. I made the ascent with him on my own solicitation, not his. He proved his theory.

But a storm, which travelled incredibly beyond our expectation, overtook us, bore us along with it far beyond our calculation, tore the balloon to ribbons, and tossed us to the winds. From the fact that my descent was upon the coast, it was supposed that my friend must have been drowned in the sea. But time, that reveals—let me not anticipate!

The Doctor of Hallowell, in whose hands I found myself with my returning consciousness, desired to notify my friends of what had happened. Communication I would by no means permit. I would return



to them a whole, sane man, and in no other manner. I would listen to no expressions of pity on account of this disaster: well I knew what would precede the pity. I had heard men and women comment on misfortunes, and there were none so near to me, that the self-glorification of remembered prophecy would not anticipate their sympathy or sorrow. Their mean chivalry of prudence chilled my young heart, and I wished to hear no such lamentation as they would expend upon my noble knight.

My recollection of the conversation that passed between the doctor and myself, and all the attendant circumstances, is so vivid, that the very breath and brightness of those early days seems restored to this moment. I am young again, and have not proved my life. The lowly, real, and blessed facts are once more remote from my anticipation, rose lights and purple tinge my horizon, and the aurora shines once more with mystery and promise. The doctor and I entered into a friendly compact that day, he agreeing to keep my secrets — so important to me, that I suspected those around me must have become possessed of them in the time of my insensibility — I promising henceforth to obey all his instructions, till I should be my master again. The agreement, made with all gravity, was sufficiently absurd. The doctor was entirely ignorant of my belongings, even of my name; and so far from offering opposition to his will in whatever way it chose to manifest itself, I could move neither hand nor foot.

The doctor bore with my impatience and unreasonableness, and really pitied me, I thought; and for his pity, was as grateful as any hot-headed, impatient fool could be, under the circumstances. It was not the pain I suffered, that stirred his sympathy and compassion, I believed. It was the spirit that chafed under, and resented the misfortune, that troubled him, and prevailed with his gentleness.

One day, he brought into my room a flower that had budded and blossomed in the open air. A January sun had wrought the wonder, and the flower's white cup was brimmed with fragrance.

He stood by my bed-side, a very noble presence, an old man in reality, but with so much youth in his heart, that it was difficult to appreciate his years. A grave man, whose hair was not yet white, whose frame seemed still strong and elastic, though he must have been near seventy.

When he gave me the flower, (it was not familiar to me, and I have forgotten its name) he said: 'You have formed no idea of the place you are in, I suppose?'

If I had surveyed again the clean aspect of my room, the snow-white walls, and the neat window-curtains — the order and taste that was signified by the arrangement of the simple furniture, making it so unlike the ordinary lodging-rooms of ordinary inns — I believe I should

not have answered: 'Hell-Gate, for aught I know. I believe I made a descent into the infernal regions. Am I coming out?'

'If you have Eurydice with you,' he replied.

If I had found the place such, he seemed to choose that I should not quit it as an evil spirit.

'Where am I?'

The doctor sat down on the bed-side before he answered. His deliberation chafed me; yet not because of impatient desire to ascertain my locality. The old man intended to make the most of his patient, I concluded. I must be a sort of god-send. Yet his composure commanded my respect. There was something in it mysterious and impressive.

'This is not Hell-Gate: it's Hallowell,' said he. 'I hope you will, by-and-by, like the name better, and think better of us; though perhaps you do not know the place at all.'

'I have heard the name before,' I answered. Alas! of all names that could be mentioned, Hallowell was now to me the saddest. It was the birth-place of Horton Shell. But where had God buried him!

'Very likely,' said the Doctor: 'It is one of the oldest-settled places on the coast.'

'The coast!' said I. 'That is the sea, then, that I hear?'

'What else?' he asked, lifting his eye-brows, and evidently enjoying my surprise.

I did not answer this. As a hart pants for the water-brooks, I had longed for the sea. And now there might prove to be prophecy in that longing! Death seemed near and ready; so near, that day by day I saluted myself with wonder.

'A very old town is Hallowell,' continued the doctor, apparently not doubting that I was desirous to hear all he could tell about this astonishing place. 'The church is without doubt one of the most ancient in the land. It has a crown on the spire curious to see, and the Bible in use there was a present from Queen Anne.'

My failure to comment on this information, did not hinder the good man's gracious purpose. I believe that he perceived a soul to cure, as well as a battered body, and no demonstration on my part should hinder him.

He was called from the room when he had gone thus far; but on his return, he had not lost sight of his purpose. For when he had seated himself by the window, he began to speak in this manner:

'Hallowell has its histories,' said he. 'This seat commands a view of nearly the whole town. No inhabited place was ever so quiet as Hallowell in winter. There is more stir in summer. There are a few old-fashioned people, who like what the town and the ocean can give them; and I have seen this house full to over-flowing. A few miles

down the beach, there are large hotels, which attract fashionable people; but the bathing here is preferable, and one has full as much of the ocean as can be seen or heard with safety by any healthful organization. But of course we like the place better than strangers can.'

'I should not have supposed,' said I, 'that human beings lived within reach, judging from this quiet.'

'Yet you are in the midst of the town. This house was formerly occupied by the pastor of Hallowell, and is surrounded by a large green. The neighbors are, in fact, at a little distance; but, as I said, the house stands in the centre of the town.'

'There is, then, no minister; or you have built him a new house,' said I, certain that this question was desired. They had probably been building a new parsonage at an extra sacrifice, which had made a deep impression on all concerned: this was my private conclusion. But without the motive of such an inference, there was cause sufficient in the inquiry. For my friend's sake, because of my lost Horton, I asked this information of the doctor.

'We have no regular preacher, now,' he answered. 'The pastor has turned inn-keeper. You are his guest at this moment. I have a mind to tell you his story.'

'By all means,' said I; but I could not bring myself to ask that preacher's name. It surely could not be, that I was brought home to the father's house to give tidings of the son's destruction!

'You would despise the town, I am afraid,' said the doctor, 'if you knew how dull it really is. Yet some very surprising events have occurred here. There was a time, within the memory of some of the old inhabitants, when they did not deem themselves so very far out of the world. They had more to do than is now indicated by our seemingly inconsequential annual elections.'

'Among our first settlers, there were some, Sir, as ambitious, as — as it is well for a young man to be. The pastor and I came here about the same time. He has lived a great many years — more than half a century — in this house.'

Then, said I to myself, it is of Horton's father he is speaking; and I listened breathless.

'The church was an old church when he was received as its pastor. I could not describe him better, than by saying that he liked the symbol of the crown upon the spire, better than if it had been a cross. It suited his notions altogether.'

'He was a learned, self-sufficient, head-strong youth, when he first came to Hallowell. The situation satisfied him. He, with others, expected great things of the town; did not anticipate, that as a sea-port, it must be abandoned. He loved his profession better than you would suppose possible, from what I have now stated.'

‘The church was struggling for life when he came to it, and he threw his strong will into the scale with the slow measures and feeble hopes of the people; and doubts ‘kicked the beam.’ He absolutely frowned down, and frightened off, discouragements: the church flourished, and the town seemed to rouse from her slumber, at the word of Pastor Shell.’

‘Pastor Shell!’ said I; but said no farther.

‘Every body trusted him,’ resumed the doctor, who did not seem to think my repetition of that name significant. ‘But I am afraid I must say that every body feared him, too. Sometimes he met with opposition, and to be opposed and contradicted he could not endure. He felt that he was better prepared to lead the church and people than any of his neighbors. And I suppose he really believed that two sides to any question was one side too many.’

‘Ah!’ said I, remembering many a word of Horton Shell.

The doctor took my brief utterances for expressions of interest, and as that was what he desired to excite, he went on briskly:

‘A man is not always fitted for a work, my son, because he chooses to perform it. I think, from the opportunities of judging I have had, that no man was ever worse prepared for his work than pastor Shell. I do no wrong to my old friend in saying so. Any man, he has often told me, is free to his experience. He did, indeed, rely on his own judgment and conclusions, with too little consideration for the dispositions and opinions of others.

‘As to his fitness for training and educating children, I really think he would have succeeded better, had he attempted the taming of wild-beasts.

‘He had three sons born in this house. At the time he lost his wife, his youngest boy had just learned to walk. In all my practice, I have never seen a woman struggle so hard for life as she did. The fight was unceasing till she came to her grave. I was a young man then, and did not understand the case well. I think now, she saw what was before her husband and children, clear-eyed as a prophet, and that she was appalled by what she saw. Her life was so important, it must not be given up. That was not for us to say.

‘She understood her husband better than he knew himself. And if there was ever a peace-maker, she deserved the name. She understood her children; made it her business to acquaint herself with their several characters and dispositions. She would have had constant control of each one of them, if she had lived:

‘Never was a woman needed more. For a long time, I did not understand properly the nature of the link, and could not see why, where all had been harmonious before, disorder should have followed her death so quickly, and with such malignant purpose.

'I could not know how much was meant by the mother, when she said to Shell: 'Poor children! you must comfort them, dear husband.' She was pleading in behalf of her boys, generous, mild judgment, patience, hopeful expectation, tenderness. He was long in understanding it—a dreary time.

'Shell was one of those men who leave out of question the dispositions and gifts of their children, in deciding their vocation. He, not they, was to be consulted on a point of such importance. Harry, the oldest boy, should succeed him in the ministry. That had long been decided; and the lad being of a quiet and apparently yielding disposition, did not argue the matter with his father. He diligently pursued the studies marked out for him, and the approbation of the mother was, I think, as precious to the boy as any praise of the world could have been in after-life.

'He was a hard student till his fifteenth year, the year following his mother's death. Then, if there had been any watchful eye, so tenderly loving as to discern what was passing in the lad's mind, a deal of misfortune and pain had been avoided.

'He became grave, thoughtful, almost moody; was restless, was silent, preoccupied; and finally, when no human creature suspected the possibility, he secretly fled from home. This handsome fellow! pattern-boy, we called him. So he served us. . . . It was the protest of nature. She resented the impending ruin of a man. The act was not so cowardly as you suppose.'

'Cowardly,' said I. 'I do n't see what better proof of courage the boy could have given. Any lad ought to fear a tyrant.'

The doctor smiled.

'We did not take that view of it here in Hallowell. You know what the Scripture says about the powers that be. We supposed that we had over-rated the boy. And probably we also concluded that the Church had lost nothing. What sort of servant could he be, who had not learned obedience? we asked each other.'

'I do not understand the virtue of obedience to a monster,' said I. 'You have described a monster, if I can understand.'

'Not exactly. Not a monster. But surely far wrong. Very far wrong, my poor friend was. The testimony Harry left was brief, but all-sufficient. He appealed to his years of obedience, in proof of his love for his father, and did not attempt to justify his course by reflecting on that father's government. He had been over-estimated, he said. He had not ability to perform what was expected of him; and for the ministry, knew well that he had no vocation. He was well-assured of this, but despaired of convincing others. Therefore, he deemed it best to prove himself in some other calling for which nature had adapted him. The lad's sincerity could not be doubted. I think

no one feared that ruin waited him in the world. Integrity, industry, sobriety might still be anticipated, and the path he opened for himself might prove a high-road to distinction. But though the brig sailed out well rigged, and every one felt satisfied of that, Pastor Shell was terribly discomfited. Even if he had no forebodings, he was disappointed as no man can be twice in this world.

‘Many inquiries and efforts he made for the discovery and recall of his son, without success. But he would not give up his determination that the lost should be found. He was, however, obliged to yield that hope—to surrender the fair proof of his great skill in government; to submit to the humiliation, and he kept his grief to himself—the name of Harry ceased to have a sound in his hearing.

‘But I fear he did not regard this loss as a rebuke or warning. He was not aided by its disclosures in the direction of his younger sons. He had a different spirit to deal with in Peter, his second boy. I believe he no more understood him and the necessities of his nature, than a Greenlander would understand the glory of a tropic flower, and the condition of its glory. The boy’s nature was a jungle where the king-beasts had their lair, and where the royal tamer lived in their midst. That boy could inspire more love, and more fear, than any person I ever met. He was as wilful and overbearing as his father; but his heart was fired to a white heat, and with his capabilities and passions in full view, the conviction seemed inevitable that he would justify the largest hopes.

‘But the father was so unfortunate as to mistake again—this time the consuming of dross, for a spirit ‘set on fire of hell,’ and he ended in a quarrel with his son—a brief but cruel outbreak forever to be deplored. In this house there was no more room for Peter. He felt it; his father said it. And though both, when they had expressed their utmost hostility, desired, above all things, a reconciliation, neither of them by a word endeavored to bring it to pass.

‘Horton——’ The doctor paused when he mentioned that name. I turned my face from the light, fearful that he might see the sorrow I could not conceal; not yet could I bring myself into the circle of these people, and by my heart’s anxiety, acknowledge myself to be of them.

‘Horton Shell,’ he began again, ‘disappeared—in his thirteenth year. He went up to Sharon on a holiday, and made an ascent in a balloon with an aeronaut. It was accidental on his part, we always supposed, this flight, and he has never since been heard of. Most persons believe that he was killed; but his father has not yet ceased hoping. He flatters himself that the lad did not lose his life. But that his descent was made in a place far away, and his home might not have had sufficient attractions to draw him back again. When you were

found, and he heard of it, he would have you brought here, and I suppose he was thinking of his son when he insisted that the house should be at your service; or, it may be, he remembered that his sons had been thrown friendless, unknown, on the world, and the good will he would fain believe they had found, he would extend to you.'

'Unfortunate man!' I could but groan; 'left alone in the house with these things to think of, was it not dreary?'

'Some soft hearts of his congregation attempted friendly consolations in their way. It was thought that a journey would benefit the pastor; many years had passed since he came to Hallowell, and he had never gone forth to the world again. Others suggested a change of residence; and two of the more wealthy of his parishioners opened their homes to him. Would he have his study in their house, they asked? — they would deem themselves blessed by his presence at their table, his dwelling under their roof.

'No, he would hear nothing of these plans. The old parsonage for him — the solitude, the loneliness; he was proud in his affliction. He heard some tender-hearted one who had endured tribulations, say, 'Whom the LORD loveth HE chasteneth;' but it was not his heart's acceptance of that word that enabled him to show his people a frame unbowed, and an unwrinkled visage. He took his stand against *misfortune* — made no parade of wounds. It was beyond him to understand how grateful to the tired feet of Love was the washing, and the ointment; and that the heart of Humanity missed the kiss that was withheld.'

I seemed to hear, as in a dream, the calm flow of the old man's speech. He went from point to point of his story, hardly once appealing to me or my opinions, even by a look. Where was the interest of these incidents, independent of the listener? A tale so slight any imagination might have fashioned, yet in his statements there seemed to be a depth of meaning so profound as nothing but the keenest moral sense and the purest sympathy could appreciate, unless the listener might be regarded as a party deeply concerned in the conduct of the narrative. Was this old man testing me? Did he suspect a resemblance between his patient and his friend Pastor Shell? or because I was an aeronaut, or suspected as such, possibly; there was no continuity, and little coherence, in my speculations.

'If any thing could have made the poor man suspect himself,' said the doctor, 'it would seem as if this ill-success in the training of his family must. But his losses made him rebellious and defiant. . . . Sacred promises had failed in his behalf. He had obeyed various scriptures in the management of his sons, and his practice, he could not believe, was sufficient to ruin whatever fine casting was intended to be made of such glowing material. He had dedicated his sons to God's

service, he said. So! — but either of them would have looked incredulous, I fear, on the man that dared assert the service was ‘perfect freedom.’ They would have been justified in their inference from experience, that it was really perfect bondage.

‘A good many years went on before Shell yielded his position, or one inch of it; but — but — young man, give heed — he did surrender at last; he did see that he had been blind; did hear, and knew he had been deaf. It must have been by a miracle, I think, so entire was the change. He began to take up themes for his discourse that warmed his hearers’ hearts. The people were astonished. He used to suppose his least efforts sufficient; now he seemed to feel his utmost was too small. Must his heart not have been glowing, at least with the shadow of heat, if not with the real fire? And yet his warmth did not seem like reflection. If he took up an old sermon and tried to repeat it, there was an all-sufficient test! The best memories of the congregation could not recognize it; and, because it was not the same. Even if every word was uttered in the old order, it was not the same. I heard people saying the pastor had taken a new lease of life — that the vigor of his youth was restored; but it seemed to me that his best days knew no such vigor: his youth had been animated by no such hopes as he knew now. The man was born again. This youth seemed celestial.

‘You can imagine for yourself how it must have been that he would preach after a night of prayer, when, from the distress of self-suspicion he passed on to perception, ascertaining the forgiveness he needed, and the atonement to be made. He could then preach forgiveness to others with some feeling, courage, result.

‘He never dropped that theme when he had once taken it up, and mastered it; it seemed fairly to possess him. I think in some struggle of prayer his pride must have left him, to return no more. The devil cast out, there were only wounds to be healed.

‘He could not remember that he had three sons in the world, cast by his fault on the world, working possibly — how could he tell? — evil, gone from him ere he had half-fulfilled his trust, even while he was to their hurt fulfilling it; he could not recall this fact, without praying for pardon; he could not ask forgiveness but on terms divinely ordained, *As I forgive, forgive*; and go out among his people judging harshly, without love, without pity, self-satisfied, pompous with book-learning, ignorant of that blessed love in which many a child of his congregation was competent to teach him.

‘What followed will surprise you. When he had fairly won his people’s hearts, proved that the power of preaching is hid in the depths of sympathy, and that a man’s attainment in holiness keeps pace with



his growth in love; when he had really given up his hard drill and escaped from his false positions, he was tried and proved still further.

‘His voice failed him. He broke down completely when he had power to speak to the purpose. All physicians he was able to consult agreed that there was no hope to be entertained of the restoration of the organ, unless he removed inland from Hallowell. He would not be persuaded; away from Hallowell he would not live; he owed himself to the people, he said. Here his lot was cast, and here he would remain. He believed that, having preached so ill for years, he might now *live* to a better purpose — in silence that should be full of deeds.

‘So the old man keeps this house, and entertains strangers, in the hope that they may yet be angels. The people are his people, and better served by his sympathies and counsel, than they were in days when he was proud of the service he could render.’

Having spoken thus far, the doctor came to a full stop, and looked from the window.

Breaking the silence at length, I said: ‘I suppose you would have something further to tell me of his sons.’

With eyes marvellous for expression, the old man turned and gazed at me. An electric thrill passed through me; breathless I waited his next words.

‘You believe in the restoration, then?’ he said gently.

‘The stories we read in books end rightly,’ I answered. ‘What should be, rather than what is, seems to possess the minds of story-tellers, and they make conclusions accordingly, no matter how far the result differs from the premises. You rarely see a mourner, Sir, who does not hope for his dead.’

‘Pastor Shell will always acknowledge that he has been blessed far, far beyond deserving. When the LORD humiliated him HE was just, not as a man is just. It was the sovereignty of love HE made manifest. Yes, you are right; the story ends according to your hope.’

As when one listens in a dream to some benediction which, even when he wakes, shall still abide with him, I waited — he spoke on.

‘Any summer, if you will come down here, and God spares his life, you will see Harry Shell. You will find him, most likely, somewhere on the green, a troop of young people with him, fifty may be at a time, under his charge — deaf and dumb children, whom he educates. I tell you, Sir, there is great glory in such a manhood as his has proved. . . . I meant to speak about Peter more particularly. But I see that you are tired. He came back one day, disguised as a peddler, with a pack of patent rights on his back, the originator of some of the most useful inventions of his time; he had been that busy with his brain and hands. Both men CHRIST’s ministers, though not preachers

after the fashion proposed by my old friend's stubborn will. They had taken their own time about their work, but with more haste their father had made worse speed. . . . But these young men live within a hundred miles of Hallowell, and they love their father, Sir. I could not end the story more marvellously than by saying that.'

He had then no report to make of Horton Shell! What to me was all else he could say? I was dumb with despair, for I had waited that he, not I, might add the last paragraph to this family history.

While I lay silent thus, there came the sound of a sudden mighty wind, and a darkening of the room, and the voices of men and of children then broke on the silence of Hallowell, and a splendor of gay colors seemed to flash across my sight. The doctor rose up before the window.

'Oh! what is it?' I cried, as one might have spoken by the quickening body of Lazarus.

'A balloon, my son,' said he, still gazing from the window.

Some strange prophetic power seemed to possess itself of me in that instant.

'Father Shell,' said I with the feeling that the last day and the last hour had come, 'go down and see if my brother has arrived. Horton is his name. Thus it was he ever meant to come to you. Times without number I have heard him say it should be so.'

The doctor turned in his place and looked at me, thus speaking: 'Some one has come,' he said, but he did not move from the window, even to ascertain his patient's sanity. I began to grow impatient of his unbelief. 'If he is your son, if that is Horton come to us,' said I; 'no crown laid on your head could make you a richer man than just to be called his father.'

'Is it so?' said he, now bending over me; 'is it so that you can tell me of the child?'

And Horton's mother could not have spoken with a more loving gentleness.

'Not if he can tell the story for himself. In that case, Sir, I should deem myself unworthy.'

'But if—if—I dare not—dare not hope.'

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Horton himself told the story of his rescue to us, sitting in that room of the old parsonage where he was born, with the sound of the sea for the deep and full accompaniment to his heart's rich experience. On the right hand of the old man sat Harry; at the left Peter, and by my side the latest of the wanderers; holding my hand, he spoke, the dearest of all voices I hear in this world.

## MR. JOLLYGREEN'S LECTURES.

My friend Jollygreen was an ambitious young man, who, like many others in the great city of New-York, imagined that his talents and his calling were widely unsuited. Jolly was gifted with a taste for poetry, wrote occasional verses, skimmed over all the magazines, subscribed to a literary gazette, and felt little doubt that he should eventually win renown as a writer.

Slim authorling as I am, living on small crumbs of comfort, it was always a relief to me when rebuffed by publishers and snubbed by editors, to wend my way from literary works to Front-street, and hunt up Jollygreen. My friend was clerk in the firm of Jowl and Jollygreen, lard and bacon merchants, doing a very extensive business, one which kept our poetic youth busy from morning till night between canvassed hams and lard, so that in day-light hours at least, he had little time for dalliance with the muses.

There is probably no locality so fatal to one of enthusiastic literary nature as a bacon and lard warehouse. Its smell is not of that 'bank where the wild thyme blows;' its huge hogsheads point at the dreamer like the heavy guns of Cherbourg; its bagged hams seem like pyramids of chain-shot; its tinned cheeses like canister; its slippery floor the design of a matter-of-fact tradesman to bring down wild imaginings, its little lard-kegs infernal-machines to blow them up.

But ever, as soon as I entered and caught sight of the junior Jollygreen's face, I felt once more in Arcadia. Dashing aside the ledger, he would seize my hand, hurry me out of the counting-room, run with me up-stairs, seat me beside him on a tierce of pickled hams, and inquire what I was doing. Then he would beg me not to be discouraged; say, for the thousandth time, how he hated trade, adored poetry, and would quit the dingy warehouse as soon as he could, for green fields and purling brooks. Descanting on the good times in store for both of us, when we could walk Broadway acknowledged autocrats of the kingdom of letters, he would thus put me, as well as himself, in capital spirits, until Uncle Caleb Jollygreen's voice was heard at the foot of the stairs, bawling to my friend: 'Gus, show Mr. Rancid that lot of sour pork.'

Uncle Caleb was not a fashionable man; he hated formality, he prided himself on plainness and being comfortable. In dog-days, when all the world went to Saratoga and Newport, or shut up their front houses and pretended to be there, Uncle Caleb might daily be seen in Broadway, without a collar or cravat, (stock I should say, for he never

left off stocks,) and wearing loose green velveteen shoes and a blue gingham coat.

Twice a year, also, did Uncle Caleb seek out a by-street, whither had retired a superannuated stock-maker, who had once done a flourishing business near the Astor-House. But the days of stocks went by, and neck-ties choked his prosperity. Refusing obstinately to believe in innovations, the sturdy man, with courage worthy of the believer in the resuscitation of the Bank of the United States, and the great Whig party, only moved as the pressure of his circumstances forced him. His rents grew less and less, it is true, but his shop became smaller and smaller as he changed his location; his assortment of stocks dwindled with his customers, until at last the door was no longer hurriedly thrown open every few moments by smart young men panting for the 'latest fashion,' but slowly swung about once a week, jarring the bell over-head into a timid tinkle. Still twice a year did Uncle Caleb visit Mr. Slowgo, and comfort him by a purchase, when both would invariably agree that if people would only give up going to Newport, and, as in old times, take an airing on the Battery, things would improve; concluding also, when the new article was donned and surveyed in the glass, now dwarfed to the size of a school-boy's slate, 'that, after all, there was nothing so genteel or comfortable as a plain, black satin stock.'

Whenever I entered Jowl and Jollygreen's counting-room, Uncle Caleb would look up and nod kindly. He appeared to commiserate my unfortunate views of life and profession. That one should devote himself to letters, he could hardly understand; if one could only work into a snug berth in publishing a good, active price-current, so far the pen might do very well, but it always puzzled Uncle Caleb to know, as he said, 'how you and 'Gustus can bother yourselves so much about poetry when it won't pay, and can want to be sitting down doing nothing when you might be making a ten-dollar bill.

'What idea do you think, 'Gustus has got in his head now?' added Uncle Jollygreen in despair; 'why, he wants to go off a-lecturing down to Maine, as if the people there an't smart enough already. Such sharp ones in the provision line I never saw, and if they get any more knowing after 'Gustus has physicked them with his intellect, I shall have to sell out. Come and take tea with me this evening, when we will talk this matter over. If you could dissuade 'Gustus, I'll help you in turn, and give you a wrinkle now. Things are going upon the other side, and if you'd join him, you might net something clever by a little adventure in tallow.'

Caleb Jollygreen lived in Greenwich-street; he would live there in spite of all opposition, long after the tide of fashion, of respectability almost, had deserted it. Union Square and Fifth Avenue were scorned

of Uncle Caleb; Greenwich-street he declared nearer the water, cooler in consequence, while as to convenience in marketing, the difference was amazing. On this evening, in the latter part of September, the windows were open, and I could scarce imagine a more unpoetic or hateful locality, as I was greeted by various odors from adjoining stables, meat-shops, vegetable-markets, and at intervals, that peculiar scorched fragrance which comes up from cellars where the thump of the sad iron sounds drearily all day long. Steams of another order also smote upon my sense of smell, these came from Uncle Caleb's kitchen—a scent of sage and onions, which I knew accompanied a goose; for though the weather was still warm, Uncle Caleb, in honor of my coming, at the earliest practicable season, had ordered that dish which he deemed the greatest treat he could offer either to himself or any body else. Talk to him, indeed, of woodcock, snipe, reed-birds, partridges, or ortolans. 'Nothing,' he said, 'did his heart so much good after he had been working in the bacon all day, as a nice slice of tender, hot goose with his tea.'

His nephew, my poetical friend Gustavus Vasa, turned up his nose at the goose in sublime scorn, he whose fancy flights aspired to the empyrean height swept by the bird of Jove; and as soon as tea was over and Uncle Caleb fairly immersed in an evening commercial journal, he launched forth in an impassioned strain on the hard fate of genius in this cold, unsympathizing world. He knew, he felt, that he was born to create a name, but he was alone; an isolated spirit, whose pangs were not the less keen because unseen: how he yearned for sympathy, had sought and found it not. But there was a good time coming; sordid trade would at last pause in its career to listen to the woes of men whose lips were touched with fire, when, the broad, free earth redeemed, and the circumambient air and the sounding sea should be vocal with the music of their yet unuttered melody.

'Stuff!' said Uncle Caleb, looking up from his paper; 'if that's poetry, I say genius and nonsense means one and the same thing, and any other man in the provision line would bear me out. You can't tell me any thing about poetry; did n't I once go to school and write a set of verses to my sweet-heart Betsy Primrose; was n't she so pleased with 'em that she copied 'em off, and handed 'em in next Saturday for her own composition; and did n't the school-master say: 'Betsy, you've made some mistake here. I told you always to put a capital at the beginning of every sentence, but you put one at the head of every line. Do n't do it again.' And that was all the comment I ever got for my blank verses. Suppose I had gone on in that way, do you think I could have made five hundred dollars as I did to-day by a neat little speculation in leaflard, and been able to afford a nice hot goose for tea?'

'O Eugene Mortimer!' (my name) exclaimed Gustavus, 'just hear that; how is it possible for me not to suffer agony when even the miserable consolation of sympathy with one feeling heart is thus rudely dashed from me, by one who never yearns for the sweet music of the spheres, and for whom universal Pan piped in vain.'

'Pan! Universalist! never heard of him,' rejoined Uncle Caleb; 'he must have been pretty much a flash in the pan though, if his poetry was like yours and mine,' Gustus. But I do n't mean to be hard on you, nevy, I only want to wean you from this dry nurse of yours, literater, and not let you act the part of a sucking-calf any longer. Can't you show Eugene that note you got from the publishers about your new poem, 'Violets from —' from where?'

'Violets from Vallambrosa,' I knew was the title of my friend's promised volume. I had shared the secret of its name, but was not permitted to inspect the precious collection; it was to burst upon the world with the sudden brilliancy of a comet, and astound me, with the public generally. Ruefully did my friend hand me the note. I at once recognized the decided hand-writing of the head of the eminent firm; and while Gustavus Vasa exclaimed, 'Heartless, heartless men, what reck they of the sufferings of unappreciated genius?' I read as follows:

'DEAR SIR: In answer to yours of this date, with its generous offer of paying in advance for the publication of your volume, we have to say that we can give you no encouragement as to our undertaking any work of poems. If you wish to know the cost of manufacture, we recommend you to apply to Mr. John A. Gray, Printer, Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob-street. Very respectfully yours,

'D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.'

'The cost of manufacture!' said poor Jollygreen; 'and we thus ever fettered by reference to the dictates of tyrant estimates, and must even the flowing drapery of the muse suffer from the degradation of trade!'

'That man's right,' said Uncle Caleb; 'and if he is ever put up for Mayor I'll vote for him. But come now, Gustus, I intend to let you steer out as you want to. I should think, between me and Mr. Appleton, you had had about lecturing enough at home; but if you want to try lecturing on your own hook down in Maine, I say go. Only mind my words though, you'll be glad to get back to the bacon, and when you do, I'm ready to help you. What I say to you applies equally to Eugene here; and I bet you a keg of Goshen butter apiece, that before Christmas comes round, you'll be glad to let lecturing alone; and then you'll find that a snug little opening in the prime mess-pork line will suit you a great deal better than literater.'

The untterrified Jollygreen, as I found some time after this evening

was not convinced. He departed on his lecturing tour down East, and it was a good while before I heard from him. At length, on a raw, windy day in January, when shutters creaked and banged in the gale, when spits of snow were in the air, and chilly-looking men hurried by, vainly trying to bury themselves in their coat-collars; as I sat beside my warm fire, happy that my last article was accepted for the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and in act of meditating another, Jollygreen and his experience rose before me, for a letter came in from the post-office in Gustavus Vasa's hand.

On perusing his long communication, I found, as I had imagined, that some few difficulties had been met, if not conquered; that lecturing in the winter, considered only as an excursion, did not compare with pleasure-travelling in the summer, and that if undertaken, as it too often is, from 'vanity,' it is sure to result in 'vexation of spirit.' Jollygreen wrote in this wise:

'You are aware, my dear Mortimer, of the ardor of my hopes, as I set out upon my Eastern journey. You will not, perhaps, my sympathetic friend, be prepared to learn how those hopes have been blighted:

'Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish,  
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.'

But I will be calm, even if life is naught but a spectral illusion, and the high-strung chords of a poetic heart are fated but to bring keener misery to their possessor. Perchance it will be best to pursue this melancholy theme on another key, and merely relate in a terse, sententious style the record of my disappointment.

'You are fully aware, as I told you before leaving New-York, that I had several engagements in little towns in Maine, the largest of which was Squawktown; a name supposed to be a corruption of Squawtown, and of Indian origin, from the fact of its having been first settled by a scattering of the Penobscot tribe. In Colton's latest maps, it appears to be left out; but you will understand where it is, when told, as I was, that it is not more than forty miles from Portland, in any direction. The course I had prepared, was on 'The Beautiful,' consisting of four lectures; these I was to deliver when thrown upon my own resources by the completion of my engagements. One other on 'Young America,' whose chief merit was the entire novelty of the subject, was intended for the four villages, three of them adjacent to Squawktown.

I was much surprised, I may say, deeply chagrined, on arriving at Boston, at not being met by a deputation from the Mercantile Library Association, anxious to detain me for the delivery of my course, or at least engage me on my return. I was assured by a Boston snob, who dined with me in New-York, and who promised to introduce me to all

the leading literary men of modern Athens, that there would be no difficulty in the way of securing an engagement. In consequence, I had written very confidently to the President of the Association, and fearing that my five letters had miscarried, as none were answered, telegraphed him from the Massasoit House, Springfield, to meet me at the cars. This request he strangely neglected; nor was the Boston snob visible. Indeed, he has since passed me in Beacon-street, without speaking, from which I conclude, that he does not know any of the literary men, and was afraid that I would find him out, if I asked him to introduce me.

'While waiting at the Eastern Rail-road station, hoping yet every moment that the President or one of the lecture committee would accost me, the baggage-master came up in a violent hurry, asking if my name was Jollygreen. When I promptly answered, 'Yes,' hoping that some famous Athenian was anxious to see me, even in a brief interview, he gruffly replied: 'Well, your name fits you: your trunk's checked for Portland, while you've let your carpet-bag go off on a coach somewhere. It'll come back, though, and be sent to you by the next train.'

'It was even so: in my anxiety of mind, I had set it down, and an alert coachman, taking it for granted that the parcel was for the United States Hotel, had borne it thither, some two miles off. But for that sharp baggage-master, it would have gone forever: the name of Jollygreen, printed in full upon its bottom, had caught his eye, and saved it.

'But O Eugene Mortimer! my agony of mind, as the locomotive, whistling like a callous fiend, whirled me on the road to Portland. For my collars and cravats I little cared; but my lectures, there they were! What if some unprincipled wretch, ambitious of literary distinction, should appropriate that carpet-bag, examine my productions, and, struck with their beauties, proceed forthwith to deliver them as his own; enchant listening thousands, and reap a golden harvest! Horrifying thought! I passed a night and day of sleepless misery; but at last the bag came to hand, with not a page of its precious contents abstracted.

'When, however, I reached Squawktown, and was there actually called upon by the lecture committee of its Y.M.A.; when I felt that a lyceum was for me no longer a dream, but a visible, tangible reality, my breast heaved, my heart thrilled with emotion at the boundless prospect rising before me; the capability of doing infinite good to my fellow-men on the one hand, the ceaseless succession of lecture invitations which would pour in upon me, on the other. For, thanks to the blessing of a common language pervading our whole glorious Union, the Squawktown *Trumpet* would shortly find its way beyond the confines of Maine, be seen on the banks of the Mississippi and the plains of



Kansas, perhaps even its blast might be heard on the distant shores of the Pacific; and the enterprising young men of San-Francisco, with their noble disdain of money, would write to me to come out and deliver my course, generously paying expenses both ways in the ocean steamers.

'And now I was the lion, I might indeed say the entire menagerie of the hour; with unimaginable kindness, the lecture committee anticipated all my wants; a fire was ordered in my room; I was shown the town-pump; I was introduced to the town-clerk; an old gentleman on the other side of the street was pointed out to me as Judge Fossil, a staunch supporter of the Constitution, a man who frowned on all isms, and who would be sure to hear me to-night, as he went to all the lectures. I was myself pointed out, as I well knew; for every little while, one of my aids would call out to some one across the way, 'Is that you, Smith?' and be answered, 'Hallo! Jones, all right, I suppose?' when a smile and jerk of the head and fingers, said as plainly as words: 'Yes: all right: here he is: we've got him.'

'Never before had I felt the proud honor of being a public man. Damp from the press was handed to me a copy of the *Squawktown Trumpet*. I opened it, and read in the editorial column a notice of myself printed in double pica:

'Our army of subscribers will account for the unwonted delay in the issue of the *Trumpet*, when informed that we put off going to press for half-an-hour, in order to announce the arrival of a distinguished gentleman in our midst, Mr. Jollygreen, the lecturer. At this late hour, we can of course make but a brief remark. As is the case with many other eminent men, there is nothing in Mr. Jollygreen's appearance which, to a casual spectator, would at first denote him to be a man of mark; but the close student of that unsolved problem, the human countenance, cannot fail to discover in Mr. Jollygreen's eye, the hidden yet concentrated fire, ever indicative of the restless aspirations of one who burns the midnight oil. We predict for the lecturer entire success, and a rich treat to the literati of Squawktown.'

'I knew the power, the influence of the *Trumpet*; I had seen it once before, during the famous campaign of 1856, when, before the election, it predicted throughout the State of Maine the triumph of the American party, and called upon the spirit of Daniel Webster to 'stand once more upon his native hills, with one foot on Mount Washington and the other on Mount Adams, and looking over toward the Penobscot, frown from the confines of Maine the miserable flummery of Fremontism into the dust-pan of oblivion.' Although in that instance, the spirit of Daniel Webster was behind time, the *Trumpet* still lived, and how fortunate I considered myself in having its active alliance.

'After I had taken tea with one of the committee, (it is part of the

lecturer's duty to go through with tea) I commenced my discourse on 'Young America,' in one of the three villages adjacent to Squawktown. The thumping of umbrellas and canes cheered me as I entered: alas! it was all the applause I ever received. My lecture concluded, dead silence ensued, and I found by sad experience, that the enthusiasm of a New-England audience is about as hard to excite, as to make a yoke of oxen dance a hornpipe. No matter whom I asked next day, and every other day, if I gave the audience satisfaction, the only answer I could elicit was: 'Well, I suppose so; have n't heard any complaints: I take it for granted.'

'What rather surprised me, also, was the familiar appearance of the audience each of the four successive evenings on which I held forth on 'Young America.' Certainly, I recognized several antiquated bonnets worn by old ladies, whose eyes glared unutterable things through steel spectacles, and those fixed, firm, critical faces of punctual men, who always pepper-and-salt a promiscuous audience. Vainly did I try to account for this, until my labors were done, my services rewarded, my bill paid, and carpet-bag in hand, I prepared for departure, anticipating a triumph in Portland; but so far as Squawktown was concerned, about to bid 'farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.'

'The mystery was then explained. As the train was about leaving for Portland, a copy of the *Trumpet* was thrown into the cars, and at me, by some unseen hand. It was again damp from the press; but on this occasion, issued half-an-hour ahead of time, no doubt, in order that I should see it. The print was, if possible, larger than on the day of my arrival, and as I read I trembled.

'Well, the first lecture of our winter course is over, and so far the farce is played out. We confess that our feelings have been deeply stirred; but it is the solemn duty of editors, while giving the utmost latitude to the expression of public opinion, to withhold their own. We need not remind our readers that Squawktown and the three villages adjacent, had engaged a corps of lecturers supposed to be intelligent, and known to be modest, to visit in turn the four towns on four successive evenings, and of course deliver four different lectures; as it is always the habit of lecture-goers in the said four towns to attend each and every performance, so that, in fact, the same audience greets the lecturer each night, although his theme varies. But Mr. Jollygreen comes here, and has the audacity to repeat nightly to the same people his miserable trash about 'Young America,' which has for the last three years rolled in upon us on the tide of Fremontism.

'If we were to say that Mr. Jollygreen has mistaken his vocation, that he is of overweening vanity, a tyro in literature, (we never saw a line of his in print,) in short, a humbug, we should do no injustice to the indignant feelings of the community. We do not apply these terms to him;

but we pity his ignorance, and advise him to go home, and stay there. Bright days are yet in store for Squawktown; if all other lecturers fail as ignominiously as this Mr. Jollygreen, there is yet one man among us to whom we can turn with pride, it is Judge Fossil, inflexible patriot, who knows no South, no North, no East, and no West, and who, bored as he was by Jollygreen's juvenilities, attended all four evenings, to set an example of eminent consistency. . But other lecturers will not fail; we shall listen to the glowing Beecher, the sparkling Whipple, the humorous Saxe, the mellifluent Curtis, and the genial Ik Marvel. We should not again advert to Mr. Jollygreen, but to say that, singularly apposite as his name is, his vanity is of direct inheritance from his parents, who, in choosing for him a baptismal title, borrowed that of the greatest of Sweden's heroes.' '

Here my friend's letter abruptly concluded, only promising in a postscript to give me his farther experience in Portland. I have reason to fear that the promise will never be redeemed; for not long ago, as I disconsolately walked Broadway, bearing a lean manuscript, and in search of a publisher, I suddenly brushed against Jollygreen, carrying a fat bank-book. In brief, he told me that he had abandoned the muses in disgust, had himself lately made a neat little speculation in leaf-lard, and was satisfied that his uncle was right, when he said that a snug opening in the prime mess-pork line would suit him a great deal better than literature.

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### T h e   G h o s t s .

PALE shapes advancing from the mid-night air,  
 Beckoning with misty fingers round my bed,  
 Bending your faded faces o'er my head,  
 I have no fear of ye! I seem to share  
 Your dim vitality — mine's well-nigh fled.  
 I feel the human outlines melt away;  
 These thin, gray hands that lie on the damp sheet  
 Are almost vapory enough to meet  
 Yours in the grasp of fellowship. My hair  
 Seems turning into cloud. The quickened clay  
 That walls me in is cracking, and I strive  
 Towards ye through the breach. Am I alive?  
 Or are ye dead? All's vague — a wide, gray sea.  
 Hark! the cock crows! Now, spirits, welcome me!

## T H E J E W S .

SOME philosopher has remarked that the world could not exist without Jews. However that may be, no part of the civilized or partially civilized world, is without them. They number in all less than six million souls, yet are so widely scattered that you can visit no seaport, or place where men 'do congregate' for traffic in money, in slaves, or in merchandise of any kind, without finding there representatives of this race, whose refuge is the wide earth, whose home is the narrow grave. The Jews are most numerous in Poland, whither they escaped from the states of Germany to avoid persecution. More than three hundred thousand, mostly of Spanish descent, are settled in European Turkey, their ancestors having taken refuge there after the expulsion by Ferdinand and Isabella. Perhaps an equal number may be found in the African and Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire; and so widely dispersed are they through the lands of Islam, that in the remotest cities reached by caravans you will find some turbaned, long-haired Jew ready to convert your gold into the currency of the country, with a saving discount to himself.

Jews are to be met with in China, and on the coast of Malabar. They swarm in Bokhara, and may be seen in Madagascar and on the western coast of Africa. In Cochin China, there are two Jewish races, black and white. In Yemen they scarcely differ in appearance from the roving Bedouins. In Circassia they are wild mountaineers, having neither the Bible nor the Talmud. In different parts of Europe they enjoy different degrees of liberty; and in the United States alone, where, indeed, the emancipation of the race began, are they entirely exempt from partial legislative restrictions.

But, sojourning every where, they are every where strangers. We have noticed that among the blonde nations of the North, the Jews have dark hair and eyes, while among the dusky nations of the South it is quite the reverse: so true is it that they every where form a distinct people. Differing thus physically and socially, and adopting for the most part the language and costume of those among whom they dwell, they cherish a remarkable uniformity in religious belief, and think with one mind upon the destiny of the Hebrew race.

Judaism is the mother of two religions which have almost overspread the earth — Christianity and Mohammedanism — two daughters who have inflicted upon her innumerable evils, notwithstanding our SAVIOUR and the Apostles were all Jews; notwithstanding Abraham, Moses, and Jesus are numbered among the six great prophets of Islam. The progenitors of the Messiah, made illustrious by their supernatural origin and celestial guidance, the repositories of divine

oracles and the chosen interpreters of the will of God, their **annals** reaching to the first ages of the world, and their very **existence** a miracle, behold how the Children of Israel, constant in their **ancient faith**, have survived the overthrow of their temple and their altars, and, dispersed among the nations, have become the slaves of the **human race**, the sport of fortune, and the contempt of the whole earth !

A wild and terrible legend is that of the middle ages, which personified the Jewish nation by the traits of the Wandering Jew. It represents an old man, with naked feet, uncovered head, and long **white beard**, wandering ceaselessly over the earth. His face is pale, a **mark of blood** is upon his forehead, his eyes burn like sapphires beneath their oblique lids. With an eagle-like nose, and blood-like lips, squalid and harsh in features, and clad in a coarse woollen gown, he ever pursues with staff in hand his interminable journey. Speaking all languages, and traversing all lands, knowing not the purposes of God concerning himself, and ever driven onward by a secret impulse, he is transported from place to place with the speed of the wind ; and as the long centuries come successively to a close, his old age renews itself with the vigor of youth, in order that he may complete the weary round of ages. The people wonder as he hastens past.

Once or twice only has he paused to tell his story. He was of the Jewish nation, Ahasuerus by name, and a shoe-maker by trade. Dwelling in Jerusalem, he persecuted our SAVIOUR, and was of those who cried, 'Crucify him.' The sentence of death having been pronounced, he ran to his house, before which JESUS was to pass on the way to Calvary. Taking his child in his arms, he stood at the door with all his family to behold the procession. Our SAVIOUR, weighed down by the heavy burden of the Cross, leaned for a moment against the wall ; and the Jew, to show his zeal, struck the innocent ONE with cruel blows, and pointing to the place of execution, bade him go on. Then JESUS, turning to the unfeeling child of Israel, said :

'THOU refusest rest to the SON of GOD :  
I go, for it must needs be ;  
But for thee there shall be no rest  
Or repose until I return.  
Go forth on thy long journey.  
Leave thine own : traverse mountains and seas,  
Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts,  
No where — not even in the tomb.  
As an example to the Universe, and bearing  
Every where the heavy weight of my curse,  
Much shalt thou long for death, thy deliverance,  
But shalt not die until the day of judgment.'

He assists at the crucifixion, and then goes forth a mysterious stranger, whose feet shall become familiar with all lands.

How age after age he longs for the sweets of death and the repose of the tomb! But in spite of death, he must live on; his dust shall not mingle with that of his ancestors. He drags himself from a gloomy cavern of Mount Carmel, shaking the dust from his beard, grown even to his knees. Nine grinning skulls are before him. He seizes and hurls them from the top of the mountain, and they go bounding down from rock to rock. They are the skulls of his parents, of his wife and six small children, all of whom have been able to die; but he cannot. He rushes into the flames of falling Jerusalem, and attempts to bury himself beneath the crumbling ruins of Rome; but in vain. Flying from cities and men, the wanderer seeks the solitary places of the earth. He climbs the everlasting mountains. Passing beyond the region of verdure and of dashing torrents, his feet tread the seas of amethyst and opal. Above him are only peaks shrouded in mists and eternal snows. The daring eagle soars not so high. There are no sounds save the cracklings of the glaciers. The soul seems almost to touch the heavens above. There surely the Wandering Jew shall rest? No. A pursuing angel unsheathes a sword of flaming fire, and, lo! the wanderer beholds once more in the heavens the drama of the Crucifixion. The way from earth to heaven is storied with myriads of celestial beings radiant with light. Before him are all the martyrs and saints and sages who have ever lived and died. For a moment he gazes upon the vision, and turns away, chased by a sword of flame and demons of frightful form.

Then he again wanders over the earth, ever with five pieces of copper in his pocket, ever with the mark of blood upon his forehead. Maddened with the agony of life, he throws himself into the crater of Etna, but the boiling liquid and sulphurous flames harm him not. The floods of lava vomit him forth, for his hour is not yet come. Embarking upon the sea, the wind raises its surface into mountain waves, the vessel divides, and all perish save the Wandering Jew. Too light to sink in the ocean, its waves cast him upon the hated shore. He plunges into a hundred bloody conflicts without sword or shield. All in vain. The leaden balls rain harmlessly upon him; battle-axes and cimeters glance from his charmed body. Where mounted squadrons fight with the fury of demons, he casts himself under the feet of the horsemen, and is unharmed, so riveted are his soul and body together. He says to Nero: 'Thou art drunk with blood.' To Christian and Mussulman: 'Drunk art thou with blood.' They invent the most horrible tortures for his punishment, yet injure him not. Leaving, in his vain pursuit of death, the lands that throb with life and industry, the Wandering Jew threads the solitary jungles of the tropics. He walks in poisoned air. Flat-headed serpents hiss at him, but harm him not. And thus he ever wanders over

— 'MOUNTAINS and seas,  
Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts,  
No where — not even in the tomb.'

In the Ottoman Empire there are at least a million Jews. Providential it may have been thus to bring so many of them to the confines of the Holy Land, but it seems hardly possible that they shall ever be restored as such to their ancient inheritance. The Moslems, like the Jews, refer to Abraham as their great progenitor; like them they are strict theists, abhor swine's flesh, and practise circumcision. For this reason they formerly regarded the Jews with more favor than the other sects of unbelievers, styling them *Yeslir* (strangers) while the Christian subjects were called *Mousaphir*, (servants.) The Jews of European Turkey are governed by a Council consisting of six members, under the direction of a Chief Rabbi, who resides in Constantinople. Two Jews also take part in the deliberation of the Grand Divan. Though enjoying greater privileges than are granted to their sect in any other part of Continental Europe, they are sufficiently mean and wretched. A few of them serve the Porte in the capacity of bankers, but their financial operations bear no comparison with those of the Cræsus of Western Europe, who supply nations with the sinews of war, and claim tribute from kings. The great majority, however, earn a subsistence as traders and artisans, appearing, indeed, to thrive best in the midst of universal decay and dissolution. Let the Ottoman Empire fall in pieces, and the Jews would remain *brokering* among its ruins.

Yet the Jews of the Ottoman Empire, notwithstanding their degradation, exhibit a certain intellectual tendency. They live in an ideal world, frivolous and superstitious though it be. The Jew who fills the lowest offices, who deals out *raki* all day long to drunken Greeks, who trades in old nails, and to whose sordid soul the very piastres he handles have imparted their copper haze, finds his chief delight in mental pursuits. Seated by a taper in his dingy cabin, he spends the long hours of the night in poring over the Zohar, the Chaldaic book of the magic Cabala, or, with enthusiastic delight, plunges into the mystical commentaries on the Talmud, seeking to unravel their quaint traditions and sophistries, and attempting, like the astrologers and alchemists, to divine the secrets and command the powers of Nature. 'The humble dealer, who hawks some article of clothing or some old piece of furniture about the streets; the obsequious mass of animated filth and rags which approaches to obtrude offers of service on the passing traveller, is perhaps deeply versed in Talmudic lore, or aspiring, in nightly vigils, to read into futurity, to command the elements, and acquire invisibility.' Thus wisdom is preferred to wealth; and a Rothschild would reject a family alliance with a Christian prince to form one with the humblest of his tribe who is learned in Hebrew lore.

The Jew of the old world has his revenge :

‘THE pound of flesh which I demand of him  
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it.’

Furnishing the hated Gentiles with the means of waging exterminating wars, he beholds, exultingly, in the fields of slaughtered victims a bloody satisfaction of his ‘lodged hate’ and ‘certain loathing,’ more gratifying even than the golden Four-per-cents on his princely loans. Of like significance is the fact that in many parts of the world the despised Jews claim as their own the possessions of the Gentiles, among whom they dwell. Thus the squalid *Yeshir*, living in the Jews’ quarter of Balata or Haskeui, and even more despised than the unbelieving dogs of Christians, traffics secretly in the estates, the palaces and the villages of the great Beys and Pachas, who would regard his touch as pollution. What, apparently, can be more absurd? Yet these assumed possessions, far more valuable, in fact, than the best ‘estates in Spain,’ are bought and sold for money, and inherited from generation to generation.

No where else are the Jews so degraded and despised as are the eight thousand now dwelling in the Holy City. They are not suffered to desecrate with their presence the site of the Temple; nor, indeed, if permitted, would they enter the gate leading to the Mosque of Omar, from a belief that under it are buried the parchments of the Pentateuch.

A portion of the wall near the south-west corner of the ‘Inclosure of the Temple’ bears unmistakable marks of great antiquity. Tradition says that the foundation was laid by David, and the superstructure completed by Solomon. The blocks of which it is composed are of immense size, and were doubtless brought from the immense subterranean quarries discovered two years ago by an American missionary, Mr. Barclay, under the present city of Jerusalem. This is the least exposed portion of the wall of the Temple, and if indeed overthrown in any of the political convulsions which befell the city, it must have been rebuilt with the original material. It is significantly named the ‘Jews’ Corner.’ To this spot, hallowed by so many tender associations, they are permitted to repair, on the payment of a certain tribute, to weep over the humiliation of their race and country. Hither, every evening of the week, and especially on the evening of the Jewish Sabbath, go the sorrowing children of Israel, to bathe with their tears the foundations of their beloved Temple — with warm tears that should melt the stony hearts of their oppressors. And we have seen nothing so sad throughout the land of Islam, as when before those tear-washed blocks of granite they read the lamentations of Jeremiah, and chanted with almost penitential accent :



'Lord, build, LORD, build,  
Build Thy house speedily!  
In haste! in haste! even in our day,  
Build Thy house speedily!'

The Jews of the Holy City have a house of learning, called *Bica Amdrash*, where one hundred Rabbis study the law and the traditions day and night. For their support, contributions are usually taken in the Jewish synagogue on the feast of Purim. The Rabbis who are sent out from the Holy City to collect in the sums thus given, carry with them a quantity of 'Jerusalem earth,' to be distributed among the congregations. When, in most lands, a Jew has been confined and is about to be buried, they put upon each eye of the corpse as much of this Jerusalem earth as can be held upon a shilling. More desired by the Jew than costliest sepulture in other lands, is the privilege of humble burial on the rugged slopes of Olivet; and often an aged pilgrim, bent down with years and the sorrows of his people, repairs to the City of Desolation, to die there, and have his dust mingle with that of his forefathers, in sight of Zion and Moriah.

The London Jews' Society not long ago opened a large farm in one of the valleys near the Holy City, for the purpose of affording the Jewish population employment; but found that the latter preferred the corroding idleness and stinging want every where visible in their quarter of the city, to a livelihood acquired by honest industry. One of the missionaries of that Society informed us that it was an easy matter to make nominal converts, since many of the Palestine Jews willingly embraced Christianity in consideration of the suit of clothes given them, both as a charity and a badge of conversion. But our informant stated, in addition, that in such cases their Christianity wore out considerably in advance of the garments. We do not know, however, that the London Jews' Society ever adopted the method of ascertaining the number of their converts employed by the Russians a few years ago in one of the newly-conquered provinces of Transcaucasia. An article of dress, appropriately called a *Soul-warmer*, was promised to each one who should make a profession of Christianity. *Soul-warmers* came greatly in demand, and in a short time it was found that twice as many of them had been given out as there were souls in the entire province.

The surgeon of the Jews' Hospital in the Holy City mentioned to us one of the wealthiest Jews in Palestine who, although a married man, had been powerfully smitten with the charms of a Gentile maiden. To espouse the fair one, he was obliged to renounce his religion. This he did; but was baffled by his quick-witted wife, who apostatized at the same time, and threw herself between the love-converted Jew and the willing Gentile. The conversions, however, were not lasting;

and a short time before we visited Jerusalem, the Israelite and his wife slid back into Jewry together.

While travelling in the East we were once obliged, in consequence of illness, to spend two weeks in a Jewish family. We did not fare sumptuously every day, nor was it a matter of Eastern hospitality. There was much praying in the house in the Hebrew manner; there was no fire kindled on Saturdays; there was the covering of the face while looking toward Jerusalem in holy meditation and the observance of rites innumerable; but the sharpening Israelite, after insisting upon receiving much more than we had agreed to give, prayed God and allowed us but fifty piastres to the ducat, whereas we should have had sixty. During those two weeks of tribulation, we were not allowed to sit at table with the family, as they, in their peculiar sanctity, would not eat with a publican and sinner.

Let us not be understood as condemning the efforts made to convert the Jews in Palestine and elsewhere. Far from it. One of the most energetic missionaries laboring in their midst, is a German lady, a Jewess by birth, who has recently purchased a part of Mount Olivet for a Christian cemetery. We mention these circumstances, to illustrate the degraded condition of the Jews inhabiting Jerusalem. The very boy who donkeys you all day long through the streets of the Holy City, will exhaust the calendar of Moslem saints in his imprecations upon the stubborn beast, and end with calling it a Jew.

It is to be hoped that the new Pacha—a liberal Moslem—will govern them with more kindness than the Shylock of a Turk who plundered alike Mussulmans, Jews, and Christians. He, as also the chief of his wives, died shortly before we reached the Holy City; and on taking an inventory of his property, it was found that he had accumulated more wealth than all the other inhabitants together, the golden vessels in the holy places included. Among the treasures were a pair of jewelled slippers worth fifteen thousand dollars, and a necklace valued at twenty thousand. The Pacha had not even permitted his subjects to settle their private quarrels without an appeal to his authority, and in all cases a large fee was demanded. We saw his harem, consisting of half-a-dozen beautiful Circassian females, packed off for Constantinople, to become the wives of Turkish grandees.

While in Jerusalem, we devoted some attention to the lepers, in part from the fact that the Jews permit one of their people, who is afflicted with the disease, to dwell with his friends. A physician of the Jews' Hospital, was so kind as to conduct us to their mud-kennels in a little inclosure just inside the Zion gate. But few travellers venture into this mephitic retreat, reeking with filth and corruption, for all avoid contact with the lepers. Of these pitiable objects, slunk away in their wretched dens or lying near the city gates to reach out a

trembling hand to the passer-by, there are about thirty in Jerusalem. The disease with which they are afflicted is by no means confined to Palestine, but appears to be more common there than elsewhere. It is hereditary, but not contagious, sometimes however skipping over a generation. We examined the lepers of Jerusalem without fear of contagion.

The Jewish population of Egypt numbers not more than ten thousand souls, of whom nearly seven thousand live in Grand Cairo. Though now undisturbed in the practice of their faith, the oppressive exactions of the Government, and the fear of renewing the persecutions of former times, have taught them to dissimulate. Dressing in filthy rags, and living in houses of the meanest external appearance, they strive to seem even more wretched than they are in reality, so as not to invite taxation.

The most lucrative business in which the Egyptian Jews ever engaged, ceased in the seventeenth century. For a long time, mummy was an article of great value in the practice of medicine. It was found in all the drug-shops of Europe, and even to this day, mummy-powder mixed with camel's-milk butter, is regarded by the Arabs as a sovereign remedy for external and internal bruises.

'Make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries,' was not a mere figure of speech. The repulsive drug was prescribed by the physicians of the sixteenth century, for fractures, concussions, palpitations of the heart, and the like; while even Lord Bacon says: 'Mummy hath great force in staunching of blood.' Many speculators embarked in the trade, and vast sums were expended in purchasing mummies, principally from the Jews in Egypt. Tombs and catacombs were searched; and when the government forbade the transportation of the bodies from their sepulchral habitation, the Jews had recourse to fraud and imposition. In order to supply the great demand for mummy, they embalmed dead bodies, and sold them to the Christians. In like manner, the bodies of slaves, of executed criminals, of unclaimed strangers, and even the desiccated corpses of travellers buried in the sands of the desert, were converted into gold for the Jew and medicine for the Gentile.

De la Fontaine, physician to the King of Navarre, when travelling in Egypt, made some inquiries respecting the supply of mummy as a drug. The Jewish dealer to whom he applied for information, showed him thirty or forty mummies in a single pile. The physician was anxious to know whence the bodies had been obtained, and whether the accounts given by the ancients relative to the treatment of the dead, and their mode of sepulture, could be confirmed. The Jew laughed, and informed him that the mummies before him were all of his own manufacture. To De la Fontaine's inquiry as to what nation they be-

longed, or whether they had died of any horrible disease, such as the leprosy, small-pox, or plague, the Jew replied: 'It matters not to me whence they came, whether they are old or young, male or female, or of what disease they died, so long as I can obtain them; for when embalmed, no one can distinguish my preparations from ancient mummies; but I greatly marvel how the Christians, who are so dainty-mouthed, can eat the bodies of the dead.'

Guyon relates, by way of anecdote, an event which put an end to the nefarious traffic in mummy. A Jew of Damietta, who was principally concerned in the manufacture of false mummies, had a Christian slave, for the safety of whose soul he appears to have entertained more concern than for his own. Repeatedly, and with some success, urging the slave to abjure his religion, and embrace the true faith, the Jew at last insisted that he should submit to the operation of circumcision, as the evidence of his sincerity. This the slave refused to do, and in consequence of his perverseness was very ill-treated by his master. Going to the Pacha, he represented to him the practices of the Israelite, and exposed the frauds of which he was guilty in the making of mummies. The Jew was thrown into prison, from which he obtained his release, only on condition of paying a sum of three hundred sultanins of gold. When intelligence of this reached the governors of Alexandria, Rosetta, and other cities of Egypt, delighted with the prospect of readily obtaining so much money, they exacted a large sum from all the Jews who were merchants in mummies. From that time the traffic ceased.

The Jews have been unjustly associated with the trade in eunuchs in the East. But the perpetrators of this horrid mutilation, to the shame of Christianity be it said, are Christian Copts; and as the subjects of their cruelty sell from seventy-five to two hundred dollars apiece, they carry on a lucrative business in Egypt. The employment of eunuchs by the Asiatic monarchs dates from a remote antiquity. They were numerous in the Eastern Empire before its fall, the eunuch Narses having been one of the best generals of the Greeks.

While in Constantinople, we learned some curious facts relative to eunuchs, which were confirmed during our visit to Egypt, where they are much more common than in European or Asiatic Turkey, and where, in fact, they are exclusively made. The trade is not so active as in former times: as many of the Mussulman grandees now confine themselves to one wife, there is not so great a demand for these Argus-eyed guardians of Eastern harems. So far as we could learn, about three hundred eunuchs are annually furnished in Egypt, some of whom come to occupy important posts in the Turkish and Egyptian governments. The *Kisler Aga* of the Sultan, for example, is the third man in the Ottoman Empire, having charge not only over the harem of

Abdul Medjid, but being also the director of the revenues of the imperial mosques, and the incomes derived from Mecca and Medina. From a singular custom of the Ottoman Court, which we are unable to explain, a private harem is kept within the walls of the seraglio for the Kisler Aga, as well as one for the chief of the white eunuchs.

Syout and Gireh, far up the Nile, are the only places in Egypt where eunuchs are made for the Egyptian and Turkish markets. The white subjects are Circassian or Georgian boys; the black, Abyssinians or Nubians, from six to nine years of age, the latter being brought by caravans from Sennar and Darfour. The village of *Zaory-el-Dyr*, near Syout, is the great metropolis of the trade. The mutilation, far more terrible than is usually supposed, is practised in the autumn, that season being regarded as most favorable. The sufferer is buried for twenty-four hours up to his waist in the sand. Three out of every four submitted to the operation perish. Some efforts have of late been made to do away with the barbarous custom; but it will continue in a greater or less degree so long as polygamy remains the law of the East. A wealthy Turkish Pacha, wishing to make Abdul Mejid a valuable present, sent him a number of beautiful Circassian boys, who had undergone the infliction in Egypt. The Sultan, a humane and tender-hearted man, could not repress his indignation at the act, and directed that it should never be attempted again.

The eunuch can ordinarily be distinguished by his exterior physiognomy. He is usually plethoric, beardless, and has a feminine voice, while a sombre and irascible disposition naturally arises from the sense of degradation which he experiences. From a consciousness of physical inferiority, eunuchs are usually most bigoted Mussulmans, seeking in the austere practices of religion a substitute for the ordinary pleasures of life. Some of them have a fondness for female society, and there are instances in which they marry.

Of all Mussulmans the Egyptians doubtless regard the Jews with most aversion. In the year 1844 a young man belonging to a respectable family in Cairo, suddenly disappeared. Several of the resident Consuls, moved by the solicitations of the wretched mother, requested of the Viceroy a searching investigation into the circumstances of the case. It could only be discovered that the young man had gone to the Jews' quarter, from which no one had seen him return. He had been missed a few days before the feast of the Passover, and the terrible accusation was laid upon the Jews of having offered the blood of a human victim as a holocaust, instead of the blood of the paschal lamb.

Had the Israelites not been protected by the Austrian Consul, it is probable that the infuriated and bigoted populace would have razed their quarter of the city level with the ground. Four years previous

a similar event had occurred at Damascus. The Père Thomas, a Christian priest, greatly beloved by the people, was treacherously murdered in the house of an opulent Jew named Daout-Arari. The affair created much excitement even in Europe. Two celebrated French advocates were sent to Egypt to plead the cause of the accused before Mohammed Ali, then master of Syria. The intrigues of the Austrian Consul and other secret influences brought to bear, procured an acquittal of the accused. But during the judicial investigation, several important revelations were obtained. Seven Israelites confessed the crime, and turned Mussulmans in order to claim the clemency of the Cadis. From them it was learned that a Jewish barber had murdered the Père Thomas in the house of Daout-Arari, and that the blood of the priest had been mixed with the unleavened bread. The same year the Jews of Rhodes were charged with a like offence. Similar accusations have been brought against the Israelites living in Germany and Hungary.

The Greeks of Constantinople affirm that heretofore the Jews have been in the habit of purloining children, in order to sacrifice them as paschal lambs. This sacrilege was universally talked of and generally believed a few years ago in Pera and the Fanar, when the traditional enmity of the Jews and Greeks was at its height. During the Greek Revolution the Israelites assisted the Turks against the Hellenes; and when the venerable Greek Patriarch was hanged by the Moslems, the Jews volunteered to drag his corpse through the streets to the sea.

These accounts carrying us back to the time of

‘YONGE HAW of Lincoln, slain also  
With cursed Jews, as it is notable,’

are doubtless exaggerated, like the old stories of wells poisoned by the Jews, and the consecrated host stolen to crucify afresh the SON of God. They have, however, given rise to cruel persecutions of the unfortunate children of Israel. The first crusaders, when proceeding to take possession of the Holy Land, thinking that they would do service by falling upon the enemies of the cross among themselves, murdered seventeen thousand Jews in cold blood before they reached the plains of Hungary.

We might, did our space permit, enlarge more fully upon the condition of the Jews of the old world, to whom this article must be understood as referring. The history, the hopes, the prospects, and the strange customs of the race, afford a most inviting theme. As every beautiful Hebrew maiden hopes to be the mother of HIM who, in their estimation, will restore their ancient glories, let us all, at least, wish that their emancipation may be near at hand.

## PETER MACGRAWLER:

OR, THE LONDON ASSINÆUM ON AMERICAN AUTHORS.

THE LONDON ASSINÆUM has for so many years been known to the loungers in club-rooms; every number in length and breadth, in scope, tone, style, and degree of merit, has been so like every other number, as if made by a machine from one model; it has become so punctual and exact in all its habits, disagreeable or otherwise, so regulated according to standard, that if the worthy *litterateurs*, who will forgive us for calling them by so subordinate a title, and who divide its paragraphs and bits of precious criticism among themselves in their weekly job, should dissolve their association after some weekly dinner, it would not be extravagant to suppose that it would make small difference; that the types would fall of their own accord into line and compact column; and that from inveterate habit it would now print itself.

Very respectable is *Assinæum*, invariably well-dressed, with no fault about its exterior and no carelessness in its trim; always in clean linen, not cotton, satisfactory to the eye; as to manners, thoroughly English, if that is any commendation, although we fear it is not; not particularly low-bred except when it thinks it has to deal with inferiors; never enthusiastic about any body or any thing, yet sometimes patronizing, or a little cordial, according to the quality (not literary) of those whom it treats. As to speech, it is for the most part careful not to make a slip, collocating words according to correct usage, eschewing all participles made from substantives, detesting all *Americanisms*, yet although rigid itself, not beyond the reach of criticism in these respects, as is evident by its not very frequent but most miserable attempts at new coinage, and the common use of certain forms of expression which we should be sorry to see creeping into the works of sensible writers in our own country. All this by the way, for 'one' likes in praising much, to find a little which 'one' may censure, and 'one' can never bear to meet with affectations, no matter where, which 'one' despises.

With regard to opinions, this newspaper professes fair play, although we think it is stuffed full of mean prejudice, sometimes dogmatic without investigation, uninformed, conceited, truculent, or even unjust. These are a few general characteristics, but 'more anon.' Such as it is, all book-makers and book-sellers, all antiquaries, and patrons of art, all the aforesaid loungers in club-houses, all small *litterateurs*, (these last take it up with fear and trembling, for they do not look for much favor from those of their own class,) all literary men generally, on this side of the Atlantic or the other, would as soon think of going without their Sunday dinners as pass a week without reading it. It is,

however, oracular, rather than an oracle. Being so long remarkable for *not being remarkable*, and therefore in a certain sense respectable, and so long accustomed to speak, every body appears to be willing to hear what it has to say. It can put its petty *imprimatur* on reputations already made. It can raise or depress the thumb at will, as if to save or to destroy, yet the decision of its small band of collaborateurs who are incapable of uttering a single original idea, but have trained themselves up to be smart verbal critics, is not regarded even in England by the more eminent in letters, as having the value of a single rush.

It makes not much difference whether any thing is doing in the literary world or not, the *Assinæum*, as has been intimated, never flags, but is equally well provided for, and readable the year round; so that the injunction is fulfilled, *si nihil est quod scribas, sed hoc scribe nihil esse quod scribas*. In whatever public place it is read, two facts are worthy of mention. One is, that most people, whether grave or gay, take it up from the table, read it through, for it is easy reading, and put it down again without saying one word or its equivalent. They may be satisfied or the reverse, their sensations are not known. Theirs is a listless, cheerless process of mastication, like that of some dog over a bone where a little meat may be gnawed. The pabulum has been given to them periodically, and they take to it industriously, but without much taste or relish. And you never see any faint change of countenance in the reader, but he actually looks as if he were perusing something not only solid, but stolid; no rippling smiles as if some remark had been passed which pleased his better nature, for as to any genial humor, or wit, or indeed faculty of appreciating the same, you may look for it any where else, but not in the *London Assinæum*. The sardonic smile of the sneerer or caviller it may sometimes have, but this does not excite much sympathy.

One half of the *Assinæum's* pages are occupied by book-sellers' advertisements. It is well labelled in front and rear. With this no fault is to be found, as 'one' likes to know what is being printed 'ye kno.' PRICE FOURPENCE, the fourpence in exceedingly black capitals first strikes the eye on the first page at the upper end, right hand side of the first column, immediately beneath the sounding yet classic title. It looks a little mean perhaps to have the price of literary wares so conspicuously set forth. In the large journals of the United States we have frequently to hunt through all their multitudinous columns in vain, to get the same information, for in some of them there is not the slightest allusion to the idea. However, if a given number of pages of literary job-work according to a given pattern be provided weekly, it is right, and English, to announce what is to be paid.

The *Assinæum* always opens with 'Reviews,' as it is pleased to call



them, which, however, are not reviews in the common acceptation of that term, but nothing more than magazine or newspaper notices, eked out by the aid of scissors. They are often sensible enough, and prefaced with a show of learning, if the topic require, composed as if *ex pleno animo*, the British Encyclopædia being no doubt the faithful adjunct of scissors. We might even call them dapper bits of criticism, plain in style but with a sleek and glossy neatness, compact, well-rounded, well-done. The mechanic arts are sometimes brought to nice perfection.

After the 'Reviews,' the faithful reader will find a few pages occupied with short mention of new novels or of other new books, wherein those below mediocrity, or which *appear so* to the cursory glance of the accomplished editors, are summarily or contemptuously dealt with. These last are clairvoyant, and when their eyes are bandaged with prejudice, can often see through a book without going beyond the title-page, as readily as if it were shut up and placed at the back of their heads, especially if it be printed in the wrong Boston, or in mercantile New-York. A bold assertion from beneath a snug concealment, a shrug and a sneer, with a word or two of pithy advice, and the culprit is dismissed who is not deemed worthy of more elaborate castigation. If he is a poetaster, we have the old and hackneyed allusion to gods, and men, and columns, for a critic of the *Assineum* is nothing if he is not classical. If he be a prose writer, and prosy at that, then we have the oft-repeated phrase: 'This is a dreary book.' A dreary book! A cant term that with our Johnny Bull!

After this department of criticism you will next be treated to some weekly gossip about the Fine Arts, the Drama, and all kinds of things; then with numerous paragraphs on subjects Archæological, Geographical, Linnean, Numismatic, Zoological, Geological, Entomological, Meteorological, Ethnological, Ictheological, Photographic, Statistical — Syro-Egyptian — and *Assineum* is made up.

Who will say that so well-printed a newspaper is not worth fourpence, when it keeps you informed as to current literature, and contains such long extracts from current works, albeit it is sometimes slashing, while in the tone and style of its papers you occasionally get the full force and manner, the smack and flavor of the true English literary *snoob*? We have been latterly struck with its curt and insolent dispatch and disposal of American books which had here been stamped with the genial commendation of men of letters. We had the curiosity to examine its collected files for the last five years, to find out whether this arose from settled habit, or only from the accidental assumption of superior airs. It has been a course systematically pursued, and it is consoling at least to know that an impartial partiality has been observed, that all classes, high and low, the historian, the

novelist, the poet, the traveller, if American, have fared alike at its hands. Indeed, its editors are to be pitied. There is a serious obstruction, a real difficulty to be met. When a Yankee author presents himself, they hang back, they reluct, like a disagreeable Englishman, (not of the higher orders,) in the corner of a stage-coach from whom the occasion extorts either an affirmative nod or a negative grunt. But the necessity cannot well be helped. There is a pestilent perseverance about the Yankee. He will whittle his sticks all over the world. He will whistle his national airs while he scrapes out sulphur from a crater in the Andes, or competing with some Englishman, guano from Ichaboe. His yachts are in foreign waters, his horses are on English turf, and his books are in English markets, and on the *Assinæum's* table. He must, therefore, be decently met. His boats must be permitted to sail, his horses to run, his chess-men to move, and as for his books, 'one' must at least try to read them, though it is disagreeable to say to such people exactly what 'one' thinks, 'ye kno.' It is a hard and costive business at the best. The book is on the table. It need not be examined, but it must be criticised beyond doubt. The tardy preface drags along with some remark about 'trans-Atlantic cousins,' or 'Brother Jonathan,' how he is thin-skinned, how he is given to hyperbole, about his pituitous propensity, his fondness for 'fine writing,' and that so far in letters he has achieved nothing of which the type does not already exist. A gratuitous self-exculpation, a protestation of candor and desire to do justice, together with a few generalities then pave the way for the review proper, which is bound to be distressingly severe. Our critic aspires to be a Jeffrey on a small scale. THIN SKIN is excoriated, and his name is writ on water. Let him however be thankful for this: though his faults are studiously set forth, yet his enemy has not been so cruel as to *raise the laugh* against him. His derogatory criticism is altogether a serious job; his wit would hardly pass muster, his humor must be of the dry kind, for he is about as succulent as the ancient walking-stick which is hung up in Abbot's Egyptian Museum. The *Assinæum* can hardly be said to ridicule any one, for ridicule even of the wickedest kind implies some good nature at the core. The inbred malice which lurks under most of his diatribes is not suggestive of a red-cheeked, fun-loving Englishman, but of a burly fellow forging his thunderbolt—*brutum fulmen*—over a porter-house steak, and a pot of beer.

However, it would be fair to let MacGrawler speak for himself a little, and we select without much choice. Here is a critique beautifully concise on a small unpretending volume of American poems, the most of which it is true, are inferior, yet among them a well-disposed censor might have detected a few of rare beauty. 'We have found nothing to quote from in this volume, and scarcely know how to cha-

racterize it. *A countryman of the author's* would have no hesitation in describing it as a sorter poetry, and a sorter not, but a darned deal sorter not nor sorter.' A melancholy attempt to be witty at other people's expense! Let us assure MacGrawler that he is ignorant of the dialect. There is a peculiar Yankee speech, of limited use, which consists less in forms and words than in cadences, tones, accents, and inflections, disagreeable to the refined ear, but difficult to be represented in print, and of which nothing can be learned from the pages of Cockney tourists, and not much from those of Samuel Slick. 'Paps,' however, if he were to come among us, and apply himself closely to the language, he might accomplish something, and think it worth knowing.

It will be remembered that about a year ago the little satire, 'NOTHING TO WEAR,' was popular. Being the production of one hitherto unknown, without any heralding, the appropriateness of the theme, and the merit of the execution, won for it a spontaneous token of applause, and it was in every body's hands. It gave proof of a happy momentary inspiration, if not hopes of a lasting fame. Wishing to know whether any note had been made of this little *brochure*, and whether the Ass——'s reception of it would not be gruff, we consulted the record, not in vain. After half a column of generalities, without any allusion to the poem at all, it 'cribs' the whole of it, and 'returns thanks' at the close of the entertainment which for once it gives its readers, in this wise: 'The ballad-writer is said to be a Mr. Butler of New-York; and the *Yankee* origin is indeed apparent in jests and local allusions, neither very funny nor very intelligible to London readers. But the nonsense on the whole, is good nonsense; and we have quoted it in order that the grave reader may find something in to-day's number of the *Athenæum* that he may safely skip — if he pleases.'

It is hardly worth while to multiply instances in this kind since the rule of treatment appears to be almost invariable. The style is usually as follows: 'This is too bad,' or, 'It almost surpasses belief that one should write such trash, but it is an insult to common-sense, that one should be expected to read such trash.' 'It is written with bland inanity.' And again: 'This is a dreary book.' There is always the same appetite on the part of MacGrawler to write a slashing article about those who are at a very convenient distance to suit the purpose of MacGrawler. His manliness is only equalled by his urbanity. The men of a larger type and more distinguished reputation are partakers with the smaller fry of authors. Mr. Irving is deficient, according to this astute critic, on the score of *geniality*, and Mr. Bryant of originality, while Longfellow is still inferior to Bryant.

Of Bancroft's History, Volume VII., his researches into such matters

enable him to put forth the following modest opinion, which must carry with it all the weight and importance of the *London Assinæum*, and will no doubt destroy the *prestige* of what has been heretofore considered a standard word. 'We have only glimpses of the men of the Revolution, and are left to a good deal of surmise as to the secrets of the times. We miss the authoritative notes that lighted up the text of the earlier volumes, and *cannot but on the whole express our regret that the author had not such complete access to papers* as would have given fulness and certainty to this, without doubt, the only American national history.'

Here, however, he is excited into a little warmth, and we are treated with a bit of 'fine writing,' which was no doubt accomplished, map in hand. Listen to what he says: 'Throughout the whole of the States, however divided by political language and sympathy, by questions of boundary and color, there will on that day, [the fourth of July, we believe,] be heard in each city and county one unanimous speech, there will *glow* one confederate banner. From the eldest to Minnesota and Arizona the youngest born, from Indian Dacotah, where the sun sheds an indistinct light on unassigned claims and encumbered estates of greenwood, to Spanish San Francisco, *where it flaunts along the path of the ocean steamer, and flings gold dust into the eyes of helmsman and passenger,*' etc. Happy helmsman! happy passenger! But how the sun manages to fling this gold dust is a question which we leave to MacGrawler to decide. But to proceed with the quotation.

'In honor of that day the wagon on the prairie will have its arch of leaves, the lumber-raft floating down the Mississippi will attach to its pine mast a July flag, [what is a *July* flag?] the steamer far out at sea will hoist a garland at the fore, a motley population of all hues, German, Indian, civil and military, [will MacGrawler inform us what are civil and military hues?] will make music on what twenty years were forest streets, and all along the thirteen thousand miles of coast from every cape and headland peaceful cannon will proclaim to the world a declaration of American Independence.'

Fine, swelling period that! although a little tax upon the fancy of the reader to think of things so far apart and so dissimilar—a helmsman and a passenger on the way to San Francisco—a steamer out at sea and a lumber-raft on the Father of waters—those civil and military hues—besides thirteen thousand miles of sea-coast and that proclamation of peaceful cannon! And yet a gorgeous feat of words, truly! Let us congratulate our friends on the progress which they appear to be making in American Geography, and upon their knowledge of the sources of American history. Of the last, if Mr. Bancroft has any more volumes to write, we hope that he may avail himself.

The most recent act of severity on the part of the *Assinæum* which

we have to bewail is consummated in the number issued on the twenty-fifth of September, and is a Review of 'MILES STANDISH.' The author's popularity is admitted at the outset, a fact which the philosophical critic thinks it not worth while to account for. 'If,' he remarks, 'popularity be any test of permanent merit, Mr. Longfellow is already an heir apparent of immortality. So strong an object of typographical desire is he at present, that it has been necessary to protect him from undue admiration, and with this view a notice is affixed to the cover of the present little volume, signifying to the world that an English writer has contributed a small but sufficient portion in his behalf.' It is true that popularity is not necessarily a test of merit unless the refined and educated by almost universal consent agree to admire, in which case we think that there may be some element of genius or talent. A newspaper which panders to prejudice and bad feelings may have thousands of readers without being an oracle. Its real value may not be in proportion to the number of fourpences exchanged for it. Nobody would be such a dolt as to assert it; at the same time, unless it stultified itself, we should feel disposed to admit its claims on the strength of its favor. But unfortunately, Mr. Longfellow being extensively read, Mr. Peter MacGrawler goes on to explain why he should *not* be; and the main reason is, that he, the said Peter, does not like him.

Pray why not, Master Peter? Because he leads Peter 'into a world of feeble twilight, where the embracing sunbeams chastely play,' which is not congenial to the joyous and light-loving disposition of Peter, who does not take delight in tolling bells, and midnight masses, and monks who pray in bad Latin. And what else? Why the gods and the columns cannot endure him, at least the *columns* of the *Assinæum*, and so MacGrawler will not. He also adds that he is one in whom 'men' 'cannot take much pleasure.' But Mac has a short memory, having just asserted his popularity. More than all, his poems 'do not exalt and strengthen' Mr. MacGrawler. They only make him 'continually passive,' and Mrs. MacGrawler 'continually resigned,' and he does not believe in 'his vapory Elysium.' Although MacGrawler himself has written a whole page of stupid parodies on the 'Psalm of Life,' yet he adds, that 'a witty countryman of the author's has written two admirable parodies' which he is greatly pleased with. The same faults are common to *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*, and more beside. 'Why so much mournfulness through all' he is 'at a loss to understand; when, however, persevering with the perusal, he discovers that Mr. Longfellow, or to borrow a witty and true name, Mr. Protracted fellow,' etc. Is not this enough to excite inextinguishable laughter, and set the *columns* in a roar? Mr. Irving may be destitute of humor, or even solemn as a grave-stone; Saxe may be a feeble recachinnation caught up from Hood; but who will deny that MacGraw-

ler is funny? *Risum teneatis amici?* To be serious again, *Mac*, who from the quality of his wit we have long since taken to be a Scotchman, thinks that 'in its feeble *ηθος* the vice of Mr. Longfellow lies.' It may be in the *ηθος* or it may not be in the *ηθος* — that is a point which we do not feel qualified to dispute. Again, we have the charge of imitation, which is always stored away in a pigeon-hole of his sanctum for the 'transatlantic Cousins.' Peter's erudition sweeps over a wide compass, and he never reads any thing but he thinks that he has read something like it before. He wants that which the sun never shone upon, flowers without any name, and that were never heard of, music freshly inspired from the very gods, and sweets of poetry which recall no memories to be wafted among his *columns*, and regale his snuffy nostrils. Mac a boy should not be so exacting. 'Pretty imitations,' he says, 'but can never be mistaken for the original types of Tegnér, Goethe, Heine, or Chamisso. Indeed if we compare the moonlight scenes of *Evangeline* with the truthful daylight pictures of the *Herman and Dorothea* or Auerbach's delicious *Barfüssle*, if we set the *Golden Legend* by Chamisso's poem or with Goethe's *Faust*, the *Building of the Ship* beside the *Lay of the Bell*, the *Ballads* by those of Heine, the difference between a composition and an original, between reality and phantasy, is painfully evident.' All very true, Mac, if we can get all these side by side, but there are too many 'ifs' in the way. We cannot conveniently have moonlight and daylight scenes together, and the 'delicious *Barfüssle*' has got to be translated from beyond seas. This being the case, we fear that 'the delicious *Barfüssle*' will have to stand on his own merits, if he has got any.

Let us quote again. 'The poem, which in our *vulturine* capacity the author no doubt expects us to *poetiverously* write, is entitled the 'COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH,' and displays Mr. Longfellow's method of debasing a fine old hero, and diluting an historical fact.' A little gleam of ingenuity again! Forging words as well as thunderbolts! We should say, asking pardon, however, a historical fact. It is true that we say *an* ass, but do we say *an* horse? We should as soon talk of putting on an 'at on an 'ead. It may be English, but it is not American. It is not in our power to follow out the commentary of MacGrawler in his effort 'to poetiverously write.' He takes keenly to the scent, and is like a setter-dog thrashing through a field of clover in pursuit of game, but can find nothing but the clover. Sometimes as he is covered up by the sweet-smelling leaves, you just catch a glimpse of his ears, if he has any, (for we are not sportsman enough to remember whether they sometimes crop the ears of this kind of puppy,) then he comes to a momentary stand, points, and passes on to the next inclosure. But either the game is not, or he is faulty, and at the end of the hunt, instead of a pat on the head, and the soothing

laudit of 'good dog, good dog,' he only gets a kick from his master. So, our critic scents and snuffs about over the whole ground, aliding along with his educated nose over every foot of it, sometimes pausing and pointing at what he considers game, but only trampling on a few pin-feathers. To change the figure, English, or rather American hex-meters, he cannot scan with a loving eye. He can find no authority in regard to *quantity*, therefore he is suspicious as to *quality*. We heartily agree with MacGrawler as to the inexpediency of attempting that measure nowadays, either in the dead Latin or in living English. Vinny Bourne wrote Latin elegantly in the various metres, but after all, his lines were made up of odds and ends, arranged cunningly in mosaic, and we had hoped that Mr. *Protracted fellow* (we must have that laugh over again) after the success of *Evangeline* would not have ventured upon a similar experiment. But inasmuch as he has done so, we have no regrets to express, that with so many disadvantages to contend against, he has wrought out so exquisite a poem, replete with tenderness, though its grace may be too subtle to win and woo the sympathies of a MacGrawler. The latter says he wants something 'to exalt and strengthen him,' than which nothing can be more true. But though difficult to please, and rather grudging, he can sometimes modulate the tone of a sneerer; he can concede a little, for he adds, 'there is just one line in the poem which is pretty.' Flowers are called

'Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.'

This reminds 'one' of the exquisite Brummel, who, when a dish of green peas was set before him, remarked that 'he had once eaten a pea.' A little benevolence is cheering. Some body was defended not long ago on the ground that he was not deficient in humane feeling, for, that once walking in the street he had given a boy a stick of candy! Since no doubt the poet 'expected' MacGrawler 'to *poetiverously* write,' let him be thankful that he is not quite devoured. There are some minor poems bound up with 'Miles Standish,' but from the same authority we learn that they 'are not striking.' As a matter of course, they are not.

To sum up the matter, as it is now high time, let us say that we are in these parts so much addicted to indiscriminate praise and stereotyped phrases of admiration, that it may do us no harm to be rough handled. In former years we stood in suspense while expecting a verdict from the other side of the water. Fortunately for ourselves, we have changed all that. A book is written, published, and its fate is sealed without even waiting for the opinion of a MacGrawler, and when that comes, it matters very little whether it be a growl of contempt, as usual, or a note of admiration. But if criticism should ever

attain to a palmy estate among us, we hope that it will be infused with that large and liberal spirit which always distinguishes true men of letters, and that it will show fair play even to its enemies, who are so foolhardy as to write books — whether they be Jews, Turks, heretics, or infidels. As to Peter MacGrawler, having already praised him as much as he deserves, and said that his *Assinæum* was well printed, we will not begin at this last moment to say any thing which might be deemed harsh or uncharitable, lest it might be supposed that we had evil ends in view, and that we were trying to raise a tempest in a tea-pot.

NOTE. — When the present editor of the *Athenæum* was in the United States, in 1854, as Commissioner to the Crystal Palace Exhibition, in more than one instance he gave expression to sentiments of animosity toward this country, and betrayed no small degree of illiberal prejudice. A friend informs us, that when arranging with a leading London publisher, a few years since, for the issue of a work — that gentleman observed to him: ‘You must be prepared for injustice from the *London Athenæum* — partly because you are an American author, and also because the present editor abuses every thing I publish, without regard to merit, on account of a personal difficulty I had with the establishment.’ The *Athenæum* is no longer regarded as a critical authority in England, and is sustained wholly by advertisements.

#### C h e e r f u l n e s s .

WITHOUT, the shadows of the night  
Have filled the world with sullen gloom :  
Within, a mellow, golden light  
Wraps in repose the quiet room.  
I hear the patter of the rain —  
The mournful sobbing of the blast —  
Wailing as if a ghastly train  
Of disembodied spirits passed.

But what care I for cloud or storm,  
Since neither cloud nor storm are mine?  
In youth the heart is fresh and warm,  
In youth the blood is rosy wine!  
I pass beneath the cheerless skies,  
Nor think how full of tears they are :  
There is a light in friendly eyes  
More lovely than the fairest star !

Then who would wish a brighter spot  
Wherein to sing, whereon to dwell?  
Ah! he who would, deserves it not,  
He who would not, deserves it well.  
So, I content with friendship live,  
And blest with love's endearing ways,  
Quaff the sweet nectar which shall give  
A solar crown to all my days.



**Lauretta's Eyes.**

THE fair LAURETTA's eyes, so blue and bright,  
Look blank and cold when I am in her sight.  
Paint her not thus, kind limner! give her that  
Sweet smile she wears when talking to her cat.  
So shall I fondly think, whene'er I see  
The beaming portrait, that it smiles on me.

**ACROSS THE CHANNEL.**

It is a delectable expedient, for a resident or sojourner in London, to cross the Channel. The world offers no change at once so available and so entire. The kaleidoscope of metropolitan life is shifted with a single turn, by a trip from London to Paris; and to a mind adequately informed to take in the whole contrast of associations, and with imagination and moral sensibility to render the experience vivid, it is as magical as that recorded in the tales of Arabian enchantment. Artists and authors estimate the privilege; they of all men require an available excitement to soul and sense—the facile possibility of thorough escape from routine—the chance, at least, to break away, in times of satiety and exhaustion, from the familiar, and revel in the new and suggestive; the alternation from retirement to society, from town to country, from the atelier to the opera, effects this partially; but when the tent of labor and duty is pitched in the British metropolis, commend us to a week in the capital of France—as a viaticum. It is like going to bed with the fellow in the play, a boor, and waking up a prince, or entering a bath at Damascus, soiled and haggard with travel in the desert, to emerge from that inspiring ordeal of mist and manipulation, renewed in youth and vitality. To realize the experiment, however, to perfection, there is wanting a novitiate and winter—the one to escape bewilderment, and the other, to insure a more exhilarating contrast. Localities should be known, that somewhat of personal reminiscence throw a charm over the scene; its novelty is guaranteed by the lapse of time, since our last visit, however brief; for a very few years, often months, is the French lifetime for a government; and each ushers in a fresh aspect in manners, costume, art, literature, and social economy. Thus is provided incessantly a new drama on a familiar stage; we feel at home as we look at the proscenium, the foot-

lights, and the dome ; while the scenery, the music, and the *dramatis personæ*, as well as the plot, have all the attraction of an original conception. Hence Paris re-visited is more suggestive than any city on earth. It is the lay-figure in the studio of the political universe, on which successive forms and hues of drapery are thrown by the dominant genius of rule : now a republican toga ; now a harlequin uniform, made of the shreds and patches of all the cast-off wardrobes of kings ; and again the faded imperial purple, that seems tinted with the blood of humanity ; sometimes, for a brief interval, the manikin is completely naked, and the guise most frequently worn is military : yet we can always infer the temperature and the hour of the civic life of Paris, by a glance at its array, as certainly as in the world of fashion they are indicated by the dress of a lady : whether the sirocco of revolution impends on the portentous calm of despotic sway, the elusive day-star of freedom, or her fatal vesper hour. It is not, however, the mere political fact of the moment, but the effects incident thereto, that make Paris a fresh study at every return, and supply the eye, ear, and mind with ever-renewed interest. The whole panorama is invested with a different light, as the political glasses are changed ; the shop-windows as well as the newspaper, the trees as well as the escutcheons, the cafés not less than the palace, share the transformation ; the gait of the grisette, the salutation of the concierge, the phrase of your neighbor at the theatre, the expression of your fellow *habitué* at the restaurant, instantly cast before you either the shadow or sun-shine of the political horizon. It is this interwoven texture of social and national existence — this immediate and obvious reflection of the fitful moods of the body politic of France, that makes its capital, for the intelligent and sympathetic stranger, a theatre where he is certain to behold scenes either deeply impressive, or infinitely ludicrous, and, at all events, rarely suggestive. Hence the freshness and variety of which a theme so hackneyed is susceptible. We almost lose sight of the identity of place in the diversity of associations, in comparing the tableaux recorded by the long roll of illustrious sojourners ; not only does each see Paris under a peculiar light, but the scenes continually vary when viewed from the same stand-point. It is the centre of philosophical speculation to Franklin, the land of sentimental adventure to Sterne ; in Addison's view it is glorified by the praise of Boileau, and to Berkeley it is memorable as the scene of his fierce argument with Malebranche ; Scott revels in the antique grandeur of Notre Dame, and Walpole in the prolific gossip of the court ; Haydon runs wild with joy about the streets, to mark the oriental costumes of the Allies ; Madam de Staël loved it as the nucleus of society ; to Carlyle it is the scene of his wild and tragic chronicle ; to Hazlitt the city that boasts the gallery of the Louvre ; while Sir Francis Head

gathers there materials for a new book in noting the details of internal economy, from the hygiene of a stable to the organization of a charity. Paris is not only one world to a medical student, and another to a soldier — not only a different sphere as looked at from the Tribune or Pere la Chaise, Napoleon's column or Madame Girardin's *salon*, the Quai Voltaire or the Fauborg Saint Germain — but it is one place in '30, another in '35, one in '48 and quite another in '54. To retrace its thoroughfares is, even at such limited intervals, to read a new chapter of history, and discover a new modification of human character: to the artist it offers a continually inviting study of light, shade, perspective, foreground and grouping; to the author, unexpected material for dramatic effect, and to the philosopher, data to amend or modify his foregone conclusions. Hence they seek it with avidity, and find the process of reacquaintance quite as animating and far less perplexing than the original introduction. The first strangeness worn off, there is breathing space to observe what has been annexed to the old novelties; what is the reigning idea, what air is patent in the streets, and what caricature the magnet of gazers; the dish, the journal, the comedy, the devotee, the jewel, the garment — or, to sum it up in one word, the *goût* which has possession of the town. In resuming his promenade on the Boulevards, his rides in the Bois de Boulogne, his *demi-tasse* in the Palais Royal, his dinners at Very's, his ice at Tortoni's, and his cue at the *estaminet*, and his seat at the Opera Comique — he finds every thing changed, yet the same; the frame as he left it, but the picture transformed. His old habits may be outwardly adopted, but his modes of thinking, his ideas must be reorganized; new watch-words must be learned, and, like a coquette's lover, he must go through the process of becoming accustomed to alterations — not so much in the feature as in the expression of his idol, as little expected as, for the moment, they are unaccountable.

It was six o'clock by St. Martin's chime, when the yawning porter lit the candle, and roused me from a slumber beneath the huge and faded damask canopy of an old-fashioned four-foot bed; the lurid coal in the grate, the heavy bureaus, chairs and tables, and the dingy wall-paper — betokened the conservative English inn. Awaiting breakfast in the coffee-room, the scene was equally indicative; a slatternly maid was sweeping the hall, a pale waiter in clerical attire, spread the cloth; and the meal itself was of that solid nature which seems native to the clime — muffins and steaks; while from the moist window a dismal square was visible, its wet flags glistening in the gas-light; opposite rose the sombre façade of the National Gallery; and two or three forlorn cabs were ranged at the door. As we drove rapidly through the streets whence the rushing tide of population — soon to fill each avenue — had ebbed, the still-life had a singular relief; ob-

jects scarcely observable at mid-day now claimed attention, to which the sense of parting gave emphasis. As we entered the Strand, I mentally caught each feature as the musical composer jots his *penseroso* notes to balance the forthcoming *allegro*, in order to realize the expected contrast. The clock, regulated by Greenwich, pointed its monitory finger in that deserted highway, with a solemnity that would have charmed the author of the *Night Thoughts*; only ubiquitous policemen haunted the side-walks; the towers of Saint Dunstan's and Saint Mary's seemed to loom proudly; and Temple Bar, with no crowd of men and horses streaming under its low arch, looked the antiquity it is; a light was still burning in the lantern of Dr. Johnson's tavern, like the sepulchral lamp in a monumental crypt — faint emblem of the argumentative joviality that long since expired there. I cast an affectionate glance at the gate of the Inner Temple through which poor Goldsmith and gentle Lamb had so often passed, and one of sorrowful admiration at gigantic Saint Paul's, cramped of its fair proportions, and shorn of its marble whiteness, and gazed along Fleet street, as the dry channel of a mighty torrent of human life not yet aroused to its diurnal flow; mused of the great fire and London stone, the memorable catastrophe and venerable relic, as we rattled by the Monument and down Cannon-street, over London Bridge, once crowned with traitor's heads and arching barges wherein sat Raleigh, Sydney, and their shrewd queen; and looked thence on the forest of shipping that rose from the Thames through such a cloud of mist and smoke as hangs over a fleet after battle — apt symbol of the perpetual contest for bread and gain waged in this vast metropolis. The crystal roof of the station-house, the punctual method of the guards, and the whistle and vapor of the engine — mechanical expedients prophetic of triumph over time and space — were a fit closing scene to this London panorama — the sublimities of an age of locomotion — the art of a clime that glorifies use, and makes beauty her vassal.

It was pleasant once more to behold the horizon, as the train emerged into the open country, though arrayed in the neutral tint of gray clouds: picturesque, too, were the ramifying boughs of leafless old trees pointed against that leaden sky, while beneath them slopes of green lay like palettes of the mighty invisible Artist, soon to clothe their nakedness with emerald; this freshness of hue, incident to perennial moisture, brought Constable's landscapes to mind. Often the land spread in broad undulations, fallow ridges or rich pasturage; and a flock of sheep, a heap of turnips, an evergreen clump, mossy church, brick domicile, handsome country-seat or a rural hamlet diversified the prospect. Once, for an hour, the pale wintry sun cast mellow beams over the wide levels, and warmed the low range of distant hills: stacks of bean-poles were land-marks of summer, and, beyond the fer-

tile meadows of Ashford, was a little stone church, over whose nestling grave-stones a gnarled and ancient oak, of most picturesque aspect, stretched its black and crumbling branches — forming a pensive group for the artist — isolated and elegiac. Then began a refreshing inequality in the land; bluffs rose abruptly from the way-side; we glided between chalk excavations, and suddenly whirled under the old cliffs of Dover, with tossing craft moored between, sails loosened from their yards to dry, and, far away as the eye could reach, gray and yellow billows, hoarse and foam-capped, while around each jagged headland and castle-tower, wreaths of vapor floated in the gale. It was a scene that instantly evoked Shakspeare, Wellington, and Stanfield — the poetical genius, the military glory, and the modern art of England — the bard, the warden, and the marine painter. Each advancing wave dashed over the pier; and the little steamer no sooner quitted her moorings, than she rose and fell like a cockle-shell — as if the watery barrier that divides two kingdoms turbulently opposed their intercourse. Two hours of this saltatory movement brought us within the long breakwater of Calais — that reaches out into the channel like a friendly arm; and the first sight of the quay proclaimed another country; the group of blue-coated and moustached soldiers, the old glazed-hats and cotton blouses of the idlers, the familiar uniforms of the *gens d'armes*, and the ticketed commissionaire's greeting, 'Messieurs, L'Hotel Dessin' — that name which revives the *Sentimental Journey* with a word — assured us that we stepped on Gallic soil — a fact confirmed by the sight of a gracious dame presiding at the counter of the restaurant — waiters in jackets, white rolls, claret, and chatter, shabby dogs, capped women, bits of red ribbon protruding from button-holes, grains of snuff in the air, and a nosegay on the table. It was like a dream, thus to breakfast in the land of beef and beer, of fogs and pride, of umbrellas and coal, and dine in that of wine and *pâtés*, sun-shine and vanity, small canes and *eau du sucre*.

The first political hint of our whereabouts received on this side of the Channel, is that watchword of despotism — the call for passports. It has a peculiar significance in France to the Anglo-Saxon; making him aware of the anomalous fact that a certain portion of his free-agency has departed; that he, the self-dependent individual, has become an element of the social machinery, and is gratuitously relieved of a degree of his personal responsibility. He is now where he will be taken care of; his name is enrolled in the municipal register; he must confide to his landlord his nativity and destination, give his walking-stick to the porter when he enters a gallery or garden, pay his cabman by tariff, and wear a prescribed costume at the palace; if he has a fit in the street no unauthorized person will remove him; if he talks indiscreetly of the powers that be, he must expect a domicili-

ary visit or a hint to be off, and if he commits suicide, his body will be exposed for recognition in a place specially adapted to the purpose. He need not fear oblivion ; for every thing of importance that happens to him will be duly recorded. With this comforting assurance, we entered the rail-way car at Calais — a means of travel, by the way, which has infinitely added to the zest of going to Paris from London by approximating the electric points of the social battery ; and as a fore-taste of the parental solicitude which the government extends towards its guests, the attendant thrust under our feet a long tin box full of hot water most grateful during the chill nights to torpid extremities ; ensconced in the chair-like seats, well battened at the sides and back, a fine opportunity was secured for a reverie preparatory to our arrival. Elia used to defend late rising by the argument that an hour's half-somnolent indulgence in the morning, enabled us to digest our dreams otherwise liable to rest crudely on the intellectual stomach all day, and interfere with its functions. On the same principle, the traveller should bless his voyage across the Atlantic and his rail-way fittings from one centre of interest to another, as seasons of initiatory musing to arrange and store up in his memory what is left behind and bring forward the associations which illustrate what he is approaching ; in a word, to whet his appetite to a discriminating zest for the coming banquet, and digest philosophically the materials of his last feast of wonder that 'no crude surfeit reigns.'

Windmills and marshes seen by wintry twilight, soon dispel our romantic ideas of France ; and yet there are glimpses of landscape and names of places that coin that night-jaunt on a contemplative memory. The ancient fisheries of Calais, and its Richelieu gate and the floating isles of St. Omer, Lille with its fortifications planned by Vauban, Douay's relics of the past, Arras, near which Robespierre was born, celebrated for tapestry ; the Dutch-like town of Amiens, where was dated the famous treaty ; Clermont, the birth-place of Desaix ; each name is a spell to evoke historic visions of war, revolution, olden fabrics, and modern courage, such as befit this dark, cold, and swift approach to the gay capital. At Montrieul, I remembered that there Yorick engaged La Fleur, the prince of valets, and at Namport, looked out of the window, half-expecting to see the dead ass he mourned. Meanwhile I reverted to first impressions of the country, and sought to converge the scattered rays of subsequent association so as to light up, with a truthful glow, the vision about to be revealed. It seemed odd indeed to traverse France with no postilion bobbing up and down before you on a scraggy horse, no conducteur quaffing his petite-verre at every inn, no lumbering diligence or cracking whip ; that venerable equipage has vanished, and the characteristic *remise* chapter of Sterne's Journey, is obsolete — a mere locomotive retrospection ; for-

unately the science of expedition though it limits our chance to observe by a rate of speed that confounds the vision—leaves the mind free to expatiate. Do men kiss each other still on the Boulevard? I asked; do peasant-girls in white dance at Montmorency on Sundays? are the chocolate machines still rolling at the confectioner's windows, and artificial teeth silently gnashing against a ground of black velvet at the dentistry shop? is the *café au lait* as delicious in the morning? do the children still make artificial flowers, and old men read gazettes in the sun? is that pretty stock-girl yet beguiling customers in the Passage Vivriene, and shall I feel her soft fingers at my throat, once more, arranging the slowly-adjusting button? does Baron Louis ply his stethoscope as prophetically as ever, and the Palais Royal exhale the same perfumes and glitter as before with jewelry and *vertu*? Can Duprey's successor sing *Mes amis* in Tell, as he did? do the *grisettes* trip, the chiffoniers rake, the waxed floors gleam, the fish-women swear, the cooks invent, and the gens d'armes reconnoitre as of old? Do veterans and poor girls yet keep boxes of mignonettes on the window-sills? Is there in arcade and garden that alluring display of commodities and grace, that infectious atmosphere of enjoyment, the bagatelle, the vivacity, the lightsome movement of the crowd that differs from the plodding multitude of London as the elegant Madeleine differs from sublime St. Paul's, Versailles alive with fountains from Windsor stately with elms, and the café brilliant with plate and mirrors, from the club solemnly cosy with carpets and reviews? Do blind mendicants stand on the Pont Neuf, ladies of the old *régime* go to mass at St. Sulpice with gilded prayer-books in their dainty hands, and solid columns of infantry wheel with glittering bayonets in the Palace court-yard? Do crowds gather to see a dog swim in the Seine or a man shave at a garret-window? Are kid gloves, dominos, and bouquets as indispensable as ever, and are wreaths of painted immortels hung on the crosses at Pere la Chaise? or has the tragic page of history, the trampled throne, the spasmodic republic, the bloody massacre, the cunning usurpation, which intervene between the Paris of my remembrance and the Paris of to-day, changed the outward life with the political fortunes of that Protean city? As thus I mused, the current of speculation deepened and the normal traits of the French character rose to view. The stern facts of the past, the names that embody nationality, the idea of France, as we gather it from literature and history, suggested more profound retrospection. Paris ceased for the time to be operative and became to the imagination the rallying-point of war, science, art, letters, and society; herein the fantastic and temporary are lost in an infinite realm of truth. It is well, as you approach a grand nucleus of civilization to analyze its elements and re-construct its moral architecture; so shall the scene become redolent of wisdom and fragrant with

human interest. The soul of a metropolis is its intellectual inheritance ; kings of thought, creators of beauty, heroes, discoverers, martyrs alone consecrate the soil wherever humanity encamps. The France of the mind is not that where one man rules to-day, but that where the flowers of national life have blossomed for ages.

It is the morning after our twelve hours' trip ; we have slept off the fatigue of the rapid transit ; and after so many drizzly dawns in London, are once more awake by the sun ; how cheerily it flickers through the blue and rose drapery of our fairy-tented couch ; the fancy paper round the candles, the gay design on the wall, the graceful ewer-stand, the rose-wood table and gilded chairs, the polished floor and marble slab — all breathe of a light, fantastic, enjoyable locality ; there is a chill on the air, and we miss our London carpet and the ruddy glow in diminutive fireplace ; but the sunshine invites us forth, and instead of musing in an arm-chair or poking coals, we look out of the window : there, directly opposite, are rows of trees and open railings of a garden ; a statue, uncorroded with damp, stands near a jet d'eau ; a sentinel is posted at the gate ; people are looking into a shop-window at the angle of the street ; an old woman is selling sous bunches of violets ; how bright are the panels of the cabs ; there is a knot of strollers who move as if they had the day before them ; a handsome brunette in yonder shop is having her long hair dressed, it floats over her white wrapper, her *bonne* superintends the operation, and the *coiffeur* handles the rich tresses with scientific gusto, while neither of the group seem conscious of the transparent medium that alone divides them from the street ; a rustic girl is looking smilingly out of the end of a covered wagon ; there comes a clerk with an embroidered vest, then a soldier, then a priest, next a lady leading a white poodle, then an *ouvrier* in a blouse, and then two students — they are in no hurry, but look around and at each other as they go ; a little man in a green frock coat, with an ebony cane under his arm, is stopping to read and grin over a *Journal pour Rire* ; a *gendarme* with a fierce *chapeau bras*, is starting a drayman who blocks the way ; a child is eating *bonbons* ; the *pavé* is dry, and a cook with a white paper cap and apron, and a pale, complacent face, is standing there to enjoy the air, as he waits for a cart full of cauliflowers, spinage and radishes that approaches : an old man with a basket on his shoulder, is raking in the gutter for rags, nails, and other refuse : we are in Paris again.

The local improvements under the new *régime*, take the visitor by surprise. He finds the noble arcade of the Rue Rivoli indefinitely extended, the new wing of the Louvre, an imposing and solid line of masonry, approaching its junction with the Tuileries, thus forming an architectural type of that centralization against which Kossuth so eloquently declaimed. Within this vast and massive court will be united



the rendezvous of municipal officials, the Imperial domicile and body guard, and a telegraph radiating to every point in the kingdom. Another striking change is visible in the fresh tint of nearly every structure along the principal thoroughfares — the effect of whitewash, paint, or the mason's hammer renewing the face of the stone-work, and giving a singular lightness to the streets; sidewalks, too, have multiplied, and the whole aspect of Paris made new, commodious, and progressive. It is not long, however, before we become conscious of other changes than those wrought by bricks, mortar, and handicraft; a certain reserve alien to the genius of the place, and discordant with his recollections of it is evident. There are no vociferous groups as of old, under the glass roofs of the *passages*, or around the seats in the Palais Royal — that gay resort, Richelieu's munificent bequest to his king, where Anne of Austria and the Dukes of Orleans held court; whose chestnut trees subsequently shaded a generation of political debaters, until a thrifty noble leased its basements for the sale of jewels and refreshments, and the royal home and school of parties became the most tempting mart in Europe — alike the delight of connoisseur and gourmand, intrigante and gamester, where the volatile and exhilarating spirit of Parisian luxury and life was concentrated — visible in the magnificent café, the columned restaurant, the old man reading a gazette in the parterre, and the youth flirting in the gallery, the flaxen-haired child pulling at his nurse's skirt, as she gazes oblivious at a diamond necklace or alluring engraving at a window, and the veteran roulette player changing his gold at a broker's counter. The ribbons, porcelain, watches, and gorgeous robes that win cash from the pockets of the novice, are arrayed to view with as much tact as ever; there is the same odoriferous exhalation from fancy soap and perfumery, the same coquettish ways in her fair shop-keepers; music steals from the *café des aveugles*, and pastry-cooks, fruiterers, cigar-girls, and goldsmiths drive perhaps as lucrative a trade; but the place is less thronged; people walk through instead of loitering; the social has given way to a business air, and one can see that the tongues of the Parisians are under restraint, and their pleasure-seeking half-abandoned for affairs. The week of my arrival, one of the police checked a gay pedestrian there, as he whistled the Marseilles, commanding another tune or silence. And this significant proof of despotic vigilance is renewed at every turn. If we take up a journal, instead of the piquant discussions of Louis Philippe's day, we find the absolute prescriptive announcement of government decrees, audiences, and festivities such as a century ago made up the *London Gazette*, and now fill the meagre columns of the *Diario di Roma*; if we drive to the opera, the solitude and hush of the adjacent streets induce the belief that there is no performance, until the glittering sword of a cavalry guard reminds us

that but one carriage is permitted to enter the square at a time ; if we walk with an old resident, he stops in the midst of a gay thoroughfare, and points, with a shudder, to the spot where 'the old woman with a loaf of bread,' or the student on his way from a lecture, or the *marchand* going to dinner, was shot down in the *coup d'état* : if we look over the new editions of 'Notre Dame de Paris,' at a bookseller's, and inquire the whereabouts of the author, the bibliopiste looks grave, and replies *sotto voce* : 'Monsieur, he is lost to France, for the present ;' and if we take up a copy of *Pere Tom*, and ask why the word father is substituted in the translation, the cautious dealer faintly smiles, and answers : 'Monsieur, there have been so many jokes about 'his uncle' that the word is suspicious here.' An ominous quietude settles over the least frequented parts of the city, at an hour of the night when, in former days, the populace were all abroad ; every third man is a soldier or a priest ; talk has collapsed, and the attraction of cohesion no longer rules the tide of Paris loungers ; the gayly-attired Cyprian, the volunteer Punchinello, the bands of workmen and students on the scent of adventure or conviviality, no more make the streets ring with laughter ; yet they are vastly preferable to the marshes of Cayenne, and money-making is better than working for the state with a chained leg, so, however contrary to their mercurial temperament, the people attend to their business, substitute the word loyalty for liberty, and indulge in no patriotic reminiscences except Bonaparte's victories. If we inspect the daily labors of the press, instead of bold and intelligent expositions of national wants and duties, we find the new chapter of a popular *feuilleton* ; if we examine the ostensible legislation, we discover its agents are mere ciphers and tools ; if we inquire into the condition of the working class, we learn that occupations too expensive for the coffers of the state are projected to keep them busy, and therefore less disposed to rebel ; if we demand our English newspaper at the post-office, we are told it is prohibited on account of some article obnoxious to the government, that is, the Emperor ; this, indeed, is one of the few cases where a foreigner experiences annoyance ; for the most remarkable trait of Paris is its cosmopolitan character ; a heartless spectator can turn aside from all thought of the capital of France, and enjoy it as the metropolis of the world. It is, however, impossible for any one but a selfish egotist to regard without sympathy, the problems which, in spite of bayonets, surveillance, treaties, cowardice, and hypocrisy, wait solution in Europe. The conviction is overwhelming that the people 'stand and wait ;' their experiments, however futile in appearance are only suspended, not abandoned ; their wrongs accumulate only to be the more certainly vindicated.

With all the obvious changes, however, there are quaint fixtures

and permanent traits enough keenly to identify Paris to the mind. At the Italiens, in his old seat, was the old Jew, with snowy beard and velvet cap — an ancient figure, whose attention showed the hereditary love of music, and whose isolation, even in that temple of Europe, marks one of the race 'whose badge is sufferance.' He looked so exactly as in years past, that one could easily fancy he had sat there, like a picture on Titian's canvas, during all the intervening time. The bachelor agent, that used to slip into our coteries, with the privilege of a countryman, I found in his monastic upper-chamber, whose sole ornament is an engraving of Washington, as full of gossip and speculative patriotism, and as alive to the petty luxuries which his experienced economy gleaned from a limited income, as ever; the banker looked as stolid over his desk, and unchanged, save by a few more wrinkles; women in caps flitted again with neat ankles exposed, as they dodged the shower; the fair accountant, with sharp visage, and hair arranged in a style a countess might envy, was not less busy at her score; the doctor was to be found at the usual hour receiving patients for consultation, only he had ceased to lecture, on account of refusing the oath of allegiance; trade is the most conservative element of Paris life; its cautious, systematic habitude defies the invasion of political ideas; and there are more Frenchmen now, whose welfare thus depends upon public tranquillity than ever before; hence one prevalent cause of the acquiescence in a strong rule. The features of the Latin quarter are the very next in immobility; there professors remain at their quiet tasks, and venders at the book-stalls, as if the love of the past, with a sullen dignity, scorned the effervescence of the passing hour. As we cross the Pont Neuf, we enter the region sacred to the muses; the Institute, in its air of sublime repose, ignores the tempest which has so often waked the echoes of the Assembly Nationale; and the Mint and Pantheon — temples of cash and glory, seem to embody and proclaim the enduring sway of finance and of fame. Of the myriad contrasts, all intact, none is more impressive than that between the thronged and radiant Boulevard, and the twilight majesty of the Madeleine: to leave the busy and gay crowd for the quiet church, on whose vast and marble floor the lady and the beggar are kneeling, and hear the heavenward strain of the organ, attunes the soul to instant calm: Leslie's picture of Sterne at the glove-shop is daily reenacted, and milord Anglais, with shaven chin, and imperturbable self-possession, may ever be seen poring over *Galignani's Messenger*, or taking his constitutional walk.

We feel that in history political vicissitudes occupy a space which is quite disproportionate to their influence on private life. The period of the Commonwealth in England, and that immediately before and after, is so vivid in our imaginations, that when we read the domestic chronicles

of the time, several of which have lately been published, the contrast between their uneventful and domestic records, and that of the scenes of tumult, bloodshed, and controversy, familiar through the public annals, make the latter appear shorn of half their reality. When the news of an *émeute*, abdication, or *coup d'état* in Paris, reaches us, we imagine the whole machinery of life disorganized, whereas the event has not, perhaps, interrupted a single breakfast-table, and is only announced to the nearest witnesses by the sound of a volley of muskets, or the encounter of a picket of soldiers. And it is the same when a new *régime* is inaugurated: in many quarters of the city the domiciled resident may look out of his window all day and see no indication of the change which fills the columns of newspapers, and the talk of the street. People eat their *soupe maigre*, marry, sleep, buy and sell, gossip and laugh as before; a few more *Mon Dieu!* than ordinary are heard; but in a few days, the same itinerant venders resume their tricks, the student pores over his books, the flaneur loiters, the omnibuses rattle, and the dames go to market; the current of life is outwardly unchanged.

The portico shadows lay well-defined on the pavé of the Rue Rivoli, and the long row of lamps, parallel with the gilded fence of the Tuileries, yet burned, when our solitary cab rolled away to the station. Broadly spread the vacant area of the Rue la Paix at that early hour, and against the twilight-sky Napoleon's majestic column rose in clear proportions at the terminus of the long vista; here and there lights gleamed from the shop of a butcher or baker, and the cafés frequented by market-people and travellers; at intervals, an ouvrier, on his way to daily task-work, or a peasant, who entered the barrier at dawn, trudged along; but, with these exceptions, quiet and solitude reigned in the streets. A single sentry, with shouldered musket, stood at the gate of the dépôt, and an old woman dispensed the latest journals and novels. This stillness and desertion which hung over the gay capital at the moment we departed, formed an impressive contrast to the busy and varied hours which so quickly sped away during the week's sojourn. In a few moments the fortifications were passed, and we entered a country dotted with gray farm-houses, their trees, vegetable patches, and untilled fields, destitute of neatness, or any signs of rural enjoyment; it was seldom that a human being appeared, except about the villages, some of which are built upon elevations, and above their clustered dwellings rise the towers of an antiquated church; groves of sparse poplars, low and time-stained walls, the tiled roofs of cottages, pools, meadows, or a distant spire, were the oft-recurring objects of the forlorn landscape. Near Croeil, in a hamlet curiously excavated, the peculiar strata being full of catacombs. A legendary air pervades many of these old and isolated groups of humble domi-

ciles; peat-stacks and marshes evidence the nature of the soil, and, around each decaying church, black crosses, thickly planted, and of various dates, proclaim a home of the dead. Sometimes a neglected chateau, with a few pines or poplars around it, brings to mind the graphic pictures of life in the old provincial towns of the kingdom, which Chateaubriand, Balzac, and Lamartine have made familiar; and, at length, distant sand-hills announce the vicinity of the sea, and one of those rough marine prospects, which Crabbe has minutely portrayed, gradually reveals itself: stranded fishing-smacks, a line of beach, the prolonged roll of waves, and Boulogne appears. It was under a gray sky, whose clouds were agitated by wintry gusts, that we perambulated the streets of this old seaport town. I looked sadly at the lodgings where Campbell died. How every mast rocked, and every hull tugged at her moorings, along the quay! Weather-beaten sailors vociferated, baggage was thrown pell-mell down the gang-way, trembling ladies were supported on board, a fierce *gendarme* eyed each passenger, and compared the passport descriptions with their bearers, some of whom, cheered by an extra and farewell bottle of claret, held, with constrained hilarity, to the rail; and, in a few moments, the diminutive steam-packet was heaving in the deep trough of billows so large as to conceal, momentarily, the low hills behind the coast of France; half-way over the Channel, sturdy fellows in great pea-jackets, relentlessly demanded fees from the wretched victims of sea-sickness, as they lay on the scant, hard benches of the dark little cabin; and, in two miserably long hours, we are crossing the broad piazza between the Custom-house and Inn of Folkestone, guided by a cheerful array of lights, to the large coffee-room, where the fragrant tea, beef-steaks, and taciturnity, assure us that once more we tread the soil of England.

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Question and Answer.

O WILD wind! souging through the leafless wold,  
What bitter grief is yours that ye complain —  
What inward sorrow and unending pain —  
What tale of blight and death can ye unfold?

Alas! ye have no cause for grief, while I,  
Of all the earth, had but this sweet maid's love,  
And now the coffin-lid is nailed above  
Her snow-white face where all my fond hopes lie.

## AN IGNORED HISTORICAL CHARACTER.

A NEW-ENGLAND book says, in a tone which, if it smacks somewhat of sectarian partiality, has also somewhat of generous indignation: 'That here is a man who ordained and sent forth more clergymen than any other prelate in the history of the modern Church, and, it is not improbable, more than any one in any other age of Christianity; whose diocese was coëxtensive with the Republic; who travelled more in his ministerial labors than either Wesley or Whitefield, if we except the Atlantic voyages of the latter; who was the first Protestant bishop that ever trod the soil of the nation, if we except one or two transient visits of forgotten Moravian Brethren; who, with his laborious preachers, laid the moral foundations of most of our Western States, and who was really the American founder of the system of religious faith which may now be justly pronounced the predominant, if not the popular religion of the country, from the Aroostook to California; in fine, the most important ecclesiastical personage in the American annals: and yet his name has never been mentioned, if indeed, it has been known by a single writer of American history.\*'

This man was FRANCIS ASBURY—a name known and revered by millions of the American people, but quite as little recognized beyond the limits of Methodism, as our authority affirms. We have been much interested in reading a memoir of him, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Strickland, of this city, and are in a mood to say something for the ignored veteran. It is inevitable that he must, sooner or later, be recognized among our national men of the revolutionary epoch; for, what is history without a regard to the religious doings and errors of a people? Francis Asbury will be recognized—if not as his followers claim, 'the chief ecclesiastical personage' of our history—yet as one among the chief, and a man not only extraordinary in American annals, but in the records of the religious world.

We have little interest in matters ecclesiastical, and are inclined to be heretical enough about them to deserve to have been burned at an *auto de fé*, a few hundred years ago, but we admire this old Methodist Bishop; he is an exceedingly interesting character—a study for the historian. And then, this matter called Methodism has certainly become a curious fact in modern history. Southey, years ago, when it was far less important, deemed it a befitting task to write its history, and Coleridge wrote astute notes on Southey's pages, and declared, that when too sick or too ennuyed, in spite of brandy and opium, to read any thing else, he could pore over the wonderful story. Command-

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\* 'Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism into New-England.'

ing the masses of the English people more than any other sect, and preaching the theology and using the liturgy of the National Church; possessing, in fine, every thing essential to the latter except its prelacy — shrewd prophets begin already to hint the possibility of its superseding, among the people, the Establishment itself, especially if Mackintosh and Buckle's prediction, that the connection of Church and State in England cannot survive the present century, should be found true. And now, that the House of Commons has voted against the Church Rates, and the hooked nose of Rothschild threatens to upset the Bench of Bishops, the prediction seems rather proximately threatening. We all know something about Methodism in this country, but not much accurately; we see its chapels in every village, we hear incessantly of its doings in our large cities, and meet its 'Itinerants,' with horse and saddle-bags, along the farthest frontiers; one of our most enlightened statesmen (Everett) tells us that no people in the nation are more active in education; its 'Book Concern,' in our city, the largest and richest religious publishing house, we are told, on the earth, informs us, from year to year, of the annual numerical increase of the denomination — its million and a half (1,762,332) of actual communicants (North and South) in the United States alone — its increase of a hundred and eighty-six thousand the present year — a single year's gain larger than the whole membership of its elder sister, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and of several other commanding religious bodies. Methodism, then, is an important fact — a national fact, and, for good or evil, such a fact as the historian cannot hereafter ignore. And Francis Asbury must be, in history, the representative man of American Methodism.

John Wesley was traversing Ireland, some time in the last half of the last century, preaching daily on hill-sides and in market-places. He found, in the west of the island, several villages of Germans, who had escaped from the Palatinate on the Rhine, during the wars of Louis XIV. He describes them as in a deplorable condition, without a clergyman or a chapel — 'drunkards, swearers, and Sabbath-breakers.' Such were the characters, that the great Methodist always sought out — it was facing the devil in his citadel. Wesley visited them often, and sent his 'itinerants' among them; in a few years they were thoroughly reformed; they built Methodist churches in their settlements, and he asserts, that four such villages as theirs, could not be found any where else in the three kingdoms — there were was no more profanity, nor Sabbath-breaking, no ale-house even, to be found among them.

In the course of a few more years word came to him that Methodism was organized in New-York City, and that the first Wesleyan chapel in the New World (the first that bore his name in all the world) was going up. It was 'Old John Street Church,' well known to our

citizens—and, latterly, in affairs of the ‘law’ as well as of the Gospel. A little immigrant corps of the Palatine Irish, with a ‘local preacher,’ who had been ‘converted,’ among them, under Wesley’s preaching, had laid there the foundations of the sect which to-day covers most of the continent. Wesley called, in his ‘Conference’ for volunteer preachers for America, and two were sent. At the ‘Conference’ of 1771, Francis Asbury, then but twenty-six years old, offered himself for the distant field. Before the year had ended he was ‘itinerating’ through the middle Colonies, and had already become the virtual ecclesiastical head of the new denomination. They were but six hundred strong when he arrived; in about a year and a half they were reported, in the first ‘regular American Conference,’ at one thousand one hundred and sixty members and ten preachers; in five years after his arrival, they were four thousand nine hundred and twenty-one, and twenty-four preachers; in ten years, eight thousand five hundred, and forty-two preachers; in twenty years, more than seventy-six thousand, and two hundred and fifty preachers; in thirty years, they were nearly eighty-seven thousand, (with a gain for the preceding year of nearly fourteen thousand,) and more than three hundred and fifty preachers. Methodism had struck its roots into all the States and territories, and when the veteran Bishop fell, in 1816, it was victoriously at the head of nine ‘Annual Conferences,’ extending from Nova-Scotia to the Mexican Gulf, from Bangor to the farthest western settlement, with a thoroughly organized host of more than two hundred and fourteen thousand communicants, and nearly seven hundred itinerant, and some two thousand local preachers.

No reader of Dr. Strickland’s volume can doubt that Francis Asbury was the paramount hero of this great religious movement. He, following the methods of Wesley, founded and extended over the continent its ecclesiastical system. From the year of his arrival till the year of his death, he was almost ubiquitous in the land; were it not that his Journals give us an exact itinerary of his travels, they would absolutely be incredible. Each year he was in the opposite extremities of the country. Never were men put under a severer military regimen than he maintained over his ‘Itinerants.’ During nearly half a century he kept them driving to and fro over the country, like an army fighting in detachments, in every direction. He remained unmarried through life, that he might be untrammelled in his work. He never had a local home in America. His salary was but sixty-four dollars per annum, besides travelling expenses; and out of this he contributed toward the support of his poor preachers. He often drained his purse for them, and at one time we read of his selling his cloak, and at another his watch, that he might help them. He founded the ‘Methodist Book Concern;’ he was the chief founder of the first



Methodist College, and when it was destroyed by fire, he labored and begged till he could erect another, and when this was consumed in like manner, he projected that scheme of Methodist Academies which now comprises in the United States no less than one hundred and thirteen institutions, some of them among the most commanding academic edifices of the nation. He was the first, also, to introduce the Sunday-school into America.\*

If he was not the first Protestant Bishop in America, he was, at least, the first Protestant ordained to that office in our own country. Dr. Thomas Coke, a 'Presbyter' of the Church of England, was ordained by Wesley to the Episcopal office, and sent by him to America to ordain to the same office Francis Asbury. On the twenty-seventh day of December, 1784, he was consecrated Bishop, in the city of Baltimore. Hitherto the Methodists had depended upon the Episcopal clergy of the country for the sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist, but as the Revolution had dissolved the Anglican Church, and as most of its clergy had left the country, the Methodists were deprived of these 'ordinances;' they applied to Wesley for relief; he had applied in vain to the Bishop of London, for the ordination of some of his preachers, that they might be able to administer the sacraments without violence to the usages of the Church. He declared, in his letter to the American Methodists, that he was thus compelled to use what he deemed, in such a case of necessity, his right, as a 'Presbyter,' to ordain a 'superintendent,' or Bishop, for America, who could ordain their preachers and provide them the sacraments. American Methodism was in this manner organized as an Episcopal Church, some years prior to the reorganization of the remnants of the Anglican Church in this country; and the ordination of its Bishops preceded that of the present Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. These are the historical facts; we give them only as such: as to the controversy between the denominations respecting the 'Apostolic succession,' we claim no skill in that; it is clear enough that Wesley could not pretend to the 'succession' in the technical sense of the phrase; he even went so far as to assert, that he considered it 'a fable which no man ever did, and no one ever could prove to be any thing else.' In his letter to the Americans, respecting his ordination of Coke, and through him, of Asbury, he assumes, on the authority of Lord King's 'Primitive Church,' that he had the right, in such an exigency, to ordain a bishop, by ancient precedent.

But we are venturing upon dangerous ground; it is sufficient to report that such are the historical facts respecting the Episcopal ordina-

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\* 'In 1786, five years before any other person moved in this matter, he organized a school in Hanover County, Virginia.'—STRICKLAND'S *Life of ASBURY*, Chap. XI.

tion of Francis Asbury, and the Episcopal pretensions of American Methodists.

The new Bishop, whether legitimate or illegitimate, went to work more energetically than ever, and for the remainder of his life travelled, mostly on horseback, at the rate of the *circumference of the globe every four years*. His salary was still sixty-four dollars per annum, and his travelling expenses. He ordained his preachers from Maine to Georgia. His presiding mind swayed his conferences, and gave organic symmetry and prominence to the rising denomination. He preached nearly every day, and usually several times a day. He planned his 'appointments' a half-year beforehand, from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, usually passing twice a year over the whole length of the country, and he was expected without fear of disappointment, (for he was as precise as Wellington,) in the towns and villages on his route. He rode on horseback, till he was too infirm to travel so any more, and then took to his 'wagon,' a vehicle which, beyond question, has travelled more extensively than any other ever seen in the New World; its fragments are still kept by Methodists, as sacred relics, and possibly may, in some coming age, be worshipped as heartily as St. Veronica's pocket-handkerchief in St. Peter's. He sent his preachers across the Alleghanies, and kept them in the very van of the westward march of emigration. The first 'ordination' in the Valley of the Mississippi, was performed by his hands, and it is a grave question, what would have been the moral development (bad as it is alleged to have been) of the mighty States throughout that imperial domain, had it not been for the brave 'Itinerant' corps of Asbury, which carried and expounded the Bible among its log-cabins, at a time in our national history, when it was absolutely impossible for the American churches to send thither regular or educated clergymen, in any proportion to the growth of its population. If what is called the 'Methodist Itinerancy' has done any important service for the moral salvation of that vast region, now the theatre of our noblest States, the credit is due, in great measure, to the unparalleled energy of Francis Asbury. He not only pointed his preachers thither, but led the way. No records of American frontier adventure show greater endurance or courage than the accounts in Dr. Strickland's book of Asbury's travels beyond the mountains. Armed hunters, twenty-five or fifty in number, used to escort him from point to point, to protect him from the Indians, and great were the gatherings and grand the jubilees wherever he appeared.

His marked characteristics were few, but remarkably strong. They are not painted, in our conception of his character, but sculptured. He was altogether a wonderful man. Born in lowly circumstances, called early to the ministry, and when in it burdened with labors truly amazing, he had but little opportunity for mental cultivation. Yet he

acquired a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew ; and consulted them in studying the sacred text. His well-worn Hebrew and Greek Bibles were his inseparable companions. He was also singularly familiar with history, especially ecclesiastical history. Church polity, in all its varieties, ancient and modern, he studied thoroughly, and referred to constantly. In mental and moral science he was more than a mere reader. He possessed an almost intuitive discernment of character, and was notable as a physiognomist. He frequently surprised a whole 'Conference' by stating the characters of candidates whom he had never seen before. His piercing glance was the terror of pretenders and ministerial coxcombs — and some such, it seems, were occasionally found among even the iron-nerved men of the early Methodist itinerary. If the classical motto is true, *Perseverantia vincit omnia*, he was capable of greatness in any department of human ambition, for his master trait was a firmness of purpose which no hostility could shake, and no allurements seduce. When once he entered on his immense labors in America, his destiny was fixed. His indomitable energy bore him onward through journeys long and perilous, labors arduous and incessant, privations and vexations which none of his European coadjutors knew, and this, not during a brief interval of youthful zeal, or of circumstances auspicious to an ardent ambition, but through all possible discouragements, and through the infirmities of age, when it was necessary to assist him to and from his carriage, and when he could no longer stand, but sat in the pulpit — till, in fine, he dropped exhausted into the grave. He was eminently a man of one work, and in that work he was inspired by a quenchless zeal which allowed no leisure for any other consideration. It drew him away from his native home, and permitted no return. It induced him to forego the felicities of domestic life, and to pass through a long career without a resting-place. Whether legitimately a bishop or not, he was a noble example of what a bishop ought to be : and he is said to have possessed all the personal dignity of the episcopal office, while declining its usual honors and exemptions. While he directed, with inflexible authority, the ministerial hosts of his great diocese, he transcended the meanest of them in sufferings, labors, and journeyings. Fifty-five years he was a preacher : forty-five of them he spent on our continent. It is estimated that he sat in two hundred and twenty-four 'Annual Conferences,' and ordained about four thousand ministers.

The Bishop is represented by Dr. Strickland as a good patriot at the breaking out of the Revolution. He said, in reference to Wesley's opposition to the Revolution, that if the great English Methodist were in America and saw the actual state of things here, he would doubtless take side with the patriots. Wesley proved the intimation true, by asserting, in his letter respecting the ordination of the American

Bishops, that the Revolution had shown itself a 'providential' fact, and that the American States should not again bear 'entangling' relations to England. Bancroft pays some fine compliments to Wesley, but needs an important emendation on this subject, in his last volume. He places Wesley by the side of Johnson in his hostility to the American cause. So far the historian is correct: but Wesley's far-reaching vision soon pierced through the fog of the times — he early became convinced that the Americans had the right of the controversy, and would have its advantage in the result, and a letter addressed by him to Lord North, has been discovered in the government archives and published, showing a decided hostility to the policy of the crown, and a generous sympathy with the Americans. Asbury and his Episcopal colleague were personal friends of Washington. They visited him at Mount Vernon, and the Methodist Church was the first of the religious bodies of the country to present to him formal congratulations on the settlement of the government, and his election to the Presidency. Asbury presented him, in behalf of the Methodist, an address in New-York City, to which he read a reply. Both documents are given in Dr. Strickland's book. One of the longest and strongest passages in Asbury's 'Journals,' is a notice of Washington's death; and it is evidently the utterance of his heart.

We have said that his labors and sufferings were unequalled by those of his great trans-atlantic coadjutors. He travelled about six thousand miles a year, which exceeded the journeyings of Wesley himself. Wesley's field was much less extended, and much more comfortable in every respect. He was in his own country; had the best facilities of the age for travelling; and moved through a nation supplied with all the conveniences of life. Asbury was a foreigner, and lived among us at a period of profound antipathy toward his native land; but when most others fled from the field, he remained. The country was new and vast, yet he travelled over its length and breadth, now through its older settlements, and then along its frontier lines, climbing mountains, fording streams, sleeping under the trees of the forest, or finding shelter for his wearied frame in log-cabins.

Whitefield, though he travelled over the same continent, confined himself to its Atlantic cities, where every convenience was lavishly afforded him. Asbury pushed his course to the remotest frontier, travelling frequently with the emigrating caravan for protection from the savage, and thanking God for the coarse fare which was afforded him in the hut of the back-woodsman. Whitefield's theological opinions agreed with the sentiments of the dominant churches, and conciliated their favor. Asbury's were opposed by them as among the worst forms of heresy, for he was a stout Arminian. Methodism had commenced before his arrival on our continent, and no doubt would

have prospered more or less, but to his energy must be ascribed its wonderful progress. Spread by his exertions, no barrier could stand before it; it broke out on the right and on the left; his incessant preaching and ceaseless travelling, now in the North and then in the South, now in the East and then in the West, gave it almost an omnipresent and simultaneous action through all the States.

We are not disposed to turn preacher, here in the presence of old KNICK, but may we not affirm, that if 'all bishops and other clergy' were of like character with this old hero, the world would witness a stirring spectacle? With a ministry of such spirits the Christianization of the race would be the work of but one or two generations. Such a ministry, warring with the mighty agencies of evil in our world, would present the sublime scene of Milton's battle of the angels. Ho! ye bishops, legitimate or illegitimate; ye high-priests and low-priests, work like this man, if ye would demonstrate both your offices and the Christian religion, before the eyes of all men! Come out among us, the people; turn our western stumps into pulpits, our log-cabins into sanctuaries, our city lanes and alleys into cathedral-aisles, our garrets and cellars of poverty into oratories; come with your surplices and bands, or without them: but come! Christianity, if it cannot perish in its splendid temples, can at least repose there asleep, like the effigies of old knights and prelates in the medieval cathedrals; but it can and will live — live invincibly, if brought out to the homes and hearts of the common people, in such labors as those of this veteran Methodist.

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W i l l i e A w a .

THE night is adrear, and my fire-side lone;  
 Why comes not my WILLIE? oh! where is he gone?  
 The shadows are deepening anent the gray wall,  
 And big tears, like rain-drops, are 'ginning to fall.

Sad, sad was the morning that gied my young love  
 This shadow, this longing that time can't remove;  
 It taketh the music frae out the bird's song,  
 Till the hours of day grow twice the day long.

His fond words of passion a soul might ensnare,  
 As Spring's bonnie blossoms he twined in my hair:  
 I dreamed nae of change, oh! why should we part?  
 His rose in my bosom — the thorns in my heart!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four Volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. Volumes I. and II.

THERE are two principal ways of writing history or biography. The one which recounts the progress of a kingdom, or the events of a life, with all permissible graces of rhetoric, and with whatever elaborateness of style and treatment, but with no partisan purpose to serve, no theory to demonstrate, no course of policy to vindicate, no hero to extol. It states facts simply and barely, grouping them only by their chronological relations, or the obvious logical one of cause and effect. The other is where a history is written from a confessedly partisan point of view, perhaps to vindicate the policy of a party, or to reverse the judgment pronounced by other historians as to a man or class of men, or to exhibit some hero in the light of the virtues or the shadows of the vices which he is conceived preëminently to possess. In the former case, the subject of the history or the biography, so far as may be, is presented in a white light. In the latter, of necessity it is colored by the individuality, or distorted to a greater or less extent by the purpose, of the author.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR says (*ASPASIA to CLEONE*), 'Perhaps at no time will there be written by the most accurate and faithful historian, so much of truth as untruth.' And one of the biographers of *ABÉLARD* and *HELOISE* states the case still more strongly: 'Till a man can be found without passions, and then he would be insipid; without prejudices, and then he would want interest; without party, and then he would not be read; we must be satisfied with such historians as the common lot of humanity can supply, and read their writings with the same indulgence as we do a romance.'

CARLYLE is preëminent in the latter of the two classes we have described. No historian or biographer that ever put pen to paper so permeates every vein of his literary creations with the coloring of his own individuality. If, as LANDOR says, no historian, however desirous to state simple facts, but tells more of untruth than truth, or if, as BARRINGTON says, the writings of either class need the indulgence we extend to a romance, then surely no writer so much as CARLYLE needs the grain of salt. If he thought it necessary to retire to an inaccessible and wild part of Scotland to preserve intact, as he said, 'his own individuality,' his readers may

surely be pardoned if they keep him, as he kept the world, at arm's length. The sturdy, broad fist-mark, 'CARLYLE, his work' is not stamped more boldly upon 'SARTOR RESARTUS,' 'The Life and Letters of CROMWELL,' 'The French Revolution,' 'The Latter Day Pamphlets,' than upon this 'History of FREDERICK the Great,' to which, as it is currently reported, he has devoted several of the best and busiest years of his life. Not upon the greatest brute who raged through the storm of the French Revolution has this large-brained, restless Scythian left his fatal gash more mercilessly than upon the two spies GRUMKOW and SECKENDORF, whose sly machinations so alienated FREDERICK and his son, dragging down the gray hairs of the one, and alienating the filial, loyal heart of the other for many years.

What then are some of those peculiarities, in character or style, admirable or otherwise, which one needs to bear in mind when reading CARLYLE, if he would preserve his own judicial calmness of judgment, and while enjoying the racy vigor and intense idiosyncrasy of the writer, also lay hold of the essential truth of the history or the hero whom it depicts?

Most obvious of these peculiarities, perhaps most obtrusive, and to very many persons most offensive, is his style. It is involved, often obscure, full of foreign idioms and words of spurious coinage, capricious and ejaculatory. Yet it is always bold and striking, and to persons of no very cultivated taste, very entertaining. Moreover, it has the merit of the best style, of lying so close around the thought that it is described insufficiently, if the latter be not taken into the account. In the midst of the carefulest biographical portraiture, he will stop to consign some hapless interloper to the mud-gods or the cess-pools of the Universe, and before he recovers from his digression, has vented indignation at half his species, or sputtered at a nation some such abuse as 'twenty millions of bores.' Grouping with confident freedom and wonderful skill the manifold details of some historic picture of an age at its cardinal moment, or a nation in its crucial trials, he will lay down his brush and, in a page of parentheses, complain petulantly of the historic Acherons and Stygian fens where he has had to explore, and dig and fish so long for the materials of his work, inveighing with the disgust of a recluse at the piles of state papers and documents which have had to pass under his eye, as if they were not invaluable to the historian, and indispensable to men of affairs. Many pages would not suffice to catalogue the multiform and manifold eccentricities which characterize every thing CARLYLE has written in latter years. They lower the dignity of history, they are unworthy the conceded ability of so illustrious a thinker and writer, and they offend even his ardent admirers. With the power to think clearly and write with perspicuity, he often suffers himself to use a style as vague, and a thought as illy defined as the outline of the sun seen through a London fog. Possessing a power of condensed and vigorous writing, shared by not more than three of the men of his time, he is occasionally as diffuse as a letter-writing school-girl. With thoughts enough worth men's knowing to keep two amanuenses busy three hours a day till he dies, he is as repetitious as a lawyer gravelled by an obstinate witness. With a professed contempt for the 'pragmatical methods of history,' he sometimes refuses to take for granted the commonest insight, knowledge, or reasoning power in his reader. With a vociferous contempt for the Dryasdusts who have lighted up the chaos of events with only 'epigram-

matic sputters of darkness visible,' and much denunciation of the ill-assorted facts, the destitution of indexes, and the 'immethodical printed blotches of human stupor' of the chroniclers who have preceded him, he is, nevertheless, not one who weighs reasons, compares results, and arrives at balanced conclusions.

All eccentricities are offensive in proportion as they are affectations, and when such, are obnoxious to the severest criticism. How CARLYLE's imitators disgust us! CARLYLE himself, we fear, has not been uninfluenced by adulation. It would be strange if that, and abuse on the other hand, had not confirmed him in his inbred eccentricities, had not led him to affect new ones. The clear, simple style of his earliest essays is in deep contrast with the mysticism and the involutions and the whimsical philological tricks of his later writings. Nevertheless, we are led to think by a certain naturalness, an air of veracity, or rather simplicity, in his diction, and by considering the isolation of many years of his life, and the natural constitution of his very peculiar mind, that in some considerable part his present style is inseparable from the man, and that to have CARLYLE we must accept CARLYLESE.

Let us be just to our thought before we stop, to say how admirable is that fine picturesque imagination which he always exhibits, inspiring the accurate outlines of the historiographer with the natural color, the vivid light, and the racy reality of current affairs. In powerful conception and bold description of events or of character, we are at a loss to name his equal. How excellent in a world of concessions, and compromises, and apologies, and concealments, and shams, is his strength of moral displeasure, leading him into numberless but victorious antagonisms with things as they are, vindicating bravely the diviner ideal, and in whatever sturdy rough way declaring aloud for things as they ought to be. For example, hear him, in the prologue to the present work, say: 'Lying is not permitted in this universe. The wages of lying, you behold, are death. Lying means damnation in this universe; and BEELZEBUB, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is not God.'

And here we touch upon the very secret of his power — the integrity and truthfulness of the man to his thought. To use his own eccentric phrase, 'He will have nothing of the hypocrite or phantasm,' nor deal swindler-like with any of the facts around him, and because he is honest with his existence, and grounds his spoken words on what he conceives to be the truth of things, therefore it is that he has a meaning for us and power over us. That he believes so hopelessly in the degeneracy of the present age is an accident, and though it is the secret of most of his melancholy moods, which would otherwise be, we guess, a grim and manful humor, it is not essential to his style or thought. What a noble tribute to eternal laws is this, and what world-misery would be saved could it once be clear, and ever present to all men how supremely it is their duty to live obediently under the immutable laws and in filial loyalty to the MAKER of the universe: 'If you do not, you man or nation, love the truth enough, but try to make a chapman-bargain with truth, instead of giving yourself wholly soul and body and life to her, Truth will not live with you, Truth will depart from you, and only logic, sophistry, virtue, the æsthetic arts, and perhaps for a short while 'book-keeping by double entry' will abide with you. You will follow falsity and think it truth, you unfortunate



man or nation. You will right surely, you for one, stumble to the Devil, and are every day and hour, little as you imagine it, making progress thither.'

We shall be excused for the length of these preliminary remarks when we say that these two volumes, the first instalment of Mr. CARLYLE's master-piece, are introductory — the close of the second volume leaving FREDERICK the Great still a minor; ending with the death of FRIEDRICH WILHELM on the thirty-first of May, 1740.\* To what extent, therefore, Mr. CARLYLE, casting about for an eighteenth century hero, the grand prize of literary ventures nowadays, has been gratified, we must await the appearance of the remaining two volumes to discover.

The first volume opens with a graphic picture of FREDERICK the Great of Prussia, (*Vater Fritz* to his people) sauntering on the palaces of Sans Souci. After some elucidation of the causes which have conspired to keep FREDERICK the Great in the back-ground for many years, some deprecation of the common English prepossessions against him, something said of the encouragements and discouragements in writing this history, a chapter upon FRIEDRICH's birth, another upon his father and mother, and his father's mother, Mr. CARLYLE fairly begins his preliminary task, which is to tell of the Brandenburg Electorate, which afterward became the kingdom of Prussia, what it was, and what Prussia was, and of the Hohenzollerns, what they were, and how they rose to wear crowns, beginning so far back as the year of our Lord nine hundred and twenty-eight, when HENRY the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took Brannibor, a chief fortress of the Wends, first mention of the place now called Brandenburg.

Of the Markgraves, or Wardens of the Marches, whom HENRY established, the Ditmarschers, or second line of Markgraves, the Ascanier or Anhalt Markgraves, with the first of whom, ALBERT the Bear, the Markgrafsdom arose to be an electorate, and Markgraf of Brandenburg thus becoming Kurfürst of Brandenburg, highest dignity except the Kaiser's; of the Teutsch Ritters and Bavarian and Luxembourg Kurfürsts; of the descendants of Conrad of Hohenzollern, we have one hundred and thirty-four pages of history. From the first coming of the first Kurfürst of the race, BURGRAF FRIEDRICH, to Brandenburg in 1412, through the lives of the successive Kurfürsts, to number eleven, the Great Kurfürst, FRIEDRICH WILHELM, and touching on the Thirty Years War and the Reformation, the history occupies the rest of the first volume till page 283. From this section let us quote the following statement of the consequences to those nations which accepted or rejected the Reformation, and of the former of which Brandenburg was notably one:

'THE Reformation was the great event of that sixteenth century; according as a man did something in that, or did nothing and obstructed doing, has he much claim to memory, or no claim, in this age of ours. The more it becomes apparent that the Reformation was the event then transacting itself, was the thing that Germany and Europe either did or refused to do, the more does the historical significance of men attach itself to the phases of that transaction. Accordingly we notice henceforth that the memorable points of Brandenburg history, what of it sticks naturally to the memory of a reader or student, connect themselves of their own accord, almost all, with the history of the Reformation. That has proved to be the law of nature in regard to them, softly establishing itself; and it is ours to follow that law.

\* Brandenburg, not at first unanimously, by no means too inconsiderately, but with

overwhelming unanimity when the matter became clear, was lucky enough to adopt the Reformation; and stands by it ever since in its ever-widening scope, amid such difficulties as there might be. Brandenburg had felt somehow that it could do no other. And ever onwards through the times even of our little FRITZ, and farther, if we will understand the word 'Reformation,' Brandenburg so feels; being, at this day, to an honorable degree, incapable of believing incredibilities, of adopting solemn shams, or pretending to live on spiritual moon-shine, which has been of unaccountable advantage to Brandenburg: how could it fail? This was what we must call obeying the audible voice of Heaven. To which same 'voice,' at that time, all that did not give ear — what has become of them since; have they not signally had the penalties to pay?'

The great Kurfürst lingered in life but a few months after the birth to his son FRIEDRICH WILHELM of a son and successor FRIEDRICH, afterward called the Great. The history of FREDERICK the Great's father, and of his own apprenticeship, as Mr. CARLYLE calls it — that is, his minority and the training he underwent — occupy the remainder of the first and all of the second volume. The child is father to the man, and recognizing the truth of this maxim, Mr. CARLYLE is more elaborate and pains-taking in this preliminary rough sketch, which in the coming two volumes is to grow into the statue of FREDERICK the Great, than many biographers are in their completed pictures. It is already clear that he will attempt to reverse many popular judgments concerning his hero: with what success we shall wait impatiently to see. Whoever skips any part of this extended introduction will do it to his loss. The minuteness of detail, the result of years of patient research, and winnowing and sifting acres of manuscript in dusty state-paper offices, and hecatombs of books in old libraries, is a marvellous thing, especially when it is considered how repugnant to Mr. CARLYLE's disposition and habits, was such labor, and what dogged drudgery he underwent conscientiously to procure this setting for his brilliants. Herein is apparent the value of Mr. CARLYLE's contribution to historical literature. He has chosen a period and a nation whose record had not been written, and with the most pains-taking fidelity and indomitable industry has constructed out of diffused and fragmentary materials a complete and continuous history of a great nation at its most eventful period and of its foremost man from birth to death.

True to the critic's thankless office, we may repeat here, what more than one of his readers has wondered at, our surprise that he has so little to say of the struggle between the towns and the nobility in Brandenburg, under the military rule of the Bavarian and Luxembourg e'ectors. He has given us a whole garden of their genealogical trees, and a room-full of remarkable photographs, depicting their personal characteristics; but a political change, similar in all respects to the confederations of the Hanse Rhenish and Swabian towns, and turbulence like that in the streets of Athens between the Athenian aristocracy and democracy — of these he says little or nothing.

By a curious and happy coincidence, as Mr. CARLYLE is calling up out of the buried past this old hero of Prussia, Prussia herself is awakening from the dream of a quarter of a century, and the Prince of Prussia has taken into his own hands the guiding reins which an imbecile king had already held too long.

HISTORY OF METHODISM. By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Vol. I: pp. 480. New-York: CARLTON AND PORTER, Number 200 Mulberry-street.

WE think it was the great Dr. CHANNING who reproached the Church for having produced so few names distinguished in literature, especially in the branch of literature relating to the history of Christianity. It must be confessed, that until within one or two generations there has been only too much truth in this assertion. History, as it was formerly written, treated of little else than the imbroglíos of courts, the movements of armies, and the quarrels of conflicting religious sects. The individual was entirely lost sight of unless surrounded by the areola of royal birth or ecclesiastical position. We are, after all, most interested in the development of human character; and it has come to be understood that history, to be really entertaining, must be *personal*. In science, we admire the general law, but are most interested in its particular application. And the same thing holds good in history.

The last few years have been rich in histories of the various religious denominations, all of which have been interesting in proportion as the fact we have just stated was kept in view in their preparation. This class of works, so different from the dry ecclesiastical details of earlier church history, now vie in interest and popularity with purely secular works.

What Dr. SPRING has done for Congregationalists and Presbyterians, Dr. STEVENS has ably accomplished for the Methodists, in his history of the great religious movement of the last century which so largely affected and is destined still more profoundly to affect, our common Protestantism. He treats it in a liberal spirit, not as a sectarian, but as a general religious movement ostensibly within the Church of England during the lives of its chief founders. The present volume brings the narrative down to the death of WHITEFIELD. The theme is admirably adapted to the fine powers of Dr. STEVENS, so well known as an accomplished scholar and author. The comprehensive plan affords a great variety and interest of narrative, introducing the favorites of both Calvinistic and Arminian authors, as HOWELL HARRIS and the Countess of HUNTINGDON, along with the WESLEYS, GRIMSHAW, and NELSON. Ample justice is also done to the lay preachers of WESLEY, around whose lives the pen of SOUTHEY has woven the charm of romance.

WESLEY's father was rector of Epworth; wrote poetry, enjoyed two hundred pounds a year, and had nineteen children. A fact is related of him that would seem incredible were it not given on the authority of JOHN WESLEY himself. He informs us 'that his father, observing one evening, at the close of family prayers, that his wife did not respond 'Amen' to the prayer for the king, asked her the reason. She replied that she did not believe in the title of the Prince of Orange to the throne. 'If that be the case,' rejoined the rector, 'we must part, for if we have two kings, we must have two beds. My mother,' says WESLEY, 'was inflexible.' Her husband went to his study, and soon after took his departure, and returned not till about a year had elapsed, when the death of the king, and the accession of Queen ANNE, whose title neither questioned, allowed him to go back without violating his word. Their conjugal harmony was restored, and JOHN WESLEY himself



was the first child born after their reconciliation. This very singular incident seems not to have been attended with any severe recriminations; it was as cool as it was determined and foolish; it was made a matter of conscience by both parties, and both were immovably but calmly resolute in all conscientious prejudices.'

An excellent anecdote is also introduced from CLARKE, concerning the Epworth parish clerk, who was a well-meaning and honest, but an obtrusively vain man. His master, the rector, he esteemed the greatest character in the parish, or even in the county, and himself being second to him in church services, as only second to him, also, in importance and title to general respect. 'He had the privilege of wearing Mr. WESLEY's cast-off clothes and wigs, for the latter of which his head was by far too small, and the figure he presented was ludicrously grotesque. The rector finding him particularly vain of one of the canonical substitutes for hair, which he had lately received, formed the design to mortify him in the presence of that congregation before which JOHN wished to appear in every respect what he thought himself in his near approach to his master. One morning, before church-time, Mr. WESLEY said: 'JOHN, I shall preach on a particular subject to-day, and shall choose my own psalm, of which I shall give out the first line, and you shall proceed as usual.' JOHN was pleased, and the service went forward as usual till they came to the singing, when Mr. WESLEY gave out the following line:

'Like to an owl in ivy bush.'

This was sung; and the following line JOHN, peeping out of the large canonical wig in which his head was half-lost, gave out with an audible voice and appropriate connecting twang:

'That rueful thing am I.'

The whole congregation, struck with JOHN's appearance, saw and felt the similitude, and could not refrain from laughter. The rector was pleased, for JOHN was mortified and his self-conceit lowered.

Dr. STEVENS has also given us a curious account of the extraordinary 'noises' for which the Epworth rectory became noted during the early years of JOHN WESLEY. 'They began usually with a loud whistling of the wind around the house. Before it came into any room the latches were frequently lifted up, the windows clattered, and whatever iron or brass was about the chamber rung and jarred exceedingly. When it was in any room, let the inmates make what noises they could, as they sometimes did on purpose, its dead, hollow note would be clearly heard above them all. The sound very often seemed in the air, in the middle of a room; nor could they exactly imitate it by any contrivance. It seemed to rattle down the pewter, to clap the doors, draw the curtains, and throw the man-servant's shoes up and down. Once it threw open the nursery door. The mastiff barked violently at it the first day, yet whenever it came afterward he ran whining, or quite silent, to shelter himself behind some of the company. Scarcely any of the family could go from one room into another but the latch of the door they approached was lifted up before they touched it. It was evidently, says SOUTHEY, a Jacobite goblin, and seldom suffered Mr. WESLEY to pray for the king without disturbing the family. JOHN says it gave 'thundering knocks' at the Amen, and the loyal rector, waxing angry at the insult, sometimes repeated the

prayer with defiance. He was thrice 'pushed by it' with no little violence; it never disturbed him, however, till after he had rudely denounced it as a dumb and deaf devil, and challenged it to cease annoying his innocent children, and meet him in his study if it had any thing to say. It replied with a 'knock, as if it would shiver the boards in pieces,' and resented the affront by accepting the challenge. At one time the trencher danced upon the table without any body's touching either. At another, when several of the daughters were amusing themselves at a game of cards upon one of the beds, the wall seemed to tremble with the noise; they leaped from the bed, and it was raised in the air, as described by COTTON MATHER, in the witchcraft of New-England. Sometimes moans were heard, as from a person dying; at others, it swept through the halls and along the stairs, with the sound of a person trailing a loose gown on the floor, and the chamber-walls, meanwhile, shook with vibrations. It would respond to MRS. WESLEY if she stamped on the floor and bade it answer; and it was more loud and fierce whenever it was attributed to rats or any natural cause.'

We select but one of the many curious things related of JOHN WESLEY. 'In one of his excursions to Bath, about this time, he encountered the noted BEAU NASH, the presiding genius of its gayeties. The incident is interesting, as being the first of those public interruptions of his ministry which were soon to degenerate into mobs, and agitate most of England and Ireland. The fashionable pretender hoped to confound the preacher and amuse the town, but was confounded himself. WESLEY says there was great public expectation of what was to be done, and he was entreated not to preach, for serious consequences might happen. The report gained him a large audience, among whom were many of the rich and fashionable. He addressed himself pointedly to high and low, rich and poor. Many of them seemed to be surprised, and were sinking fast into seriousness, when their champion appeared, and coming close to the preacher, asked by what authority he did these things? 'By the authority of JESUS CHRIST, conveyed to me by the now Archbishop of Canterbury,' when he laid hands upon me and said: 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel,' was the reply. 'This is contrary to act of parliament; this is a conventicle,' rejoined NASH. 'Sir,' said WESLEY, 'the conventicles mentioned in that act, as the preamble shows, are seditious meetings; but this is not such; here is no shadow of sedition; therefore it is not contrary to that act.' 'I say it is,' replied NASH; 'and, besides, your preaching frightens people out of their wits.' 'Sir,' asked WESLEY, 'did you ever hear me preach?' 'No.' 'How then can you judge of what you never heard?' 'Sir, by common report.' 'Common report is not enough. Give me leave, Sir, to ask, is not your name NASH?' 'My name is NASH.' 'Sir,' continued WESLEY, 'I dare not judge of *you* by common report.' The irony was too pertinent to fail of effect. NASH paused awhile, but having recovered himself, said: 'I desire to know what these people come here for?' One of 'the people' replied: 'Sir, leave him to me; let an old woman answer him: you, Mr. NASH, take care of your body; we take care of our souls, and for the food of our souls we come here.' His courage quailed before the sense and wit of the common people, and, without another word, he retreated in haste.'

We may add, in conclusion, that there is not a single dull line in the volume; and, as was to be expected, the work has proved a complete success.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'SHAMUS O'BRIEN'S HANGING:' A 'BUSY' NARRATIVE. — It was our pleasure to hear, at the house of an old friend — of the 'Old Country' formerly, but long since 'one of us' of the New, and equally esteemed and loved in both — SAMUEL LOVER, within two nights after his arrival in New-York, sing, *literally* 'for the first time in America,' his songs of '*The Low-Backed Car*,' and '*Widow McCree*;' and, better than all, give his splendid recitation of '*The Story of Shamus O'Brien's Hanging*.' We did not 'revise our opinion' of these, either of them, nor did our host, nor certain appreciative mutual friends of ours in 'The Swamp,' when we and they heard them for the second time, on a pleasant and memorable night in the sanctum. And in Mr. LOVER's public entertainments afterward, poor SHAMUS's story was always received with the most marked and prolonged applause. No reader will wonder at this, when he shall have perused the stirring poetical narrative which ensues, nor will its length deter him from so doing. It was copied, a long time since, in the pages of the '*Dublin University Magazine*;' but we could name an old correspondent of ours — 'C. A. D — s;' the same whose graphic pen *painted* in these pages that most rare and humorous of sketches, '*The First Locomotive*,' (to which WASHINGTON IRVING, also herein, responded with such effect,) and who has made immortal the *political* fame of 'Major DOWNING;' as the man who, by interpolations and additions, has 'naturalized' SHAMUS in America, and preserved the spirit and humor of the original with great fidelity:

<p>'Jist afther the war, in the year '98, As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate, 'T was the custom, whenever a pisant was got, To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot. There was trial by jury goin' on by day-light, And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night. It's them was hard times for an honest gosssoon: If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon; An' whether the sogers or judges gev sen- tence,</p>	<p>The devil a much time they allowed for re- pentance. An' its many's the fine boy was then or his keepin', Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin', An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it, A prey for the blood-hound, a mark for the bullet— Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day, With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay; An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all Was SHAMUS O'BRIEN, from the town iv Glingall.</p>
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His limbs were well set, an' his body was  
 light,  
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth  
 half so white;  
 But his face was as pale as the face of the  
 dead,  
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush  
 of the red;  
 An' for all that he was n't an ugly young bye,  
 For the devil himself could n't blaze with his  
 eye,  
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so  
 bright,  
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the  
 night;  
 An' he was the best mower that ever has  
 been.  
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.  
 In fincin' he gev PATRICK MOONEY a cut,  
 An' in jumpin' he bate TOM MALOWNEY a fut;  
 For lightness iv fut there was not his peer,  
 For, by gorra, he'd almost outrun the red  
 deer.  
 An' his dancin' was sich that the men used  
 to stare,  
 An' the women turn crazy, he done it so  
 quare;  
 An', by gorra, the whole world gev it into  
 him there.  
 An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be  
 caught,  
 An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,  
 An' it's many the one can remember right  
 well  
 The quare things he done: an' it's often I  
 heerd tell  
 How he freckened the magistrates in  
 Cahirbally,  
 An' escaped through the sodgers in Aherloe  
 Valley;  
 An' lathered the yeoman, himself agin'  
 four,  
 An' stretched the two strongest on old  
 Galtimore.  
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild  
 deer must rest,  
 An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best,  
 Afther many a brave action of power and  
 pride,  
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's  
 bleak side,  
 An' a thousand great dangers and toils over-  
 past,  
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.  
 Now, SHAMUS, look back on the beautiful  
 moon,  
 For the door of the prison must close on you  
 soon,  
 An' take your last look at her dim lovely  
 light,  
 That falls on the mountain and valley this  
 night—  
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,  
 An' one at the shelthering, far-distant wood,  
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,  
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of  
 you still;  
 Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an'  
 wake,  
 And farewell to the girl that would die for  
 your sake.

An' twelve sodgers brought him to Mary-  
 borough jail,  
 An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all  
 bail,  
 The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sstrong  
 hands wor bound,  
 An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd  
 prison ground,  
 An' the dreams of his childhood kem over  
 him there,  
 As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;  
 An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,  
 As fast as the foam flakes drift down on the  
 river,  
 Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long  
 gone by,  
 Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in  
 his eye.  
 But the tears did n't fall, for the pride at his  
 heart  
 Would not suffer one drop down his pale  
 cheek to start;  
 An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison  
 cave,  
 An' he swore with the fierceness that misery  
 gave,  
 By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of  
 the brave,  
 That when he was mouldering in the cold  
 grave  
 His enemies never should have it to boast  
 His scorn of their vengeance one moment  
 was lost;  
 His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should  
 be dhry,  
 For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd  
 die.

'Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and  
 gone,  
 The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;  
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce  
 room to stand,  
 An' sogers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-  
 in-hand;  
 An' the court-house so full that the people  
 were bothered,  
 An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein'  
 smothered;  
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,  
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box over-  
 head;  
 An' the judge settled out so detarmained an'  
 big,  
 With his gown on his back, and an illigant  
 new wig;  
 An' silence was called, an' the minute it was  
 said  
 The court was as still as the heart of the  
 dead,  
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison  
 lock,  
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN kem into the dock.  
 For one minute he turned his eye round on  
 the throng,  
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so  
 strong,  
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a  
 friend,  
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;



An' he folded his arms as he stood there  
 alone,  
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;  
 And they read a big writin', a yard long at  
 laste,  
 An' JIM did n't understand it, nor mind it a  
 taste,  
 An' the Judge took a big pinch iv snuff, an'  
 he says,  
 'Are you guilty or not, JIM O'BRIEN, av you  
 plase?'

'An' all held their breath in the silence of  
 dhread,  
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN made answer and said,  
 'My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time  
 I thought any treason, or did any crime  
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand  
 alone here,  
 The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of  
 fear,  
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my  
 death-blow,  
 Before God and the world I wou'd answer  
 you, no;  
 But if you would ask me, as I think it like,  
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,  
 An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to  
 the close,  
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest  
 foes,  
 I answer you, yes, and I tell you again,  
 Though I stand here to perish, it's my  
 glory that then  
 In her cause I was willing my veins should  
 run dhry,  
 An' that now for her sake I am ready to die.'  
 Then the silence was great, and the jury  
 smiled bright,  
 An' the judge was n't sorry the job was  
 made light;  
 By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed  
 ould chap,  
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black  
 cap.  
 Then SHAMUS' mother in the crowd standin'  
 by,  
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:  
 'O Judge! darlin', do n't, oh! do n't say the  
 word,  
 The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord;  
 He was foolish, he did n't know what he was  
 doin';  
 You do n't know him, my lord, oh! do n't  
 give him to ruin;  
 He's the kindest crathur, the tendherest-  
 hearted;  
 Do n't part us forever, we that's so long  
 parted.  
 Judge, mayourneen, forgive him, forgive  
 him, my lord,  
 An' God will forgive you, oh! do n't say the  
 word!'  
 That was the first minute that O'BRIEN was  
 shaken,  
 When he saw that he was not quite forgot or  
 forsaken.  
 An' down his pale cheeks at the word of his  
 mother,  
 The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther  
 th'other;

An' two or three times he endeavored to  
 spake,  
 But the sthrong, manly voice used to falthur  
 and break;  
 But at last by the strength of his high-  
 mounting pride,  
 He conquered and masthered his grief's  
 swelling tide,  
 'An,' says he, 'mother, darlin', do n't break  
 your poor heart,  
 For sooner or later, the dearest must part;  
 And God knows it's betther than wanderin'  
 in fear  
 On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the  
 wild deer,  
 To lie in the grave, where the head, heart,  
 and breast  
 From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever  
 shall rest.  
 Then, mother, my darlin', do n't cry any  
 more,  
 Do n't make me seem broken, in this, my  
 last hour,  
 For I wish when my head's lyin' undher  
 the raven,  
 No thrue man can say that I died like a  
 craven!'  
 Then towards the judge SHAMUS bent down  
 his head,  
 An' that minute the solemn death sentence  
 was said.  
 The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose  
 on high,  
 An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear  
 sky;  
 But why are the men standin' idle so late?  
 An' why do the crowds gather fast in the  
 street?  
 What come they to talk of? what come they  
 to see?  
 An' why does the long rope hang from the  
 cross-tree?  
 O SHAMUS O'BRIEN! pray fervent and fast,  
 May the saints take your soul, for this day  
 is your last;  
 Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment  
 is nigh,  
 When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are,  
 you must die.  
 An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered  
 there,  
 Boys, horses, and ginger-bread, just like a  
 fair;  
 An' whiskey was sellin', an' cussamuck too,  
 An' ould men and young women enjoyin'  
 the view.  
 An' ould TIM MULVANY, he med the remark,  
 There was n't sich a sight since the time of  
 NOAH's ark;  
 An', be gorry, 't was thrue for him, for divil  
 sich a scrage,  
 Sich divarshin and crowds was known since  
 the deluge.  
 For thousands were gothered there, if there  
 was one,  
 Waitin' till such time as the hangin' id  
 come on;  
 At last they threw open the big prison-gate,  
 An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in  
 state,



An' a cart in the middle, an' SHAMUS was  
in it;  
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that  
minute.  
An' as soon as the people saw SHAMUS  
O'BRIEN,  
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls  
cryin';  
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,  
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin'  
thro' trees.  
On, on to, the gallows the sheriffs are gone,  
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;  
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,  
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your  
heart.  
Now under the gallows the cart takes its  
stand,  
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in  
his hand;  
An' the priest havin' blest him, goes down  
on the ground.  
An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN throws one last look  
round.  
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the  
people grew still,  
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts  
turn chill;  
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made  
bare,  
For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to  
prepare;  
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said  
his last prayer.  
But the good priest done more, for his hands  
he unbound,  
And with one daring spring JIM has leaped  
on the ground;  
Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash  
goes the sabres,  
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand  
to him, neighbors;  
Through the smoke and the horses he's into  
the crowd,  
By the heaven's he's free! than thunder  
more loud  
By one shout from the people the heavens  
were shaken—  
One shout that the dead of the world might  
awaken.  
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines  
go bang,  
But if you want hangin', its yourself you  
must hang;  
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,  
An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him  
agin.  
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran  
that,  
An' Father MALONE lost his new Sunday hat;  
An' the sheriffs wor both of them punished  
severely,  
An' fined like the devil, because JIM done  
them fairly.

—

'A week after dis time—widout firin' a  
cannon—  
A sharp yankee schooner sailed out of the  
Shannon,  
And the Captain left word he was goin' to  
Cork,

But the devil a bit—he was bound to New-  
York;  
And that very night she ran so near land,  
That some thought she would strike upon  
Galtimore strand;  
But before the day-light, like a winged sea-  
mew,  
As swift and as fleet to the westward she flew.  
'Bad luck,' said the police—'bad luck,'  
said the soger,  
'We thot dat we had him'—but 'JIM'  
proved a dodger.

'The very next Spring—a bright morning  
in May—  
Just six months after the 'great hanging  
day,'  
A letter was brought to the town of Kildare,  
And on the outside was written out fair  
'To ould Mrs. O'BRIEN, in Ireland or else-  
where,'  
And the inside began: 'My dear good ould  
mother,  
I'm safe an' am happy—and not wishin' to  
bother  
You in the radin'—(with the help of the  
priest)  
I send you inclosed in this letter at laist  
Enuf—to pay him and to fetch you away.  
To this 'land of the free and brave'—  
'Merika;  
Here you'll be happy, and never nade cryin'  
So long as you're mother of SHAMUS O'BRIEN;  
Give my love to swate BIDDY, and tell her  
beware  
Of that spalpeen, who calls himself 'Lord of  
Kildare,'  
And just say to the judge, I do n't now care  
a rap  
For him or his wig, or his dirty black cap;  
And as for dragoons—they paid men of  
slaughter—  
Say I love them, as the devil loves holy-  
water.  
And now, my good mother, one word of ad-  
vice,  
Take a bag of peratees and oat-male and rice,  
Ax Father O'COXON when you pass thro'  
Derry  
To give you a line to his friend Captin  
MERRY,  
And if he's not at Cork, then find Captin  
SKIDDY,  
They are both the right men to take care of  
a widdy,  
For their hearts are so warm and so kind,  
my dear mother,  
They will trate you exactly as if each was  
your brother;  
And when ye start from ould Ireland take  
passage at Cork,  
And come strate over to the town of New-  
York,  
And there ax the Mayor the best way to go  
To the State of Sinsnaty, in the town of Ohio,  
For 't is thare you will find me, widout much  
tryin',  
At 'The Harp and the Eagle'—kept by  
SHAMUS O'BRIEN.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'Once upon a time,' there was a little girl: she was not four years old. We knew her well, because she was *our* little girl. She was full of life, and was very fond of romping and 'carrying on' with her sister, a little older, and her smaller play-mates. We lived, at that time, in a house which was one of a uniform row — of three-stories with a basement; gardens in the rear, filled with flowers and trellised grape-vines — the 'block' extending from one cross-street to another, and all the uniform roofs, gently sloping, surrounded, front and back, by one uniform ornamental balustrade. It was a quiet and pleasant street; and from the roofs of the houses upon it, you could look off upon the broad river, and inhale the cool, salt, salubrious breeze, as, in hot summer afternoons, it swept inland, fresh from the crests of the blue waves of the near ocean. Over the houses there were large octagonal sky-lights, some of beautiful stained-glass; othersome of opaque glass merely. To the roof, therefore, at the close of a sultry summer's day, it was our wont to repair; taking up the evening papers, and the little people for companions — much delighting to hear their small prattle, and see them gambol in the cool healthful air which did there abound. One late summer afternoon, just as the sun was going down the red west, we were stationed upon the roof, as was our custom, and the 'wee people' were with us. We were reading a new work from the pen of Miss CATHERINE SEDGWICK, just then fresh from the press. We had advanced far into one of its most interesting scenes, and were so much abstracted in mind, that we took no thought of the children. Presently, however, we were interrupted by a crash; a jingle as of broken glass; a scream from the eldest of the play-girls: 'Father! father! — M — has fallen down! — M — has fallen down!' Without once thinking of the sky-lights, we ran to the front and rear sides, and looked over the balustrades: nothing was to be seen, save the pedestrians below, and the green gardens. She must have fallen through a sky-light! We hastened down the stairs — the MOTHER, with a babe rolled up in her arms, night-dressed for its little couch, rushing down before us. We reached the street, and ran up the broad stone steps of the next house: the blinds were drawn — the occupants in the country — the door locked! The next, the same: the third — and a servant-girl answered the bell, with our little girl in her arms, and down her face the bright red blood streaming! 'I didn't *mean* to do it, mother!' was her first exclamation, as she was folded in an ecstatic embrace in her mother's arms. Dear child! The blood was wiped from her face, and was found to flow from a scarcely-perceptible cut over the eye-brow: examination proved that her head was uninjured: but when her garments were removed, with great pain to the little sufferer, down dangled the right leg, like the 'limpsy,' disjointed, bran-stuffed leg of one of her dolls! She had jumped, in play, upon an opaque glass sky-light; fallen through; struck upon the banisters of the garret-stairs; upon the third-floor banisters below; then upon the parlor-stairs' banisters; and was finally picked up by the servant, lying in the hall below! Was there ever such another escape? She had fallen thirty-six feet, and her right leg was broken twice above the knee! How that patient little creature lay for two

months, with her limb stretched and confined in a surgical 'boot;' how maternally, night and day, she was watched and tended; complaining only, as the bones were knitting, that the 'mosquitoes were biting her;' how, weeks after, the 'boot' slipped, and with 'faintness at the heart-strings stretched to full tension,' all the MOTHER burst forth, in fear of a new and terrible disaster; how, when one by one, the long weeks had rolled on, and ingenuity had been almost exhausted to keep the little heroine's attention and fancy diverted from her 'mosquito-biting' pains, the splints and swathing-bandages were removed, and the child was restored to us, 'whole from that hour,' insomuch that it could not be known that any injury had ever befallen her: how *these* things — their bitterness and their dear-bought joy — touched the parental heart, may the happy reader never have occasion to know and to feel. Pass but a few days — a few fleeting moments, one might almost say, on the face of the great clock of TIME — and that little child, mis-speaking half-uttered words; intermingling her winning ways with the developing charms of those who have 'grown in beauty side by side' with her; has advanced onward in her 'teens:' then comes the boarding-school, far in the country, with multitudinous preparations for the same: the leaving of HOME, for the first time: then the correspondence of the sisters with HOME — But we 'prattle out of season:' let us stand in the chancel of the beautiful church, in the presence of a 'cloud of witnesses,' and give the little girl away, where her heart had gone before: father and mother, and sisters and brother calling up these and a thousand other tender or sorrowful reminiscences meanwhile: while in words simple, fervent, and touching, the Friend and Pastor invokes the blessing of Heaven upon the scene. What have we to do, but go back to the cottage and the sanctum, where another's fingers shall now run over the piano-keys; another voice 'hum,' and other hands sweep, dust and 'put things to 'wrongs' generally. It was a crying kind of a wedding, after all, 'for reasons hereinbefore mentioned.' Separation from HOME is a sad thing, at best, with which time and distance, however short, have not half as much to do, as many inexperienced 'parients' suppose. - - - Is n't it a somewhat singular thing, that *almost* one of the best and most characteristic 'ELIA' papers that CHARLES LAMB ever penned, should not be included in either of the two American editions of his works? — one published in our city, and the other in the smug village of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts? 'S a fact,' though, nevertheless and notwithstanding. We allude to the *Reflections of a Man in the Pillory* — an instrument of punishment too well known to need description. Let us premise that it was situated in the midst of the wildest rabblement of the Great Babylon of London. The culprit was placed in a high frame, or inclosure, his neck begirt with a collar of wood, his extended hands secured, (much after the manner of the prisoners' shower-apparatus at Sing-Sing, the former sight whereof in operation makes us shudder as we write,) and 'his feet made fast in the stocks.' There he was subjected to all sorts of unseemly missiles from the crowd, standing for a quarter of an hour at one point of the compass, and then turned successively to the other three quarters, until the hour was accomplished. The unhappy varlet, at the end of the hour, was always a most pitiable object, looking, when finally liberated by KETCH, the hangman, as if he had exchanged his humanity with a monkey. It is *this* character, which LAMB has placed upon a throne, and invested with more than



regal dignity. Who ever shed, before, such gushes of poetry around so dark a subject?

'KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee, adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There—softly, softly: . . . now it will do. And have a care, in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the Orient. In a quarter of an hour, I shift southward—do you mind? and so on till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half-points, I beseech you: N.N. by W., or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

'Bless us! what a company is here assembled in honor of me! How great I stand here! I never felt so sensibly before the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder, the gaping curiosity of those underlings. There are my Whitechapel supporters. Rosemary-Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens, to grace my show. Duke's Place sits desolate. What is there in my face, that strangers should come so far from the East to gaze at it? (*Here an egg narrowly misses him.*) That offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should be neither myrrh nor frankincense. Spare your presents, my friends: I am no ways mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow those coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouse with them at home, and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such olla podridas; they have need of them. (*A brick is let fly.*) Discase not, I pray you, nor dismantle, your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. (*A coal flies.*) Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles shall stand at a cold simmer. Now south about, KETCH. I will apostrophize my tabernacle.

'Delectable mansion, hail! House not made of every wood! Lodging that pays no rent; airy and commodious, which, owing no window-tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and over-looking, that they will sometimes stand for an hour together, to enjoy the prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the Great Babel, yet affording *sufficient* glimpses into it! Pulpit without note or sermon-book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruit! From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned, as if a winged messenger hovered over them, and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me, my flock, your true over-seer! What, though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate*! Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime!

'Importunate hour-hand—stay! The clock speaks one. I return to common life. KETCH, let me out!'

Is there any thing in LAMB's works more *like* him than this?—or any thing *better* than this, in its kind? - - - A FRIEND in Washington has sent us, in an anonymous slip of printed verse, a 'paper' upon '*Billy Bowlegs and Colonel Rector*,' which fully accounts for the means which were brought to bear upon that renowned chief, to induce him to vacate the everglades of Florida. To those who

have seen Mr. WILLIAM BOWLEGS, as *we* have, it will be apparent that Colonel RECTOR's *modus operandi* was the best that could have been adopted. When visiting our city, the chief's lower limbs were not remarked as distinctive of his name. He walked crookedly, to be sure; yet his walk was better than his conversation. He swore in broken-English; and although we saw him only for the space of five minutes, he asked twice within that time for 's'mo' rum.' 'But to our narrative,' in a few suggestive segregated stanzas:

'HERE is to COLONEL RECTOR,  
A gentleman and friend,  
The hero who from Florida  
Did BILLY BOWLEGS send.

'He did it with a pipe of peace,  
Smoked in a piece of pipe:  
May peace of mind be always his,  
And his years be full and ripe!

'The COLONEL went from Washington,  
And sat down in the Glades;  
The joyous boys he took with him  
Were his only kind of blades.

'When BILLY heard he had arrived,  
He was away from home;  
But said the COLONEL need not crow,  
He soon would cut his comb.

'With cane in hand, he walked in camp,  
Our noble friend to meet;  
The COLONEL kindly shook *his* hand,  
And said, 'I've come to treat.'

'Said BILLY: 'Those stupid soldiers,  
Whom every day we beat,  
To treat have never offered once;  
But asked us to *re-treat*.

'But you're the very man for me,'  
Says BILLY, with a wink.  
Says the COLONEL: 'BILLY, I'm your friend:  
What will you *take to drink*?'

'He said: 'Sir, you have treated me:  
*I'm* ready now to treat.'  
The COLONEL pointed to a stump—  
'Friend BOWLEGS, take a seat.'

'Friend BILLY' complied: and before he had taken six 'drinks,' they had 'treated' to entire mutual satisfaction. - - - In the columns of a late issue of the Philadelphia '*Press*' daily journal, is a very interesting and instructive article, entitled '*Street Travel at Home and Abroad*.' Like many other and kindred papers from the same pen, which have appeared in the same widely-diffused and popular sheet, it is remarkable for the accumulation and condensation of *facts*, precisely of the kind which the general and inquisitive reader desires most to know, as connected with 'the subject under consideration.' Thus we are told *why* it is, and *how* it is, that in the Mammoth City of the world, London, (Pekin and Jeddo are a good way off, 'and perhaps it is *n't* so,' what is said of their unmatched extent and superior 'dignity of space,') city rail-cars, so great a convenience, and so numerous, in our Great Metropolis of the New World, cannot be run in the longest and most prominent streets, because of their crowded space, or the grades of ascent and descent to be encountered—this latter fact being one which no map or picture properly represents to the eye of the untravelled American. Hence, as we have said, the interest of the sketches to which we now allude and have heretofore adverted to. 'A cockney,' says the writer, 'might ignorantly inquire, what interest all this could be to American readers?'—adding: 'He does not know what writers and readers do, that an educated American is very familiar with 'the Old Country' through the medium of books; that, from these and newspapers, he knows almost as much about Regent-street in London, High-street in Birmingham, Bold-street in Liverpool, Market-street in Manchester, as he does of Chestnut-street in Philadelphia, Broadway in New-York, Baltimore-street in Baltimore, Washington-street in Boston. Beside the readers who have thus learned more about England than nineteenth-century Englishmen do themselves know, we have a noble army of travellers who

have visited not only the great cities but the nooks and corners, the miniature lakes and the woodland glades of the mother-land. We know that this class are glad to have their memories revived now and then, as we attempt, by such occasional references.' It is at the risk of incurring a charge of egotism, that we present the succeeding sentences; but we do so for the purpose of adding a few words in corroboration of what the writer is kind enough to say of the deep interest which, from our earliest boyhood, we have always taken in his literally great theme: 'There is one, however, whose name we here take leave particularly to mention. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK — who as editor of the venerable *Knickerbocker Magazine*, is known in every land where the English language prevails — has never been able to realize his life-long day-dream of visiting London, and filling his heart with delight by roaming through localities upon which tradition and history, song and story, romance and reality, have cast a glory like an aureola. But he has studied the map of London for years, and has grown familiar with the facts and legends which belong to that modern Babylon. So well does he know every part of that great city, through maps, books, and conversation, that you can scarcely name a street which he does not know, telling you what deed of note was done therein, in other days, what men of mark suffered the pangs of poverty therein, or enjoyed the blessings of competence and fame.' We thank the writer for this kind compliment to our 'knowledge of London, without ever having seen it: ' but, without scarcely knowing why, we may almost say, that London *has* always been a passion with us. Pen-and-ink drawings of Saint PAUL's, Westminster Abbey, and 'The Tower,' were familiar to us before we had seen the great match between CHRISTIAN and APOLLYON, and the discomfiture of old Giant DESPAIR in JOHN BUNYAN's Pilgrim's Progress. LEIGH's 'Old' and 'New Picture of London,' were treasures to us: but when we had achieved a large '*Aeronautic View of London*,' looking down upon both sides of the Thames, and taking in the whole 'brick-and-stone wilderness' to the horizon on every hand; and also '*The Capital of the British Empire*,' taken from the top of the Duke of York's Column, looking North and South, our satisfaction was complete. When Mr. DICKENS was in our town-sanctum one day, we derived much information from consulting, with him, these two pictures; and they embrace every thing, almost, in the range of the eye, as far as sight can reach; from the long range of hills that overlook Surrey and Kent, from the opposite heights of Highgate and Hampstead, and the level valley through which the Thames winds, in one direction into the charming country, and in the other, sweeps onward to the sea, Gravesend-ward. But the strangest thing in connection with all this, is our thousand-and-one *Dreams of being in London*. Within three months, going to sleep, we dare say, with our last drowsy thought upon our friend Mr. SPARROWGRASS, threading the memorable streets and places of the 'wilderness-world,' we awoke with the exclamation, 'Well, here we are in London, at last! We have had bother enough to *get* here, but here we *are*, 'any how!' Here is the *wall* of Saint PAUL's; ' and therewithal we put out our hand, felt of it, and then looked up to the great dome, looming through the misty sky! A slight mistake: it was the wall of our pleasant bed-room, on which prismatic hues were playing from girandole-pendants, through an open door into an adjoining apartment: but better than all the 'cries of London' was the musical voice of a little

boy, asking, 'What's the matter, fader?' - - - FROM the clever correspondent, whose poetical introduction of our friend SAXE to the crowded audience of a Chicago lecture-room we gave in our October number, we derive the subjoined beautiful lines. There is more than mere poetical merit in them: they contain a lesson of consolation, which cannot be lost upon any mother 'bereaved of her children.' These '*Angel Voices*' will whisper 'Peace' to many an almost broken heart:

'A RAY of sweet effulgence  
Fell on the little bed,  
And round a sleeping cherub  
A lovely halo shed.  
'Oh! whence this stream of glory?'  
The watchful mother cries:  
And ANGEL VOICES answered,  
'It cometh from the skies.'

'Then rose a form of beauty  
In that glad mother's sight:  
And from her clouded vision  
Obscured the heavenly light.

'Ah! whence this gloom, this darkness?  
Whence hath that cloud its birth?'  
And ANGEL VOICES answered,  
'T is earthly of the earth.'

'Again the cherub slumbered  
Upon his lowly bed;  
But in that holy presence was  
The stillness of the dead.  
'Ah! whence came the DESTROYER?  
O God! how can I bear!'  
'Hush!' ANGEL VOICES answered,  
'Thy FATHER hath been here!'

'O SUN of Righteousness arise! —  
Once more upon me shine:  
For naught is left that can eclipse  
Thy radiance divine.'

'A ray of bright effulgence  
Came from the Throne of Love,  
And ANGEL VOICES whispered,  
'Thy treasure is above!'

Bereaved mother — bereaved father: when you open the little daguerreotype which gives back to your fond yet sorrowing gaze the loved lineaments of your departed child: the broad white brow, and symmetrical head, so full of intellectual promise; the eyes beaming with that affection which was an effluence from the great fountain of LOVE; that face now so placid in death, and those limbs now so cold and still; when you recall to mind all the little winning ways, the 'thousand endearments and tendernesses which wound unnoticed around your heart,' then these '*Angel Voices*' will speak to you, in tones to soothe your anguish, and dissipate the bitterness of your grief. It is but yesterday that 'the waves of life were heaving to and fro' in the breast of our once '*little José*:' to-day, we are assured that 'all is well:' but had it pleased God to take her hence to be here no more forever, it seems to us, even in this crowning hour of hope and gratitude, that words of consolation would have reached us in the '*Angel Voices*' which we trust are sounding in the bereaved heart of the reader. - - - 'We have among us,' says a correspondent in a Western State, a highly talented but eccentric lawyer, who is 'his own worst enemy' — a most expressive phrase, to my mind. *Libation* alone wrought his ruin. He tried hard to 'shun the bowl,' but he had gone too far to recede. I saw him one evening in his room, sitting with a pocket-thermometer thrust into the bosom of his shirt. I asked him what he was doing with it, in such a singular place. He replied that he was trying to see how *high* he could get! He married, some years since, a most charming young lady; and when he sought his father-in-law's consent, the old gentleman very frankly told him that his daughter's dower would necessarily be very small; and he desired to know what were *his* pecuniary circumstances: 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'I *have* no pecuniary circumstances!' In a certain criminal case, not long ago, he was engaged for the defence, and found frequent occasion to object to certain questions proposed by the counsel for the State to the witnesses, as being '*leading*:' finally he proposed a

'form' for questions, whereby the witnesses would not be 'led:' and this form the Court requested counsel to follow. 'I imagine, Sir,' said the State's counsel, growing excited, 'that counsel for the prisoner, in reminding me of the *Law*, and suggesting legal 'forms,' thinks me entirely ignorant of *both*!' Quick as thought, the counsel for the defence was on his feet: '*That* fact, your Honor,' said he, 'is admitted!' The State's counsel, amidst roars of laughter from bench, bar, and jury, in which *he* joined as heartily as the rest, adopted the proposed 'form,' and proceeded with the examination. Perhaps I may as well mention one other circumstance in connection with 'our subject,' and then 'have done.' His extravagant habits, while on the circuit, frequently caused him to make small pecuniary demands of his brother barristers, which not one of them was ever known to refuse; for he was invariably prompt in the discharge of such indebtedness: beside which, when he himself was 'in funds,' any friend could have what he could spare, for the simple asking: nay, he would sometimes, like CHARLES LAMB, save a friend the embarrassment of asking, by proffering, in a delicate way, the aid which he inferred was desired. Coming up to Judge B —, as the bench and bar were about leaving the court-room one day for another station, he said: 'Judge, will you have the kindness to loan me the trifling sum of ten dollars? I will pay you to-morrow.' 'Certainly,' replied the Judge: 'but what now? What do you want *to do* with ten dollars?' 'Well, Judge, the landlord of this hotel is laboring under the impression that I am *indebted* to him in a small amount, and he even refuses to let me have *my horse* until it is paid! I have tried to *reason* with him, Sir, but he is deaf to the voice of Reason; and as we are about leaving, I really have no time longer to argue the case with him. I find I shall be obliged to give the money to him now, and wait for its restitution until a recurrence of one of his *lucid intervals*!' There was some method in *his* madness, whatever may be thought of the sharp landlord's strange hallucination! - - - '*Piney-Woods Tavern, or Sam Slick in Texas*,' from the press of PETERSON AND BROTHERS, Philadelphia, is a good specimen of the style of humor which was so observable in the '*Stray Yankee in Texas*,' and is even better as an illustration of the indigenous oddities of conceits and expressions which may be found in the frontier country of the South-West. Of the genuineness of the author's representations of back-woods phraseology, derived as they were from personal experience in Texas, we suppose there can be no doubt: and for this reason it may be regarded as a sort of verification of BARTLETT's '*Dictionary of Americanisms*.' The adventures and stories in it are also recited with a grotesque humor, which is appropriate to the wild regions where they are placed.' Thus far the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, a sound and reliable literary authority, touching a handsome illustrated volume upon our table, which reaches us at too late an hour for perusal and notice. We are sorry to see the subtitle: it looks like a 'conveyance,' or an 'appropriation;' or at least indicative of a poverty of invention, even in a name. 'SAM SLICK' belongs to Judge HALIBURTON, (who, by the way, ordered from London, through our friend FORBES, library-agent, the other day, a complete set of the KNICKERBOCKER, from the beginning,) and it rightfully belongs to nobody else. Such characters as 'SAM SLICK' are the property of those who create and endow them. - - - As a 'Proverbial Philosopher,' a greater than TUPPER is here: here before us, in the person (intellectually con-



sidered) of 'Dow, Jr.,' now of California. There are *thoughts* in his proverbialisms; an affluence of imagery, and freshets of illustration, to which TUPPER is a stranger. Let us verify:

## ON YESTERDAY.

'A YESTERDAY outside the gate of the PRESENT — what can you make of it? Nothing. Make ship-timber out of the beams of the morning: rear a loft upon the seven sleepers: pluck quills from the wings of the wind: work a mining-claim with rhubarb and jalap: drive a locomotive with the force of argument: draw conclusions from an empty cider-cask, and inferences with an ox-team: beat the rolling spheres at a game of ten-pins: and scale a salmon with the ladder of ambition — all these you may as soon accomplish, as you can realize any thing from that will-o'-the-wisp glowing in the dead swamp of the Past — an illusive YESTERDAY.'

## ON TO-MORROW.

'TO-MORROW is as much a living uncertainty, as yesterday is a dead certainty. . . . Life! what an awful nothing it is! Not one man in a thousand has the courage to meddle with it. I, who am not afraid to take even a DILEMMA by the horns, dare not take up arms against my life. I want pluck and ammunition.'

## ON GIRLS.

'GIRLS are a fleeting show — mere sublunary phantoms. HYMEN changes them into substantial wives and tangible mothers. Divested of their frost-work, and their artificial roses, the calm 'age of reason' ripens them into something like a reality.'

## ON MAN.

'MAN is an animal that walks upright upon his hind-legs, and has a head upon his shoulders, covered sometimes with his own hair, but frequently with other folk's. Unlike swine, that fore-nose some things, man fore-knows nothing. But what renders him superior to the brute, is a certain faculty which enables him to guess at things. Man is never long satisfied with any thing. Give him what he wants, and he must have something else: give him as much as he wants, and he wants more.'

One can scarcely fail to observe, even in these few brief 'proverbialisms,' how completely TUPPER is out-TUPPERED. - - - 'THINKING aloud,' as it is termed, is somewhat an equivalent to having 'a window in one's heart.' Some of our readers may have heard of the absent-minded but very honest-thinking and plain-spoken Englishman, who while taking a drive alone in one of the park-suburbs of London, accosted an acquaintance, (a good deal of a bore, yet with whom it was but courteous that he should be on friendly terms,) and asked him to take a seat by his side. Up jumped his friend into the vehicle, nothing loth, yet somewhat unexpectedly to his courteous neighbor; who, by the way, was in the habit of 'isolating his inner man from surrounding circumstances,' and often fancied himself alone, when surrounded by society. On this occasion, after the exchange of the usual meteorological observations, and salutatory common-places, the gentleman holding the ribbons relapsed into silence, which was at length interrupted by his saying, *sotto voce*: 'I've made a great fool of myself by asking this terrible bore to ride with me: very likely he may expect that I shall ask him home to dine with me. Ask him to *dine* with me! — I think I *see* myself doing a thing so ridiculous!' The self-remark was heard, and the unintended hint taken; for his friend, in the sulkiest manner possible, asked to be set down at the next corner. This 'shut-and-open' speaking was well exemplified in an instance mentioned by a friend of ours

at a dinner-table in Fourteenth-street, the other day. Two friends, in the near neighborhood, accustomed frequently to dine at each other's houses, were taking dinner together one Monday afternoon; which dinner was interspersed with occasional conversation, but mostly illuminated by splendid 'bursts of silence.' Presently, thinking *himself* the host, the neighbor-guest suddenly exclaimed: 'Fall to, neighbor L——, fall to! You do n't seem to enjoy your meal. *We have n't* much of a *dinner* to-day, to be sure, for it's washing-day — but try to make out!' A hearty laugh aroused him to a due appreciation of an apology which he thought he was making in his own house! - - - 'THE boy who, during a long sermon, makes pictures of elephants and grim school-masters in the prayer-book; or extemporizes out of the foot-stool, turned bottom-upward, an imaginary ship, and navigates that original craft with his feet all about his end of the pew; that boy is a 'human' boy; and if, in addition to these pranks, I see him throwing sly spit-balls at the sleepy deacon, in the next 'box,' I immediately conceive a respect for him, and desire at once to instruct him in the art of kite-making, and in the manufacture of ravelled-yarn balls and chestnut-wood whistles.' Our *caveat* goes down here against such '*Freedom for Children in Church*' as this, from a waggish pen: for the reason that if, from any cause, children cannot be induced to conduct themselves in an orderly and reverent manner in the sanctuary, they ought not to be *taken* there. But this apart: *here* is something touching children which we can take to heart, and commend to the hearts of all our readers, 'without distinction of sex, age, or condition.' Quite as striking as any thing which could be picked out from the most picturesque portions of the 'Rural Habitation of Uncle THOMAS,' is a short chapter by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, in a late issue of '*The Independent*' weekly journal, bearing the caption, '*What is to be Done with our Charley?*' In this little sketch, 'the MOTHER' speaks, as only a mother *can* speak. Heedfully scan these few passages:

'EVERY body wants to know what to do with CHARLEY: every body is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melt lard in the new sauce-pan. If he goes into the wood-shed, he is sure to pull the wood-pile down upon his head. If he be sent up into the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field for activity is at once opened, amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old night is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something, or knocking something apart, or sawing, or planing, or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till every body's head aches quite down to the lower floor, and every body declares that CHARLEY must be kept out of the garret.'

If you send him to school, in the hope to be rid of him, for a few hours at least, he comes home noisier and more breezy than ever:

'He can dance like JIM SMITH; he has learned to smack his lips like JOE BROWN; and WILL BRIGGS has shown him how to mew like a cat, and he enters the premises with a new war-whoop, learned from TOM EVANS. He feels large and valorous; he has

learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlor life.' . . . 'But rude, and busy, and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play, cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reünion; he hears the voices in the parlor, and his play-room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace, and lighted with gas, but it is *human* warmth and light he shivers for; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his play-things down and play by you. . . . 'Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day; bear his noise and his ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or show him a picture; devise still parlor plays for him: let him have some place in your house where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound, and make all the litter his heart desires and his various schemes require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well between that safe asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street. . . . 'All these things make trouble, to be sure they do: but CHARLEY is to make trouble; that is the nature of the institution: you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind.'

'You can mould your little boy *now* to your will,' continues 'all the MOTHER:' but look onward, she adds, to the time 'when that little voice shall ring in deep base tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little, round chin, and the wilful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key, now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and *never* find it.' Little People, every where, owe a cordial vote of thanks to their eloquent maternal advocate and defender. - - - 'CURIOUS things happen sometimes,' is a remark, full of wisdom, which one occasionally hears made. It came to our mind just now, by reason of the following: 'CARLOS' sends us a poem; as long as the comet's tail, and as misty. By-and-by comes a letter from a friend of CARLOS's, *in the same hand-of-write*, (this was an over-sight,) asking if the said 'CARLOS' had 'yielded to the persuasion of his friends,' and at last sent us '*The Demon of the London Plague?*' — a poem which would 'reflect honor upon American letters, and upon the KNICKERBOCKER?' Come, 'CARLOS,' as there is no 'corn' in the case, suppose you 'confess the *cob*:' you *did* send both the poem and the letter — *did n't* you? 'Well, *y-e-e-s*, if you ask me as a friend.' Certainly: we *thought* so: and don't do such a thing again — that's all. Such supererogatory manœuvring is not at all 'in our way.' - - - Not among the least, nor the least important, of the modern uses of the Daguerreotype, is the establishment of *The Rogues' Gallery*, at the order-office of the Metropolitan Police, corner of Broome and Elm-streets, where our long-time friend and staunch New-Yorker, Hon. FREDERICK A. TALLMADGE, holds his head-quarters. It seems to us, that this 'Gallery of Eminent Persons,' renowned in scoundrelism, should be a place of occasional, if not of frequent resort, by our citizens. It is a school of Precaution, where the very first rudiments of the science of '*Look Out!*' are taught in a few easy lessons. Our

old correspondent, 'KIT KELVIN' was examining the group, now consisting of some three hundred 'specimens,' the other day, when two men, with a thin varnish of gentlemen, came in, and began to scrutinize the pictures, stealing furtive glances, occasionally, at each other. A wink to our informant, from one of the officials, with whom he was acquainted, assured him of their character: seeing, as they soon did, that they were observed, (for such are generally shrewd wights, and suspect suspicion,) they presently sneaked out, one after the other. 'Those are two thieves, not yet represented here,' explained the official, 'who have come here to see whether or no *their* portraits adorn the 'Rogues' Gallery.' Look out for them, or either of them, if you ever happen one or the other of them again.' The warning was timely: for that very night, riding up town in one of the east-side city-cars, Mr. KELVIN, himself unobserved, in the mean time, beheld one of these very adroit scoundrels watching apparently every wrinkle in the breast of a light over-coat pocket into which a passenger had but just thrust a pocket-book, with a roll of money in it, and some papers which he had a moment before been thoughtfully examining by the light of the forward car-lamp. He was absolutely upon the very point of making a demonstration upon the pocket, with *something* which was inclosed in his hand, when a loud 'Ahem!' and a searching glance from our friend, (which was *recognized* and returned,) arrested the arm, transferred his hand to his hair, as if to brush up the disordered locks that half-shaded his forehead, and very soon sent him out of the car. He knew that he had been again discovered, and that the chances for 'operating' in *that* vicinity, would be likely to prove both few and small. Yet it had not been seen how he looked in his daguerreotype, but only how he looked in looking *for* it. A strong '*Preventive Force*' is the 'Rogues' Gallery' corps, to which, we are glad (and sorry) to learn, important additions are making every day. - - - We were thinking this morning, while deftly reaping, by the level rays of the just-risen 'sun upon the mountains,' a day's harvest of 'baird,' what a pleasure there is in *MOTION*: for we *saw* the wind in the cedars beyond the little lawn, swaying their heavy branches, and upon the top of its tall emerald-green shaft, planted in the faded and frozen centre of an oval summer-flower bed, our deep carmine-red wind-mill whirling round 'like mad' in the morning-breeze. It is not nearly so pleasant to look out upon even these, in a calm: the cedars motionless; the great river unruffled and smooth as a mirror, with the white idle sails reflected in its glassy bosom, while 'all the air a solemn stillness holds.' When the lofty wind-engine propelled a trip-hammer, it was a delight to wake up in the morning-watches, and welcome the sound which assured you:

'Click-clack goes the mill.'

*Motion* it is which our never-intermitted daily walk of three miles — in breeze or gale or storm; in summer's heat or winter's snows — renders so grateful to the mind, so exhilarating to the body. '*Motion?*' How SHAKESPEARE speaks of it! He makes its absence one of the most revolting of all the terrible adjuncts of death:

'This sensible, *warm motion* to become  
A kneaded clod,' etc.

There is much which we could wish to descant upon, touching this theme: inso-

much that we hope to remember to revert to it again. - - - SYNONYMOUS with 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' so long and so pleasantly known to our readers, is 'G. H. C.,' of Hartford (Conn.) from whose lively and versatile pen proceed the original and characteristic lines which ensue:

Take it Easy.

'Admir that I am slightly bald —  
Pray who 's to blame for that?  
And who is wiser for the fact  
Until I lift my hat?  
Beneath the brim my barbered locks  
Fall in a careless way,  
Wherein my watchful wife can spy  
No lurking thread of gray.

'What though, to read compactest print,  
I'm forced to hold my book  
A little further off than when  
Life's first degree I took?  
A yoke of slightly convex lens  
The needful aid bestows,  
And you should see how wise I look  
With it astride my nose.

'Don't talk of the infernal pangs  
Which rheumatism brings —  
I'm getting used to pains and aches,  
And all those sort of things.  
And when the imp Sciatica  
Makes his malicious call,  
I do not need an almanac  
To tell me it is Fall.

'Besides, it gives one quite an air  
To travel with a cane,  
And makes folk think you 'well to do,'  
Although you *are* in pain.  
A fashionable hat may crown  
Genteeldest coat and vest,  
But ah! the sturdy stick redeems  
And sobers all the rest.

'A man deprived of natural sleep  
Becomes a stupid elf,  
And only steals from father Time  
To stultify himself.  
So if you'd be a jovial soul,  
And laugh at life's decline,  
Take my advice: turn off the gas  
And go to bed at nine!

'An easy, cushioned rocking-chair  
Suits me uncommon well,  
And so do liberal shoes, like these,  
With room for corns to swell;  
I cotton to the soft lamb's-wool  
That lines my gloves of kid,  
And love elastic, home-made socks —  
Indeed, I always did.

'But what disturbs me most of all,  
Is, that sarcastic boys  
Prefer to have me somewhere else  
When they are at their noise;  
That while I try to look and act  
As like them as I can,  
They will persist in *MISTAKING* me,  
And calling me a man!

'No matter. Let the urchins run,  
And merrily shout and play,  
I too enjoy the passing hours  
As thoroughly as they:  
Yes, more than yonder bare-foot boy,  
Who yells and capers so,  
And whose contortions plainly tell  
That he has 'stubbed' his toe!

Our readers will 'take *this* easy!' - - - THERE is one question which we think might form the theme of a debating-society; namely: '*Is Dr. John W. Francis Physically and Professionally Ubiquitous?*' 'As how?' any one but a metropolitan reader might perhaps naturally ask. Because, we reply, you hear of him to-day delivering an address at the laying of the corner-stone of the *Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, Broome County*, two hundred and fifty miles from town: the next day, it may be, an annual discourse before the New-York Medical Society: in the evening, perhaps another, before some important branch of the same, at Bellevue, or in an institution on one of the penal islands of the East-River: and the next day carrying off the rostrum-honors of a dinner given to the veteran and honored surgeon, Dr. VALENTINE MOTT: always speaking from a full mind, replete with 'telling' reminiscence; seldom failing to 'hit the nail on the head,' and at the right moment. That was a most forcible exposition of the awful effects of the abuse of 'alcoholic poisons,' which he cited in the course of his remarks at Binghamton, to which we have alluded. Frequently, he observed, in dissections of the heads of subjects of 'mortal intemperance,' the brain had been found, upon removal of a portion of the skull, to exhale a sickening and pungent odor of 'bad

spirits: 'and that not unfrequently, upon the application of a lighted candle to a vent of the rum-and-gas-filled space, the nauseous vapor would burst into a flame! How truly, then, may it be said of the wretched inebriate, that his 'brain is on fire!'—and, as in the case of the fair-haired youth RODGERS, who has just expiated the awful crime of murder upon the gallows, that his brain, in the language of the BIBLE, was 'set on fire of HELL!' - - - 'The Northern Rail-road of New-Jersey, on the west side of the Hudson, connecting New-York and Piermont, will be in operation before January, 1859, bringing the SANCTUM within an hour's ride of the city, by a delightful route, available at all seasons. A line of omnibuses, passing below our Hill, will connect Piermont and Nyack.' We can confirm the gratifying intelligence thus conveyed. This most desirable and excellently-constructed road, is even now near its completion. (We write previously to December the first.) All the iron for the track, all the ties, etc., are purchased, and the road is made ready for them: passenger-cars, 'with all the modern improvements,' and new locomotives, are to be delivered on the first of December: so that by Christmas-tide (thanks to the indefatigable energy of the PRESIDENT of the road, Mr. DEMAREST, and the unflagging exertions of Messrs. SEYMOUR and TOWER, contractors and lessees,) we can sing:

'Z-z-z-IP! and away,  
Three times a day,'

to the metropolis and back, before you can *finish* 'shaking a stick,' if you don't shake it too long! - - - 'T. B. H.,' on the Hudson, will pardon us for giving publicity to a portion of his letter, inclosing us a few '*Juvenile Passages for Our Little Folks' Table*;' for there is a lesson in it which we would fain have heeded:

'THIS child died before he had reached his sixth year, under circumstances painfully interesting. Some parents who read the KNICKERBOCKER, and whom God has blessed with little children, may profit by my relation of them. He was a bright scholar at school; always first to get his lesson, and never so well pleased as when showing how well he had got it. In the heat of the summer, he was taken from school, and sent into the country for a few weeks. There, surrounded by new scenes, he soon forgot all about school or books. But he returned home with rosy cheeks and light spirits. He commenced attending school again; *but could not get his lessons*. His mind was in the hay-fields and poultry-yards. Mortified to see his class-mates making progress, and he making none, he came to dread school as much as he had formerly loved it: and one day he absented himself from school, without the leave of his parents. For this, his father took him to task, and asked him if he wished to grow up an ignorant, bad boy, such as he saw in the streets every day. The appeal went home to the little fellow's heart, and his eyes moistened as he told his father, that he would go to school, and *would* get his lesson. He was as good as his word. That afternoon he plied himself to his books as he never had before, and no one in the class had the lesson so perfect as he. On returning home, he joyfully told his father of his success. But alas! the mental faculties had achieved a dear triumph over the body. That night the child went to bed complaining of a head-ache. Before morning, he was discovered to be very ill. The family physician was called, who pronounced the disease brain-fever! It was an obstinate case, and terminated fatally in a few hours. The afternoon lesson, which he *would* get, sent that darling to the land of spirits.'

By many, will this be remembered. - - - We have received from the press of EDWARD S. MORRIS, Philadelphia, '*Paschal's Pilgrimage, a Philosophical Poem, in Three Cantos*,' accompanied by a '*Letter to the Press*,' attached, yet detached, which in some measure disarms the criticism which it solicits. It is plainly and simply written, in the common dog-trot jingle, and it has some 'good *points*,' and what may be called 'telling' satirical hits; but we cannot aver that we think it destined to 'make a sensation.' We subjoin a specimen-brick or two. In searching for a hero, our author discovers many which are not 'of the right sort.' Particularly, he disaffects military heroes:

'T is not denied that much heroic stuff  
Is still extant; we've Captains quite enough,  
Colonels and Generals, too; but the objection  
Is want of the *poetical complexion*.  
As every emperor is not a NERO,  
So every fighting-man is not a hero.  
He may be wise in council, brave in battle,  
And make his foemen run like frightened cattle;  
He may be crowned with journalistic glory,  
And yet not fit to shine in epic story.  
A hero for this use must be romantic,  
Eccentric — somewhat soft and somewhat frantic.  
Of all the doughty warriors of our times,  
None are exactly suited to my rhymes.'

Nor does he want a modern novel-hero: one of those handsome, interesting young men, with whom so many silly girls fall in love:

'No handsome bandit, roaming in disguise,  
Who writes soft sonnets, and the pistol plies;  
To-day experiences a lover's sorrow,  
And pays due penance in the jail to-morrow;  
No gallant youth, of character august,  
Whom girls admire and tailors will not trust:  
Rich in assurance, whiskers and mustache,  
But poor enough in modesty and cash.'

He 'gets out' much truth, and hints at 'modern acts,' in an adjoining passage, which must close our extracts:

'KNAVES all, perhaps, whom their own lands disown,  
Who best can flourish where they least are known;  
Felons, from trans-Atlantic jails escaped,  
Whose course to poor America is shaped,  
To captivate the daughters of our land,  
With spurious titles and pretensions grand,  
With copper jewelry and brazen faces,  
And many queer outlandish airs and graces;  
They charm the artless Yankee girls, perhaps,  
And catch them, too, in matrimonial traps.  
Fresh in our memory is that strange affair  
Of Monsieur Zouave, *alias* RIVIERA;  
Who played the foreign count, an heiress won,  
Beguiled *la mère* and then prepared to run:

But ah! too soon developed was the plot;  
 His countship, his nobility forgot,  
 Fled like a common rogue—a region sought  
 Where bull-frogs, and not heiresses are caught.  
 There, in a sailor's 'round-about' disguised,  
 And gingham shirt, poor Monsieur was surprised!  
 When by a cruel constable o'er-hauled,  
 The gallant Gaul considerably was galled;  
 Startled, amazed, shocked, horrified, distressed,  
 His sad emotions thus the Count expressed:  
 'Oh! me have left no place where for to go—  
 I cannot change myself but zey will know!  
 I shave my visker, cut my beard away:  
 I pull off long-tailed coat and vescoat gay:  
 I put on sailor jacket—all in vain!  
 Zey catch me still, and fetch me back again.  
 Vat for ze peeples parsecoot me so?  
 I've turn honest—two, tree days ago.  
 I will not be ze dashing Count no more,  
 But catch ze leetle frog, just like before,  
 And make my dinnare so: for dat my trade is:  
 And no more vill I spark de Yankee ladies.'

Buy a full 'prescription' of PASCHAL. - - - 'A. J. C.,' of New-Jersey, who sent us a little volume for perusal and notice, and upon which we commented briefly, in closing our October number, writes us, among others, the following sentences: 'You have served me right; and allow me to offer you my thanks for the severe rebuke which you have so kindly tendered me in your last KNICKERBOCKER in relation to the 'Memoir' referred to. I assure you that I am heartily glad to escape with even *that* battery of verbal castigation. I have perused the pages of your Magazine ever since my twelfth year, and am seriously ashamed to think that I have been justified in receiving such a broadside: but I beg to assure you that I had no sinister motive in sending the work; it was a mere foolish freak.' 'All right:' this confession is as frank and manly as the act to which it alludes was otherwise. It now only remains for us to proffer the well-intended and un-'patronising' advice, 'Not to do so again.' - - - A RATHER unseasonable, if not an altogether unreasonable request, is mentioned by a Sandusky (Ohio) correspondent, as having been preferred by an unfortunate individual in that region. He was given to 'toping;' and one night, while driving homeward in a crazy one-horse wagon, in crossing a rail-road track, he was run into by the locomotive, his vehicle demolished, and himself landed, unhurt, about two rods from the scene of the disaster. The engineer stopped the train to see if any one was killed, and discovered the victim on his hands and knees: 'Well, friend,' said he, 'are you badly hurt?' The reply, yankee-like, was by another question, 'long drawn out:' 'Will—you—se-t-t-le now, or—wait till—till morning?' The engineer vanished! - - - OUR readers will have little difficulty in recalling the 'Mr. E. S ———,' of the Des Moines district in Iowa, who some months since owned a 'Steam Wool-Carding Machine,' on Four-Mile Creek, where he 'dispatched' *his customers* at the shortest notice, and at the rate of twenty pounds an hour. It was the 'same party' who 'dispatched' to his inamorata



the annexed charming epistle. It is a verbatim copy of the original, which was picked up in one of the streets of Des Moines :

'*des Moines iowa nov. 12, 1857*

'MY DEAR MISS: the pleasing prospect I have of taking you out a slaying the first good snow that comes is enough to lift my sole above the sordid vanities of this whorld with such an intelligent young lady as you are. yours in love purity and fidelity

'E. S —.'

We can assure 'Mr. E. S —', that is the general hope, in this distant region, that he had a 'good time' 'a-slaying' his dulcinea. - - - HERE are two other letters, both of which are entirely authentic, which have been sent us from widely-separated quarters, as indicative of the fact that 'the school-master is *not* abroad' in all sections of our 'great and glorious country':

'honoured Sir I have written you those few lines stating that my daughter is lying sick in the stirricle fts she as them three or four times since last June the pain rises from the temple of the head her blood is very low colour.'

22 Ocktoobr 158.

'iwas uptogotion to se tom haris abought afracktion land that you have in indiania in gleavlen township 70 aught agers that iwant to by and haris told me that he dont no if you want to Sell it or not and he Sait iShall rite toyou aboughtit in wat condiahion you wood sell it if you wood sell it and give amantime to pa it and wat prise you wood Sellit.

'J. D. S —,

'el Card county indiania.'

We scarcely know what to make of the elegiac verses, having their origin in Barnstable, (Mass.,) which have been sent to us by an unknown Boston friend, '*On the Death of a Young Married Lady.*' What is the *measure* of the 'article?' — Cape Cod hexameters? It looks like it. If *this* is to be the 'style of thing,' in the way of imitation, our friend Mr. LONGFELLOW will have much to answer for. Specimens:

'WHEN such a mark is found, and he commissioned,  
With stealthy step he treads and takes his stand:  
He draws his bow most cautiously, and waits  
Till the summons come, that he may let the arrow fly.

'She wept a mother's tears of tender and pure sorrow,  
But soon must others much more sadly weep for her:  
Consumption, fatal disease to many on our coast,  
Where chilling winds prevail, soon cut her down.

'But as she stops to make a change from car to stage,  
A voice once familiar inquires if all with her is well:  
It is the voice of a pastor who in years gone by  
Had pointed the way of life to both mother and daughter.'

It cannot be possible that any friend of the deceased can derive consolation from such miserable doggerel as this. - - - It is not too much, we think, even for *us* to say, that among the various gift-books of the season, there will not be one more attractive, or better worthy of preservation for *future* perusal and examination, than '*The Knickerbocker Gallery of American Authors*,' beginning with

WASHINGTON IRVING, and ending with FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: with its nearly half a hundred splendid portraits, superbly engraved on steel: each writer contributing a *special* article for the work; and the whole, in printing, paper, and binding, *unexcelled*, 'here or elsewhere.' It will 'do us *good*,' as the phrase is, to find our friends, in this instance, indorsing by their *practice*, the *opinions* herein expressed. Its cost was *over sixteen thousand dollars*: so that it *ought* to be good — and it *is*. - - - COLONEL BAKER, of California, recently uttered the following sentence, in pleading the cause of a San-Francisco 'defendant.' It is noble in sentiment, if it be a little grandiloquent in expression: 'There is not, on all this earth, a creature so poor, so God-and-man abandoned, so hunted to cities of refuge, so fearful of life, so afraid of death, that I would not find a hand to help him, and a tongue to speak in his defence, though round his head all the waves of popular opinion should rage and roar, as the ocean rolls round the rock!' *Such* a man is an *Advocate*. - - - We are indebted to *some* one for a most elaborate consideration of the sensible maxim, '*There is no Use in Crying for Spilt Milk.*' It is a striking illustration of *Maximus in Minimis*, as may be gathered from 'the ground laid out' in the very introduction. It opens with an assertion which has been somewhat questioned hereabout recently:

'The practice of using *Milk*, as an article of diet, is by no means a novelty. Sheep and goats and cows and camels have yielded the nutritious liquid to the coaxing hand of man, from the earliest ages. In ancient times, lands which were exceedingly fruitful were said to 'flow with milk and honey;' that being the highest possible praise. And who can say when 'the milk of human kindness,' of which such frequent mention is made, first took its place among grateful cordials? Nor are the moderns the first sufferers from such accidents as that implied in our text. Doubtless, antediluvian cows were as sensitive and freakish as their post-diluvian descendants, and frequently kicked over the 'operatives' and their frothy treasure. To milk one of those wild heifers must have required no small degree of skill and courage. But there were giants in those days, and they may have kept mastodons instead of cows. In that case, 'milk-maids' must have commanded high wages. . . . Milk has been spilled in all ages of the world. The stream of Time is very much discolored by it. Nor does the experience of the past furnish us with the means of putting a stop to this waste. Almost six thousand years have rolled away since this evil first arose; but it still 'obtains,' as extensively as ever. And the worst of it is, that mankind seem utterly careless and indifferent upon the subject. Flies may bite, tails whisk, feet kick, pails upset, and the creamy fluid be splashed about, and flow in torrents to the earth: yet men remain unmoved: no one thinks of making a stir in the matter.'

THE '*Squint at West-Greenwich, Rhode-Island*,' is unique. Its *motive* is good: for it would essay to aid the great cause of TEMPERANCE. In style, it is Hexametrical. It was at West-Greenwich:

'When they had a very grand opera-ball,  
Tickets one-dollar-and-fifty, including supper:  
And while the guests danced in the ball,  
The rowdies bet on the roulette in the cellar.

'Oh! what a disgrace to all human nature!  
Oh! what a horrible influence do they exert:

I'm sure that any person who deals in liquor  
Should not hold the office of Town Clerk.

'Like the pirate upon the wide sea,  
Or like the wild-beast in the forest,  
Oh! sell no more liquor would he,  
To fill with anguish a families' breast!

'I'd sooner black my visage o'er  
And put the polish on boots and shoes;  
Than I'd stand in a liquor-store,  
And rinse the glasses that drunkards use.'

Strong 'poetry' this, we should say. - - - We saw, in one of our daily journals yesterday, a paragraph headed, '*Horrible Suicide*,' of which the 'net purport and upshot' was, that at a place called Cypress, in Mississippi, a father, who had ordered an only son to leave his house forever, on the penalty of a severe beating with a cow-hide: which penalty, the son tarrying for a moment to remonstrate, he began savagely to inflict, when his mother interceded in his behalf, for which crime she herself was beaten cruelly over her head and bosom by the unnatural father. This was too much for the poor boy: to save from cruel abuse the mother who bore him, and himself from 'paternal' torment, he deliberately shot himself, 'after giving himself half an hour for repentance.' Was this a 'horrible suicide' by the son, or a 'horrible murder' by an unnatural father? - - - From 'Balto,' under a recent date, cometh the annexed from 'S. B.:' 'Judge B —, of A — A — County, has a charming little son just 'going out' into his 'teens,' who, being at a neighbor's one day last week, heard some one present remark that a certain commission-merchant in this city had 'burst.' It at once occurred to him that his father (being a large planter) might have some interest in this sad catastrophe: so off the little fellow goes, over the fields and through the woods, in search of his father: finding him at last, he informed him: 'Mr. S — has bursted—split all open!' - - - An obliging correspondent ('S. K. P.,' of Brooklyn,) writes us: 'The selection in the 'EDITOR'S TABLE' of the KNICKERBOCKER for December, commencing, 'For my part, I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly,' is from LONGFELLOW's 'Hyperion.' You will find it on page 237 of that work. I noticed a mistake or two in your copy, but not enough to alter the tender and kindly sentiments which the poet has so beautifully expressed. It affords me sincere pleasure to be able to give you the author's name, as a very small return for the many hours of pleasure I have derived from the entertaining and instructive pages of your ever-welcome Magazine.' - - - We wish to make the ensuing remark: Some things are unreasonable, and this is of them. 'ARGUS,' of Portsmouth, (N. H.), might just as well ask us to thrust our finger into a pail of water, pull it out, and look for the hole that it made, as to search for '*A Winter-Day in the Notch*,' sent us, he *thinks*, by a friend now deceased, some four or six years ago! Very indefinite: and we have not the slightest recollection of ever having received an article with so rememberable a title. 'Expect not!'





Henry W. Longfellow

places, placed by the rude navigation of those days within easy reach of the Peloponnesus, which did not receive a shoot from the parent stock. The Ionians, Æolians, and Dorians were planted in Asia Minor. Settlements less famed in history, but fully as prosperous, were made along the shores of the Euxine, and on the coasts of Italy and Africa, in Sicily, and in Provence, and there were few of them which did not rapidly outstrip the cities from which they sprang, in the arts and graces as well as in the comforts of civilization. Syracuse became a richer and more cultivated Corinth; Marseilles a wealthier Phoea. The great difference, however, between the Greek colonies and those planted by most modern nations, lay in the fact, that they were intended from the outset to have a separate and distinct existence. The best men of the mother states were selected to form them; the best born were sent out at their head. Once they had reached their new homes, all political ties between them and the land of their birth were severed at once and forever, and those only of affection, consanguinity, language, and religion, remained. This has now come to be recognized by Great Britain at least, not only as the only system of colonization possible, but as the only one which is based on justice to the colonists, or consistent with their happiness; another instance of the political superiority of the Greeks to the moderns: but more of this anon.

Moreover, the Greek colonists were missionaries of civilization to the aborigines. Their numbers were generally small, which added to the love of city life, of small, compact republics, implanted in them by the early associations of their own country, compelled them to live together in one place, to unite for purposes of mutual protection, to decide upon all measures relating to the general welfare in common council, or in other words, to remain in the closest possible association. They consequently cultivated comparatively but a small quantity of land, but they cultivated it well, and as the idea of individual happiness or prosperity, apart from that of the state, was one which was carefully eliminated from Greek education, it never presented itself to the Greek mind: no adventurous 'pioneers' or 'back-woodsmen' ever pushed their way into the interior in search of solitary happiness or adventure. One of the first requisites of civilization and refinement was thus secured from the very birth of the new state, and that is, the constant and daily intercourse of the various members of the community. If we wish to barbarize a population, the first thing to be done is to scatter it; if we wish to humanize and refine it, we must bring individuals into close contact, make them live near each other, and give them fair opportunity of constantly interchanging ideas. The natural result of all this was, that the Greek colonies became centres of civilization wherever they were established,

and they raised the barbarians in their vicinity gradually to their own level.

All modern colonization has been started on a totally different basis. No European state ever sent out parties of its citizens for the express purpose of reproducing its image on a foreign soil, and then totally dissolving political connection with it. The happiness of the colonists was never one of the reasons for colonizing. Chosen Spaniards, or Dutchmen, or Portuguese, or Englishmen were never sent forth with the prayers and good-wishes of their countrymen, to create amidst the isles of the Southern seas, or the wilds of the Western continent, a new and better Spain, or Holland, or Portugal, or England. They were not instructed or expected to cherish the arts, or cultivate literature, or reclaim the barbarians. The first and main object of all Christian colonization, was the acquisition of fresh territory for the government at home; the second, the acquisition of wealth for its own private traders, either by barter or by gold-finding. The early Spanish and Portuguese colonists were unscrupulous traders or soldiers; the Dutch, most of whose settlements were founded on the ruin of those of Portugal, were no better. Their first idea was to make money; their second, to return home. The superiority of the ancient Greeks over our ancestors in this, at least, is apparent. The classical school of publicists here find some justification for their adulation of antiquity.

To this rule of modern departure from the example afforded by Greek colonization, England alone has furnished an exception, and she only one. She has sent out one colony, or rather one colony left her, which closely resembled, both in aim and in history, those of ancient Greece. The founders of New-England left home, in order to reproduce in America a nobler and better England, and left home intending to return no more. They founded a new state, and cast their lot in with it forever. Moreover, like the Greek colonists, they were mainly chosen men. The Pilgrim Fathers probably possessed even better claims to the designation of *eupatrides* than any scion of royalty who led the Ionian or Dorian adventurers to their Asiatic seats. They were men of more than ordinary moral power, and lived beyond the measure of most of their countrymen under the dominion of deep and settled convictions. Their aims, moreover, in expatriating themselves, were entirely moral, and their material interests were never allowed to interfere with them. The state they founded was intended to be a new, separate, and distinct community, and not merely a dependency of the crown, a community from which the vices and abuses of the old order of things were to be entirely eradicated. Between the Puritan colony and any of those planted by Greece, there are, of course, numerous differences — differences wrought by religion, habits, manners, education, traditions, and the thousand others which are contained in the

terms, difference of age and race and civilization. The parallel we seek to point out, is not between the manners, or line of thought, or habits of the men; but between the political ideas on which their political organization was based.

It is no part of our present purpose to sketch the history of modern colonisation. We can do little more than glance at the main features of that of Great Britain; but she and her system suggest too obvious a comparison with that of the leading state of antiquity to pass it over without notice. She is the greatest colonizer that ever existed, and probably is doing more to change the face and future of the world by her colonising, than any other state except Greece; but Greece, by the very same instrumentality, probably exercised as large but a better influence upon the civilization which preceded our own, as England is likely to exercise upon that in which we live. Wherein lies the main difference between the two systems, so far as the ideas which presided at their origin is concerned, and wherein the main resemblance, we have made a rough attempt to explain; but it is precisely the point of difference, and not the points of resemblance, which color English colonial history, and which must furnish the data for many of the more important calculations that may be made touching the future of the British Empire and of the Anglo-Saxon race. Greek colonies were founded from the outset for the happiness of the colonists; English colonies, for the aggrandizement of the crown, except in the single instance we have mentioned. The principle which the Greeks accepted as an axiom in politics, England has only reluctantly acknowledged after two hundred years of oppression, and rebellions, and abuses. The latter has come back, after long and painful wanderings, to the point from which the former started; but sadly the worse for her straying. It is this fact which statesmen, who make Grote and Boeckh their hand-books of modern politics, too often overlook.

It is a curious and interesting circumstance, that the two first colonies which England possessed — those of Virginia and Massachusetts — owed either their formation or their successful settlement to troubles and calamities at home. New-England would never have been settled, if the Puritans had enjoyed in the country of their birth the commonest and most obvious of human rights; and Virginia owed its rise to the misfortunes of another class of the community, whose lot in England seemed, a few years previously, hardly capable of improvement. There could hardly be a more curious illustration of the manner in which greatness may be 'thrust upon' a government, as well as upon an individual. Great Britain has long been the first colonial power in the world; and yet, at the outset, she took no active measures to establish colonies; and has, until within the last few years, used all possible means to harass, repress, and divest herself of them.



As soon as it became thoroughly apparent that there were self-supporting communities on the other side of the Atlantic, which acknowledged her rule, she does not seem to have hailed them either as auxiliary states, or as extensions, so to speak, of the mother country. The very first use to which Virginia and Massachusetts were applied, was making them penal settlements for the reception of convicted felons not deemed worthy of execution. The two off-shoots served this purpose long before it became apparent to what account they might be turned commercially. As soon as the population became sufficiently large to make them valuable as customers for British products and manufactures, the famous 'Colonial System' was inaugurated: a system which survived nearly two hundred years of change and decay, and was as sacred an article in the political creed of British Statesmen at the beginning of the present century, as the right of the House of Hanover to the throne. This system was of course based on the principle that all colonies exist, not for their own benefit, but for the benefit of the mother country; and its chief feature was an absolute prohibition from trading with any other country than Great Britain, or in any vessels than British vessels. There were a vast number of minor incidents, equally or even more vexatious, than this, which we have not time to enumerate. Amongst them was the reservation of the law-making and taxing power to the British Parliament, to be exercised whenever the occasion seemed to require it, though ordinarily left in abeyance; and the right of the colonial secretary to interfere with and regulate, though six months distant from the scene, the minutest as well as the largest affairs of the colonies. The advantage supposed to be thus derived by British trade, manufactures, and navigation, over and above the strong lust of power, was of course very fascinating. It was first tried upon colonies settled by Englishmen, and was found so pleasant, that all the powers of the state were speedily put into requisition to extend its benefits to colonies settled by other nations. The conquest of Canada, of the West-Indian Islands, of the Cape of Good Hope, were hardly less due to a national desire to extend the empire as a matter of glory, than to extend the colonial system as a matter of profit. Every settlement annexed was a fresh batch of customers captured. There was, nevertheless, a side to this system which will bear scrutiny better, and of which a great deal more may be said in defence than the one we have been describing. In an age in which communication either by land or sea was tedious and difficult, in which two or three voyages across the Atlantic made a serious gap in one's life, in which newspapers were unknown and books were rare, and all other means of interchanging ideas correspondingly scarce, any thing which forced the colonies and the mother country into amicable relations of any sort, was in some sense a blessing to both. Where men are forced

to send their money or their goods, they are apt to send their thoughts also, and when opportunity serves, to transport themselves. The constant necessity under which the colonist found himself of supplying his smallest wants from London or Bristol, led to the foundation of connections of all sorts with people at home which might never otherwise have been formed. A community of ideas and interests was thus naturally engendered; and we must say that, in spite of all her faults of all kinds, we know of no country in Europe with which, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, a young and struggling settlement, compelled to fight day by day against the barbarism which is the constant concomitant of isolation, and of a rugged existence in which physical wants make hourly and imperious demands on the faculties of mind and body, could have ideas and interests in common with more advantage and less detriment, than even with the Great Britain of William and Mary and of the Georges.

Climate and extent of territory always excepted, there is hardly any thing which has more materially affected the character of the British colonies, and the nature of their relations with the home government, than the democratic constitution of society in them all. In spite of the attempts made in the earlier settlement on this continent to impress it with an aristocratic character, and to preserve the social distinctions of the old world, by the adoption of the British law of real property, the necessity of labor under which every body found himself placed in a new country, and more than all, the state of dependence in which every colonist found himself placed upon his neighbor, no matter what his rank in the mother country, proved effectual safeguards against the establishment of any thing like an aristocracy. In the United States, the Revolution was of course a powerful impulse toward the broadest kind of democracy; but in the colonies which have remained subject to the British crown to this day, the tendency is almost as apparent. In Australia, which can hardly be said to have been settled at the time America achieved her independence, the society is organized upon a basis as thoroughly democratic as in the Northern States of the Union, and even more so, because even the traditions of great families here, still plentiful enough in the Eastern States, are not there to be met with. Last year, manhood suffrage and vote by ballot were adopted in New South-Wales, and the other colonies in that quarter will doubtless soon follow its example. In Canada, in spite of the large infusion of tory element which it received from this country after the Revolution here, and in spite of the longings which have been recently uttered for a visit from the Queen, or some royal personage, no matter who, and in spite of the cheers with which Lord Bury's post-prandial suggestion, that a Canadian aristocracy should be created to reside in London, and introduce Ca-

nadians into 'good society,' the spirit, the people, and their tone of thought, the spirit of their institutions, and, moreover, their inevitable destiny, all bear unmistakably the democratic stamp. As the tide of population extends further west, and the old world is more and more lost sight of, its notions and habits are left farther and farther behind; and as the emigrant's early difficulties and responsibilities increase, this spirit will, of course, make itself more and more manifest. There will be vastly less trace of early political impressions and associations left upon the settlers of the new colony of British Columbia than on those of Canada West.

With regard to Australia, there has been an element infused into the population by the British Government which it is impossible to regard in any other light than that of an unmixed evil — an evil which will make itself felt for many generations to come. We need hardly say that we allude to the enormous importation of convicts into all the colonies, from their first settlement down to 1850. During the greater number of those years, the convict emigration almost kept pace with the free; and, of course, the vast majority were virtually converted, by conditional pardons, into citizens of the country, long before their sentences had expired. A great many, of course, as far as outward conduct went, were reformed; and a large number are to-day amongst the wealthiest and most useful inhabitants of the country.

It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that all that is needed to constitute a man a useful member of an infant community, is that he shall earn his bread honestly, and shall not break the laws. It is not the labor of its members only, or their abstinence from the commission of felonies, which is most useful to a colony preparing for a long lifetime as an independent state. The moral forces which are at work in the youth of a country are of vastly more importance than the number of its inhabitants or their outward sobriety of demeanor. Honorable traditions, self-respect, and the consciousness of the respect of others, decent family pride, the influences of early education, instinctive shrinking from and repugnance to mean or vile associations, the possession of a character to maintain, rather than the hope of regaining one; perhaps more than all, depth and sincerity of religious feeling, do far more to build up and sustain a great political fabric than either numbers or industry. Moral fibre and tone are always much more powerful and influential, in the long run, than either multitudes of people or magnitude of resources. There could hardly be a better illustration of this, than is afforded by the history of New-England. What that portion of the Union has accomplished through the influence of the causes we have been enumerating, treble the number of reformed felons might have attempted in vain.

The effect of the transportation system on Australia has been not

only to demoralize the masses, by the infusion of a large portion of the scum of society in the mother country, but to create two castes in the community; to create, in short, a distinction between man and man, of the most galling kind — a distinction based on the legal infamy of one of them. The freed convicts, and the descendants of all who have been convicts, are compelled to seek society amongst themselves alone: the voluntary settlers and their progeny will not associate with them. In a large and populous community, where social distinctions already exist, like England herself, and where persons branded by crime sink out of sight, and cannot, if they would, gain or regain a footing in the world of respectability, the social disabilities of convicts may seem rather an insignificant evil, after all; but in Australia, the population is still small, and the facilities for getting on in the world and attaining a position of wealth and corresponding usefulness, are great. There consequently exists in it a comparatively large class, to all outward appearance worthy and well-to-do citizens, who are nevertheless condemned by another class, and bearing about with them a consciousness, and receiving daily reminders of their degradation. This is certainly a misfortune of the worst kind for the state.

The inhabitants themselves became so sensible of it, that seven years ago they positively refused to permit any more convicts to be landed on their shores. The government hesitated, as it would not have hesitated a century ago, about resorting to force, gave way, and made a feeble attempt to land the cargoes of crime at the Cape of Good Hope. The people here resisted with equal spirit, and the result has been, that transportation has been altogether abandoned, and 'penal servitude' in the jails at home substituted. Upon Canada and the other colonies the infliction was never attempted.

The abandonment of the 'colonial system,' the concession of complete self-government to all the colonies, the abolition of the navigation-laws, the reservation merely of such rights to the crown — as that of appointing the governor and the judges, and garrisoning the forts — as may typify the Queen's supremacy, have given the colonies such an impetus in their progress, that their past history is now a matter of very trifling importance, as compared with the future which awaits them. That they will soon cease to be appendages of Great Britain, is very apparent; and, in fact, the policy of the mother country is now avowedly regulated with the view of preparing them for that change, and we may reasonably expect, that before fifty years have elapsed, it will have occurred, not after a decade of recrimination and bloodshed, but by the mere force of circumstances, or in silent obedience to the plain dictates of expediency. The mere mention of that future opens up a field of speculation so vast, that we might well be excused if we shrunk from entering upon it in the limits of an article like the pre-

sent. Although this Republic has now been for nearly a century emancipated from the control of Great Britain, and has in that interval made unparalleled progress, the shrewdest, most far-seeing politician finds it impossible to say what limits it may eventually reach, what will be the extent of its resources in wealth and population, even a century hence. One of the largest and most promising of the British colonies, Canada, will doubtless share its fate; and all calculations as to what the latter may yet become, and what part it may eventually play in the world's history, may fairly be merged in those which are made about the future of the United States. The West-Indian Islands will also doubtless fall into the hands of whatever nation becomes final possessor of Central America. A separate political existence can hardly be predicted for them. The British possessions in the Mediterranean are simply garrisons for troops, and will one day be annexed to the empire which shall first get the sea which surrounds them into its hands. The Ionian Islands, Malta, Majorca, and Minorca, can hardly be called British colonies, and will certainly not retain many traces of British supremacy, once the British forces are withdrawn. But Australia and the Cape of Good Hope will, beyond all question, eventually form the centres of great empires. Australia possesses every possible facility for the acquisition of maritime and commercial greatness. With a vast territory, in the midst of a vast ocean, surrounded by numerous islands, a fine climate, a fertile soil, a free people of singular energy and industry, unburdened by debt, untrammelled by feudal reminiscences, without a single civilized rival on that side of the globe, and with many and populous countries swarming with customers for their products and manufactures within easy sail, and with an abundance of the finest harbors, it is difficult to say to what pitch of greatness such a people may not attain. It is quite certain that in such markets as China and Japan and India are likely to offer, no western or northern producer is likely to be able to compete with them at all. It is almost amusing to read the speculations which are daily put forth as to the probable extent to which Russian influence and predominance will attain in the East, through the instrumentality of armies and caravans sent overland to China and Hindostan, when Australia is swelling into such ponderous proportions a few miles off in the Indian Ocean, and when her troops and ships will be at all times within as many days of all possible Oriental bones of contention, as those of any other power will be weeks. It will take even a greater Colossus than the Czar is ever likely to prove, to make his 'Yea,' uttered at St. Petersburg, possess effects as potent as a republican 'Nay,' shouted forth at Sydney. We therefore anticipate, before many years have elapsed, a rehearsal in the Southern Ocean of the policy of annexation and of expansion, of the sermons on 'manifest destiny,' by

which we have already excited so much annoyance and alarm in Europe. We are afraid, in short, the Australians will prove keen traders, good sailors, and very unscrupulous fillibusters, as we are proving; that they will conceive it their duty, in short, to develop the resources of China and Japan, and to 'Australianize' the whole earth, and will peremptorily deny the right either of Europe or America to meddle with their doings in that quarter. If these views be correct, we think they offer a somewhat simpler solution of the problem of the future of British India than any yet put forward, and determine pretty closely to whose advantage the attempts which are being at present made to open up China and Japan will accrue.

The only formidable rival with which Australia will have to contend, if she have to contend with any, will be the Cape of Good Hope. This colony is still in its infancy, and has not had the impetus given it which Australia has derived from the gold discoveries. But its progress is rapid. It is daily becoming a greater favorite with emigrants. It enjoys great commercial advantages, in being the *entrepôt* of the vast continent which lies behind it, and into which the white population is yearly extending with rapid strides, and in which there is a large black population, whom it is not too much to hope Christianity and civilization will at no distant day convert into both large producers and large consumers. Our remarks on such a subject, in so small a space as we have at our disposal, are necessarily little better than suggestions, but they open up an immense field, both for conjecture and for prophecy.

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#### TRANSLATION.

Poor withered leaf! where goest thou,  
No longer held by tender bough?  
'I cannot tell: a tempest broke  
My sole support, the mighty oak.  
The Zephyr, when it whispers past,  
Or North-wind, with its angry blast,  
From day to day wafts o'er the plain,  
Then hurries back to woods again.  
To mountain first, and next to vale,  
I'm quickly borne by fickle gale:  
Without complaint, or even fear,  
I let the winds drive far and near;  
Yet sink at last to deep repose,  
With laurel-leaf and faded rose.'



## THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

THERE was once, within the limits of this metropolitan city, a Botanic Garden. It flourished for several years under the auspices of Samuel L. Mitchill, the only natural philosopher of any eminence that New-York, so far as I know, could ever call her own. Doctor David Hosack, then at the head of the medical profession, was one of the most enthusiastic patrons of that Garden, and so was Martin Hoffman, for many years the President of a Society formed for the Promotion of Horticultural Science. The society, or rather a society having the same object, still exists; but the Garden—alas! where is it? Eviscerated, cut up into streets and avenues, ‘regulated,’ and built upon, even its locality is undistinguishable, and known only to those of our citizens who have devoted themselves to antiquarian researches. Let not the reader ridicule the phrase. There is a near as well as a remote antiquity; and though I do not refer to the latter, I do nevertheless speak of times anterior to the advent of this KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, when as yet the first number of the first volume had not been issued; an era not indeed so remote as that in which was laid the corner-stone of the Egyptian Pyramids, but one, nevertheless, of which many of my readers know as little.

A visit to the Parisian Botanic Garden, the *Jardin des Plantes*, as it is called, of which I propose to give some account, led me into this reminiscence. I followed the train of thought until, as I frankly confess, my conceit, as a native New-Yorker, was considerably abated. It was on this wise. There are botanic gardens in almost all the cities of the old world, even in those less populous, less enterprising, and less wealthy than our own goodly Gotham. There is a very creditable one in Glasgow, and another at Rouen, as I remember. I asked myself, and not being able to answer the question, I asked one of my travelling companions, Why have we no such thing in our own goodly city: no botanic garden, no monuments, no noble specimens of statuary, no magnificent public buildings, in short, no lions of any kind wherewith to astonish strangers? And my friend answered me, just as you would have done, by referring to our juvenility. It is an American propensity to glorify the future, to say nothing about what we are, but to rejoice in what we shall be. What we have, is indeed of little importance; what we shall have, ah! that is the grand idea. New-York is yet in its infancy, and thus with wondrous self-complacency we settle these questions. In its infancy? Very true, but then, to speak plainly, it does not seem to be making any progress in what may be called the æsthetics of a city; or if it does, the progress is rather

backward than forward. Do you know of any pleasant drive on this island of Manhattan? Our fathers used to enjoy a trip to 'Cato's. The Bloomingdale road was 'safe' in the days of our boyhood. You will not find it so now. The avenues are everlastingly undergoing repairs, having their grades altered, or being 'sewered.' We had a Crystal Palace, but it was burned down, and nobody wants it rebuilt. There was in the city, too, not so long since as to have faded from the memory of elderly men, a spacious hall, in which it was pleasant to hold large public meetings. We burned up that one Sunday morning, and now for these purposes we content ourselves with the basement of the Cooper Institute, a very comfortable place, bating the low ceiling and the foul air. The Battery was once a beautiful promenade; and a pleasant resort from the summer heat was found across the ferry, in what were called, and I believe still bear the name of Elysian Fields. The former is now appropriated to foreigners on their first landing; the latter are monopolized by them after they become acclimated.

But the Botanic Garden — shall we Knickerbockers ever have another? Certainly, in the future, when the Central Park is finished. That, you know, is to exceed any thing of which the old world can boast; and, like unto it, in its superiority to all others, will be the New-York Jardin des Plantes. Only have faith in the future, as a good citizen, and that faith being the substance of things hoped for, will, for the present, answer the same purpose as the reality, with the trifling exception, of course, that it is not so easy to exhibit it (the garden) to visitors from abroad.

In the mean time, go with our party to the Parisian Garden; you will not incommode us in the *voiture de remise*, nor increase the expense. We are bound, so far as we can, in the few days at our disposal, thoroughly to explore the sights worth seeing in the French capital, and to-day has been set apart for this purpose:

There are, of course, on the route to the Jardin, churches worthy of a visit, two certainly, at each of which we must spend a few minutes. The first is in the parish of the Louvre and the Tuileries. It is called St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and is full of historical reminiscences, even more full than many others of greater pretensions. You may examine the interior, the various chapels and works of art with which they are decorated, gratuitously. It will cost you but a trifle to ascend the tower. Let us go up first, and afterward we may study the building at our leisure. Here you are, then, in the belfry. It is a gloomy place. Wait a little, until your eye becomes familiar with the darkness. See you these bells? They have been hanging there I know not how long; but nearly three hundred years ago, namely, on the twenty-third of August, 1572, those bells were tolled during the whole night. It was the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots on



the day of the feast of Saint Bartholomew. The streets of Paris then ran with blood; but it is wonderful how historians differ as to the number who were murdered on that occasion. De Thou estimates them at thirty thousand, while the Romish historian, Lingard, reduces the number to fifteen hundred. The truth lies probably between these extremes, but we may not stop to find it.

In 1831 an attempt was made to celebrate, within the walls of this church, the anniversary of the death of the Duke de Berri. But the populace would not permit it, and in the tumult which arose in consequence, the interior of the church was destroyed, and its total destruction threatened. The mob, however, appeased their wrath by plundering and devastating the palace of the Archbishop, and the walls of the church were left standing. It is a historic reminiscence of this building, too, that within its precincts, so long ago as 1536, Etienne Marcel Prévot de Marchands stirred up his formidable insurrection, and for many weeks the church was used as a rendezvous for conspirators, and as an arsenal for weapons of war. In this respect, however, it has no remarkable prééminence over many other churches in the metropolis. Most of them have been, at one time or another, converted for a season, from their legitimate purpose, and might be called, in a sense unwarranted by ecclesiastical interpretation, churches militant.

On coming down from the tower, and surveying the interior of the building, your attention will be arrested by a magnificent basin for holy water in the centre of the transept. It is of marble, and is surmounted by three cherub children, admirably sculptured, and bearing aloft the cross—the universal symbol of our religious faith. This beautiful piece of work was executed by Jauffroy, and paid for, as the guide will tell you, by Madame Lamartine, who presented it to the church. Every where around you are pictures and pieces of sculpture more or less meritorious. There is, of course, the SAVIOUR at almost every period of His wonderful life. You may see HIM as an infant in the arms of the Virgin; as a curly-headed boy among the wise men; in the Temple; preaching in the Synagogue; on the Mount of Olives with His disciples; partaking of the last supper; on the cross, and borne to the tomb. Not satisfied with subjects for which there is warrant in Scripture history, artists have drawn upon their imaginations, and they represent CHRIST in positions where it requires a wonderful amount of credulity not to be shocked with what appear to be palpable and absurd anachronisms. Here, for instance, is the Son of God between two venerable-looking fathers, who, upon inquiry, we are told are Pope Leo on the left, and Pope Gregory on the right. We doubt for a moment the truth of the statement thus made by our guide. Here is an ecclesiastic just about to enter the confession-box

in the chapel of St. Landry. With unmistakable Yankee impudence let us ask him. He appears astonished, but not offended at our broken French; a little grieved too, it seems, at our Protestant obstinacy and unbelief. *C'est vrai*, that is, most certainly Pope Gregory, and the other is Leo. To the docile priest there evidently seems no kind of difficulty in associating those pontiffs with JESUS of Nazareth. Either he does not comprehend our difficulty, or he is attempting to deceive us by an assumed innocence. Let him go to his prescribed task. There is an elderly female awaiting his reverence at the confessional.

But who was Saint Landry, in whose honor this chapel is named? Truly we never heard of him before. But having made what researches were in our power, we have come to the conclusion that Saint Landry was, in his day, a very worthy man. He was, so say the historians, the Bishop of Paris under Childeric II., in the seventh century. Tradition ascribes to him the foundation of that magnificent hospital, known as the *Hôtel Dieu*. But he is merely a traditional saint, and the same may be said of many of those in the Romish calendar. Their names are not in the Bible, that great muster-roll to which we are in the habit of referring for sketches of men and women who deserved to be canonized. Here, in this one church, are chapels in honor of Saint Germain and Sainte Genevieve, Saint Vincent, Saint Borromeo, and Sainte Clotilde, all very respectable men and women in their day, and perhaps quite as worthy as Landry, if one had time to seek out their history.

From this church we drove to the far more imposing and majestic building known as the Cathedral of Notre Dame, an edifice full of historical associations, and so frequently described as to render any detailed account unnecessary to the general reader. I will mention, therefore, but a few of those things which here attracted our special notice. In the vestry-room, or sacristy, as it is called in Romish phrase, are the portraits of twenty-four Archbishops of Paris, including that of the good Affre, who was shot in the bloody riot of June, 1848. He was consecrated in 1840, and distinguished himself by acts of benevolence, and more especially by his efforts to promote the education of the ecclesiastical orders. When the conflict between the government and the maddened populace had been raging for three days, the Archbishop determined to make an effort to stop the shedding of blood by his own personal interposition. Preceded by a youth bearing an olive-branch, he went to the Place de la Bastille in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where the mob had gathered in the greatest force. They ceased firing for a few moments, and appeared disposed to listen to his pacific counsels. While he was speaking, however, some unknown miscreant fired at him with deadly aim, and the Arch-



bishop was mortally wounded. He lingered in great agony for twenty-four hours, and expired with the prayer upon his lips that his blood might be the last to be spilt in civil war. Visitors are shown the bullet by which the Archbishop was killed, and a cast of his face taken soon after his death.

In large oaken presses are kept, not shown to every body, but as a favor to your country you may see them for a consideration, croziers, mitres, crowns sparkling with gems and rubies, the coronation robes, heavy with gold, worn by the first Napoleon at his coronation, and the priestly vestments scarcely less costly and more tawdry, in which were robed on that august occasion, priests and cardinals, and his Holiness the Pope, Pius VII., for he was there.

They show you here, too, in one of the chapels adjoining the sacristy, the spot where was buried, in 1795, the young Dauphin of whom so many contradictory stories have been told, the son of Louis XVI. Of course, if the lad was here buried, there must be some flaw in the logic by which the Rev. Eleazar Williams proved himself to be that veritable dauphin. But what is a little singular, and may be set off, per contra, is the fact that it is asserted with equal pertinacity and, so far as I know, with equal plausibility, that the body of the unfortunate and savagely-treated child was buried in the cemetery of the Church of Sainte Marguerite, in another part of the city. As both statements cannot possibly be true, the reader may feel inclined to credit neither, and to suspect that possibly there was some truth in the pretensions put forth in behalf of our countryman Eleazar.

We judged, but this may have been a hasty conclusion drawn from inadequate premises, that the Cathedral of Notre Dame is the favorite spot for the celebration of the marriage ceremony among the Parisians. At any rate, during the few minutes we spent there two couples were made happy. Our party assisted in the ceremony by their presence, and in both cases felicitated the bride and wished her happiness in her new relation, quite as sincerely, if not with as much outward demonstration, as did the guests who were specially invited. We had the pleasure, too, of seeing the precise spot, where in January, 1853, the present Emperor knelt with his bride when they plighted their mutual troth.

But we have tarried here long enough. Pass we to the special order of the day, which is, as I have said, the *Jardin des Plantes*, a very modest name for a vast collection of the wonders of nature, not only botanical but zoölogical and geological, with cabinets devoted to anthropology, comparative anatomy, and mineralogy.

The Botanic Garden proper first claims our notice. It contains I know not how many acres, and several spacious houses for the hybernation of tropical and other plants which will not endure the cold of

Parisian winters. The collection of hardy trees, plants, and shrubs is very extensive, the object being to cultivate at least one specimen of every known variety from all quarters of the globe. These are all arranged in a method best calculated to facilitate the student in the acquisition of botanical knowledge. Every plant has a label with its classical name, and these labels or tallies are of different colors, and made to indicate the peculiar properties or nature of the different specimens. Thus medicinal plants have their names written on red tallies, and blue indicates such as are used in the arts. Esculent vegetables are designated by green labels; those which are merely ornamental, by yellow; while black is appropriated to such as are of a poisonous nature.

Close to this 'School of Botany,' as it is called, are the nurseries of fruit-trees, the extent of which may be inferred from the fact, that of the different species of the pear alone, there are more than three hundred varieties. It was gratifying to our national pride to learn that although our country produces nothing remarkable in the way of pears, the best we have being of European origin, yet that American apples are superior in flavor to those of any other part of the world. The celebrated Washington Plum, it is said, is of French origin; for although the fruit was first brought into public notice in our own country, yet the tree, it is averred, had been imported previously from Paris. It is not exactly in my line to discuss this question, nor can I with my limited knowledge dispute successfully the French gardener's claim. It is a very fine plum, wherever it originated, and bears worthily the name of the Father of his Country.

One of the most striking objects for the mere amateur, is a noble specimen of the Cedar of Lebanon, which stands upon an eminence in the garden, and is more than a hundred years old. It was planted, so they tell us, by that greatest of French botanists, the elder Jussieu, in the year 1735. It is truly a magnificent tree, more than ten feet in circumference at six feet from the ground. It over-looks majestically the nursery of fir and pine trees, of which there are rare specimens of almost every known variety, and seems like the tutelary genius of the vast amphitheatre, in which various courses of lectures are delivered to thousands of students in the various branches of natural science. These lectures are all public and gratuitous. They commence in April, and are continued all through the spring and summer. In addition to the information thus imparted by the most learned men in France, to all classes of the community, there are annually given away thousands of young shrubs, plants, and trees, the product of the garden, and an almost unlimited quantity of seeds of various kinds of fruits, flowers, and vegetables.

This part of this vast establishment was founded under the auspices



of Louis XIII., in 1635. It has, like every thing else in Paris, undergone many vicissitudes. At one time petted and cared for by sovereigns, at another utterly neglected; now ruthlessly ravaged by the maddened rabble, and now watched over with solicitude, and beautified and extended by such men — among the greatest in the world's galaxy — as Tournefort, Jussieu, and Buffon. The first Napoleon did much to foster the institution; and the present Emperor, in this respect, is imitating his example. Indeed, it would be hard to say wherein the nephew of his uncle overlooks or neglects any thing that has a tendency to improve Paris, and to enhance the glory of the French nation. The fact is, and it may as well be told as not, the more we saw and heard of the doings of the adventurer who now wears the imperial purple — democratic republicans as we were and are — the more we were satisfied with his rule over Frenchmen, and the more we were willing that he should continue to be their ruler. He has certainly made Paris a very pleasant place for strangers to visit. It is not clear to us, either, that just such a tyrant as Louis Napoleon, with just as much arbitrary power, would not, for a while, at least, be a desirable ruler in this Republic. Would he not make a good mayor for this city? If we might secure for him the regular nomination, there would be little doubt of his election; and as to his acceptance of the office, it is more than probable that, by the time we elect him, he will be quite ready to reëmigrate to this or some other country.

Passing from the botanical and horticultural department, we enter the menagerie of living animals. This was originated at Versailles by Louis XIV., and increased rapidly under the auspices of his two immediate successors. In 1794 it was removed to its present location, and from that time to the present, has been growing in interest and importance. It is open to all who choose to enter, free of charge, and you are admonished by placards, in various places, to give nothing to the attendants. The day on which we examined it was very fine, and there was a large number of visitors of all ranks and of all ages, men, women, and children. Of course I cannot specify the different animals in this vast collection. All of them, even down to the snakes and boaconstrictors, seemed to enjoy themselves as well as could be expected, and two elderly specimens of the hippopotamus were apparently very happy. They had recently lost, by death, a son — or a daughter, I am not sure which. The youngster, who was born there, unfortunately fell from one of the stone steps of his bathing-place, and broke his little neck.

One of the rarest animals in the collection is a black panther, from Java. Like his neighbor, the hyena, he is a restless creature, and has not a very amiable countenance. Tigers, bears, and lions; llamas, yaks, and giraffes — one of the latter born in the garden — display them-

selves to the best advantage, while a whole wilderness of monkeys in an inclosure devoted to their special comfort, play their fantastic tricks, not less for the amusement of spectators than for their own gratification.

Let us, however, enter the building devoted to comparative anatomy. There are fourteen rooms filled with specimens, and forming, beyond all question, the most extensive and complete cabinet in existence. It is a monument to the genius and industry of Baron Cuvier, by whom it was arranged, and who superintended and controlled the far larger portion of the specimens. The most interesting room is that devoted to skulls and skeletons of the human species. They are here collected and arranged, of almost endless diversity, and from every portion of the globe. Dwarfs and giants, Chinese, Mongolians, and North-American Indians, ancient and modern, infants and adults, the heads of men of genius and the skulls of fools and idiots, showing their various conformations, and affording facilities for the student to be found no where else. Here may be seen the skull of the wonderful dwarf Bebe, who was attached to the service of Stanislaus, King of Poland, and who, in his twenty-fifth year, was but twenty inches high. Verily it compares strangely with some of the heads by which it is surrounded. Close at hand is the skull of that Syrian who assassinated General Kleber in Egypt, and there are quite a number which were found in Egyptian and Etruscan tombs. There are also to be seen here, all in excellent preservation, the skeletons of beasts and birds and fish, almost without number; crocodiles, tortoises, whales, sharks, camels, giraffes, together with the fossil remains of extinct species of animals, in all their hideous deformity.

What is called the 'Zoölogical Cabinet,' is comprised in a building of two stories beside the basement. It is nearly four hundred feet in length, and contains, it is said, upward of two hundred thousand separate and distinct specimens, 'so systematically and progressively arranged, that, beginning with the lowest manifestations of animal organization, (as in the sponge,) we can follow the chain of nature, link by link, till it arrives at its highest perfection in man.' Of course, as in all Parisian public buildings, there are here well-executed statues, paintings, and other works of art, all devoted to the honor of the votaries of science. We noticed especially busts of Lacépède, Adanson, Daubenton, and Guy de la Brosse.

But we have yet one other extensive museum to explore, in some respects, of more interest than any we have yet seen. It is the collection of minerals and geological specimens, arranged in a building erected for the purpose, and allowed on all hands to be the most extensive and best classified collection in the world. The building is five hundred and forty feet in length by forty wide and thirty high. In the centre



of the principal hall is a noble marble statue of the illustrious Cuvier, and the walls are adorned with expressive paintings by the great French masters. Weeks, and even months, might profitably be spent in the examination of these treasures; and a passing visitor, with but an hour or two to spare, can hardly turn away without a feeling somewhat akin to envy, as he thinks of the privileges enjoyed by the poorest citizen of Paris in being permitted at his pleasure to examine and study these wonderful collections.

### THY LITTLE HAND.

#### I.

Thine is a little hand —  
A tiny little hand —  
But if it clasp  
With timid grasp  
Mine own, ah! me, I well can understand  
The pressure of that little hand!

#### II.

Thine is a little mouth —  
A very little mouth —  
But oh! what bliss  
To steal a kiss,  
Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the south,  
From that same rosy little mouth!

#### III.

Thine is a little heart —  
A little fluttering heart —  
Yet is it warm  
And pure and calm,  
And loves me with its whole untutored art,  
That palpitating little heart!

#### IV.

Thou art a little girl —  
Only a little girl —  
Yet art thou worth  
The wealth of earth —  
Diamond and ruby, sapphire, gold, and pearl —  
To me, thou blessed little girl!

## A GRAIN OF WHEAT FROM A BUSHEL OF CHAFF.

FROM that eventful morning when the infant Cain, playing at his mother's knee, proclaimed by 'raising his voice in tuneful song' an important discovery by the simple experiment of bringing his little nose in violent contact with the ground, to the day when Pat Terrier, with his nether limb mashed beyond all hopes of redemption, lay meditating on his narrow hospital-pallet upon the dubious means of relief promised him by the attending surgeon, there has been a steady but unequal contest by man against the curse imposed upon him for the first fault — a constant endeavor to strike the word 'pain' from the vocabulary.

And yet, although ages have rolled on, and millions upon millions have lived, pondered, experimented, and suffered, so meagre was the result, that even so late as 1839 the celebrated French surgeon Valpeau, despairing of any solution to the problem, declared that 'to escape pain is a chimera which we are not permitted to look for in our day; that the cutting instrument and pain in operative medicine are two words which never present themselves the one without the other.' And yet he has lived to see his opinion changed. Only seven years after, as one of a commission appointed to examine the merits of a new means of relief proposed, he heard and acquiesced in the glad announcement made to the whole world: 'We have conquered pain.'

How was this glorious victory gained? Who won it? Was it a mere spontaneous, suddenly-imagined suggestion which luckily found a corroborative solution at once in experiment? Or was it a result from a series of trials and failures — a fact settled by a slow process of reasoning on a certain amount of given information?

Such are the questions often proposed — let us see if all of them can be answered satisfactorily. One, certainly the last, can be at once replied to affirmatively, for the facts to prove it are sufficiently numerous and well substantiated to satisfy even the most obdurate Mr. Gradgrind. Our object must be therefore to see at what period the first attempts were made to relieve pain, and in what they consisted.

Thowing aside, as doubtful, the story of the sleepy action of the nepenthe upon Ulysses and his companions; disputing with the Biblical commentators the theory that narcotics were given to the unfortunates about to be crucified; disbelieving entirely the assertion of Herodotus that a narcotic intoxication was common in his day; we reach at last a tangible fact and fixed date.

A worthy gentleman of Naples, by the name of Pliny, who, it is known, was living in the first years of our era, has written us a



letter in most excellent Latin, in which he declares that it was the custom to give a certain decoction of herbs 'before cuttings and puncturings, lest they should be felt.' One would suppose this so satisfactory, that no doubt could be harbored as regards his integrity. But apparently not satisfied with the probable effect of so simple an assertion, he instantly proceeds to perpetrate a most abominable Munchausenism about a stone which he calls Memphites, declaring that it will produce the same effect. But even this admits of some explanation, for, as by his direction, it was necessary to apply it in order to stupefy the part, it is highly probable it was to be used as Mr. Montgomery intended to use his brick. That omnipresent race, however, the Chinese, who seem inclined to cheat us out of all claim to priority of invention, have taken issue with all the rest of the world, by declaring that from the remotest ages it has been the custom of their medical men to give patients a narcotic powder, so that no pain need be felt. In a curious book in the Imperial Library at Paris, called Kou-kin-i-tong, we find the name Ma-yo given to this powder, which was probably no more than the Indian hemp now so extensively used throughout the East, under the name of Bhang, to produce a temporary intoxication, and the same drug which in the form of an extract is the bane of the hasheesh-eater.

Constantly through the years succeeding the death of Pliny, from Dioscorides, from Matthiolus, from the spirited narrative of Marco Polo, and all the chroniclers of the crusades, from the old historians of the East, from the records of the Inquisition, and the published cases of the long series of illustrious surgeons down to this very year, we find mention made of attempts to relieve pain, while equally often proof is given of their inefficiency and failure.

The reason of this is obvious: with few exceptions, their experiments were directed toward the effects of solid narcotic substances upon the system. It was the substances used, and not the method, which caused the failures. Opium, which is one and perhaps the best of all narcotics, if given in sufficient amount to wholly deaden pain, (which can be done,) possesses the most disagreeable property of deadening the recipient so utterly, that he rises no more in this world in a bodily form; consequently the user is always placed in the disagreeable dilemma of inflicting a certain amount of pain and keeping on the safe side, or of risking a coroner's inquest and a verdict of manslaughter and malpractice. The trials, however, demonstrated one valuable fact, that as when swallowed they produced slowly a much more continued and excessive stupefaction than was needed, it was important to substitute some article which should produce the effect more quickly — more safely, even it were used a little carelessly; and above all, one which should not cause a persistent condition when the administration had been stopped.

This was the first step toward our present state of knowledge. When the men of science had arrived at this conclusion, they all fell to experimenting and suggesting year after year. Old Baptista Porta proposed what he called his sleeping-apple, 'the smelling of which binds the eyes with a deepe sleepe,' which was a ball formed of some narcotic drugs, that was to be kept from the air, and when wanted for use, was to be held under the nose. Cold was another means, as it was found that when a man was nearly frozen to death, his sensibility to pain was much blunted. Pressing upon the nerves until there was no sensation in the limb; choking and bleeding the patient until he was all but insensible, were other plans. Mesmer advanced the theory of animal magnetism, and made many converts; but whether before or after they were operated upon, has never been decided. Finally, some ingenious man, whose name is wholly unknown to fame, suggested the use of alcohol — that is, the patient should be made so drunk that he could feel nothing. This being a pleasant form, met with much success, and was the second step onward. But still with this there were some faults. It was found that it required too long to produce the effect, that it was not caused equally in different persons, that it lasted too long, and lastly, that it was somewhat expensive and dangerous. So the wits of the chemists were set to work to devise something better than alcohol.

There is now existing near Naples, and records concerning it date back as far as Pliny, a cave called 'Grotta del Cane,' which is probably one of the outlets through the volcanic crust of which the whole vicinity of Vesuvius is composed, as from it constantly exhales a steam which is found to contain large quantities of carbonic-acid gas. This gas, which is heavier than common air, is totally destructive to animal life, if sufficient time be given for its effects; and any animal placed in it will die, unless quickly removed from it into the pure air. Taking advantage of this known fact, it was proposed to administer in such quantity as to produce its insensible but not deadly effect, and that instantly on its appearance the administration should be suspended, and the operation be performed during the interval before perfect recovery.

This was the third step. But unfortunately its use was found to be too dangerous; and although it was advocated by intelligent men, and it was stated that some operations were performed under its influence, it fell into disfavor, and has never since been resuscitated. But it gave the right direction to investigation. In 1799 Humphry Davy, (not then Sir) who was an assistant in an institution in England for the treatment of disease by the inhalation of various substances, commenced a series of experiments with nitrous oxyd, or, as it is often called, laughing-gas. These he published, and although he does not



seem to have rendered himself by its use, at any time, wholly insensible, he must have caused some decided effect, for he has written: 'As it appears capable of destroying physical pains, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations.' This was the fourth important step.

But his was only a suggestion — a proposition which was never put by him to the test of experimentation: its death was coincident with its birth as far as any real benefit accrued from it to mankind. Nearly fifty years afterward, in the winter of 1844, a public lecture was given in the city of Hartford to illustrate the effects of this very agent, the laughing-gas. Among the audience was a person by the name of Horace Wells, who, struck by its effects upon one of the persons who had inhaled it, made the casual remark: 'That he believed that a person (under its influence) could undergo a severe surgical operation without feeling any pain.' He offered to inhale the gas himself and allow one of his teeth to be extracted. He did inhale it that very evening: a tooth was extracted, and, as he asserted, without the slightest sensation of pain. This was the fifth great step, the demonstration of an invaluable principle — in fact, the discovery.

A number of experiments were subsequently made with the gas both by himself and others, and as is shown by the affidavits of many good and reliable men, with an eminent degree of success; for many dangerous and ordinarily painful operations were performed upon persons who took oath they had experienced no pain whatever. But two objections were found with it: its preparation was somewhat troublesome, and it was rather too bulky for transportation. He accordingly searched for some other agent which should more fully and perfectly fill the needful indications. There was then sold in every druggist's shop an article of common use in medicine, the effects and method of managing of which had been perfectly well known for over five hundred years. This medicine was called an ether, the name of the chemical acid used in its manufacture being prefixed to it by way of designation. As there are many kinds of acids, there are consequently many kinds of ethers; of these the most common is sulphuric ether, sulphuric acid being used in its fabrication. It is a clear liquid, like water, highly volatile, intoxicating in effect, but in a much more rapid and excessive degree than alcohol. For over fifty years it had been recommended by medical men for inhalation in certain diseases of the lungs; and from individual cases where it had been used in this way, it was known that a certain amount of intoxicating effect would be produced. Reasoning on the fact which had been before experimented upon, that alcohol would produce a suspension of personal suffering, and the similarity of effect known to be caused by the inhalation of ether, Mr. Wells determined to try if it would sup-

ply the deficiency. This was the sixth, and the step which has left us at our present state of knowledge.

But although much was anticipated by him from the ether, he did not consider it wholly satisfactory, for he ultimately returned to the use of his first agent, the nitrous oxyd gas. During a visit made by him to Boston that same winter, he communicated his discovery to an old friend and partner, named Morton. On the sixteenth day of October, 1846, this same Morton made his appearance at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, and there, in the presence of a large number of surgeons and spectators, administered this ether to a man from whom was then removed a large tumor, without his having experienced the slightest pain. As from that day the surgeon has been able to gauge the amount of suffering he will inflict in any operation, as accurately as the corner-grocer can weigh out a pound of sugar; as narcotics, for three thousand years the sole champions against inflicted pain, unconditionally vacated the arena on the approach of the new-comer, it would seem the easiest thing in the world to tell the time of the discovery, and the name of the man who really conferred it.

Three men have stood before the world as claimants for the honor. Horace Wells for his acknowledged use of nitrous oxyd gas in 1844; William T. G. Morton upon the undisputed ground of his public exhibition in 1846; and lastly, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, who makes the positive personal assertions that he, in 1842, by the accident of inhaling an excessive amount of ether, made the discovery that it would produce a perfect insensibility, and that it was from his information, and at his instigation, that Morton performed the conclusive experiment at the hospital.

By priority of date, it is obvious that the credit should be awarded Dr. Jackson, provided it were perfectly proved, first, that he did discover in 1842 what he asserts, and, second, that he reduced what was at first but a theory to a certainty, by the test of actual experiment. But here is the dilemma. Nothing was heard of his discovery and claim, until subsequent to its verification by another, while out of his own mouth, it is proved that he never experimented upon what he considered so invaluable a discovery. Whether he induced another to experiment for him, is a simple question of veracity, in which the public have little interest; but as he kept his secret so well for four years, it is allowable to suppose that humanity might have been none the wiser at the end of forty.

Morton, who evidently considers the pen as mightier than the sword, and makes up by multiplicity of documents for weakness of proof, makes a direct denial that he ever received his information from Wells. Yet it is allowed that two years before his public appearance, he knew that Wells was experimenting with nitrous oxyd, and that



he conversed with him concerning it. Some corroborative testimony is evidently needed to show when he formed and experimented upon the theory. The claim of Horace Wells rests upon testimony showing, that from 1844 to 1846, he used both ether and nitrous oxyd gas, to produce anæsthesia; upon testimony showing that he communicated his knowledge directly to Morton, and probably indirectly to Jackson. Could more be required to establish any demand? Should not this grain of truth, picked from the bushel of chaff with which the antagonism of others has enveloped it, be sufficient, under the benign influences of honest investigation, to produce a harvest of honor to the memory of that man, who died unnoticed and unrewarded, after bestowing one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on suffering man?

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W O L F E .

ENGLAND has in holy keeping centuries of hero dust,  
 Glory's turf is ever heaping, crowning it with shrine and bust;  
 And no nobler dead, bequeathed her by her fields of crimson wreck,  
 Guards she, than the son who wreathed her with the chaplet of Quebec.

On the heights above St. Lawrence streams St. GEORGE's flag to-day,  
 O'er the land of lakes and torrents, dusky woods and mountains gray:  
 Where the snowy-seamed sierra feeds Mackenzie's affluent rills;  
 Where the ice-bergs clash together, startling all the Arctic hills;

Where the pine-tree moans and shivers beside misty Frazer's shore;  
 Where the boreal heaven quivers spectral lights o'er Labrador.  
 Swift the tide of occupation sweeps along the iron rail,  
 And the commerce of a nation fills with lusty winds its sail.

Races, now no more impinging, gather in the land's increase,  
 'Mid ten thousand harvests fringing margins of the inland seas.  
 Creed no barrier here imposes, to incloud the questioning soul;  
 Law each civil right incloses with an all-sufficient mole.

The gray East gleams cold and palely; chaunts the North his hoarsest psalm;  
 And the Briton beats reveille o'er thy pointed dust, *MONTCALM*!  
 But thy worth thy fate transcending, tells the shaft that marks thy fall;  
 And chivalry with conquest blending, Albion shares the day with Gaul.

In that charnel minster hoary, thick with mural tablets set,  
 Where with time-augmented glory *SHAKESPEARE* palls *PLANTAGENET*;  
 'Mid the noble dead bequeathed her by her fields of crimson wreck,  
 England claims the son who wreathed her with the chaplet of Quebec.

## 'EDWARD EVERETT WRITES FOR BONNER.'

Our friends the ancient Greeks — on the whole a judicious and respectable people — were strongly of the opinion that honorable interment was the happiest lot of mortals — *καλῶς καὶ μεγαλυπρεπῶς ταφῆναι*, as Plato has it. Hence, when they had 'done for' an outside barbarian, they always buried, with profound respect, his fortunate remains; and though Young Hopeful might break the paternal heart by his wild behavior, he always took good care to save papa's corse from the devouring dogs and raging vultures; to put an obolus into its mouth; to mask it and perfume it and crown it with flowers, and dress it splendidly; to furnish it with a moderate supply of honey-cake, and bury it or burn it as soon as possible — haste in such matters being pleasing to the defunct, and no doubt agreeable to survivors. After a dead Grecian was well buried, his tomb remained the inviolable property of the family, selling the family vault not having at that time come into fashion. On the contrary, the greatest care was taken of the sacred spot, and it was kept well furnished with milk, honey, water, olives, wine, and flowers. And whoever wishes to know further of these interesting matters may consult Stackleberg's *Die Gräber der Hellenen* — a book which we never saw and never want to see, but of which, in our opinion, a fine copy should be at once presented to Mr. John A. Washington. *He* evidently knows now the market value of bones; and has only taken scant care of his illustrious kinsman's remains, because he could not foresee their present importance. Had he but known to what a prodigious market he would in time fetch them, he might at least have taken as much care of them as an amateur of horses takes of the door which guards his stable. As it is, when the tomb is delivered to the Mount Vernon Association, we think that Mr. John A. Washington should warrant and defend a perfect and entire skeleton. If we contribute to the purchase, we desire to be assured that the tomb, while in the custody of Mr. John, has not been violated; that some enterprising Yankee has not carried off the revered *tibia* of *Pater Patriæ*, or is not now in possession of his false teeth. We should deal with Mr. Washington as we would deal with any other curiosity man, and demand guaranty that we got what we bargained for. Do n't talk to us of the inviolability of the tomb! Well do we remember to have seen in the custody of a showman, who hung upon the heels of a perambulatory menagerie, certain mummies which might have been those of Memnon or Pharaoh, for most of the nobility of Egypt has, thanks to the reverent Belzoni, been carted about Europe, or found repose only in Museums. Cobbett caused Tom Paine's bones to be made into buttons, and wore them upon festive



occasions. Not many years ago Milton's hair, cut from his '*caput mortuum*' was quite a drug in the curiosity-market of London. Leigh Hunt came into possession of a lock, and of course constructed a sonnet upon the capillary treasure, it being his wont to write fourteen lines upon every interesting object or occasion. Every body remembers the beautiful package of bones from Themopylæ presented to Sir Walter Scott by my Lord Byron. Only a few months ago some body carried off half a yard of Pizzaro's shroud, and presented the same with a long epistle to the Michigan Historical Society, in the collection of which the pleasing cloth is now preserved, until some other enterprising thief again 'prigs' it. No wonder the talented Shakspeare left a special d — inscribed upon his monument against any one who should 'bone' his bones. If the trade which Mr. John A. Washington, as a humble follower of Mr. Crook, has revived — Mr. Crook who had sacks of fine ladies' hair in his warehouse — is to flourish, we must act cautiously, for all manner of Jewry will be in the market, with a glut of celebrated skeletons, until the heroic bones of the age will become merchandise as dubious as Mr. Barnum's mastodons and megatheriums. We do not want any medullary humbug. The bones, all the bones, and nothing but the bones! If we cannot buy safely a barrel of beef or beer or flour without inspection, are we to grow careless when we come to sepulchres? We do not say that Mr. John A. Washington has been secretly in the market before. But *caveat emptor* is a good rule. And as other distinguished mausoleums, with their pious and precious contents, will soon be offered, and as the rendition of the commander-in-chief may be followed by the rendition of all manner of brigadiers, colonels, majors, and corporals, and as thus the whole thing may become a regular traffic, we must have inspectors, since it would not be at all impossible for some Yankee to be offering the skeleton of Ethan Allen in Georgia and some other Yankee to be offering the skeleton of Ethan Allen Number Two in New-York.

There are those who are inconsiderate or unkind enough to blame Mr. John A. Washington for the part which he has taken in this little transaction, and he is unthinkingly or captiously blamed for embarking in such a business. But Mr. Washington, as Mr. Everett informs us, is exceedingly poor. If he were able, he would keep the bones and the acres and the mansion. But he is very much in the condition of the spendthrift who with many tears 'spouts' the locket containing his mother's hair, and who blubbers over the beef and beer which he is thus enabled to purchase. We should pity Mr. John A. Washington very much indeed — we pity him just a little now — if we had ever heard that by honest effort, by good manly digging, or in any earnest way he was trying to keep the family bones in the family.

Perhaps we have no very extraordinary respect for our ancestors, especially as we do not precisely know who they were; but if we did know never so well, and had all their bones in a hogshead, and bones had 'riz,' and we were in a condition of indurated loftiness, (*Angl.* 'hard up,') we do not think that we should be in the market. We have been offered twenty-five cents, by a peripatetic furniture-dealer, for our grand-mother's arm-chair, and have spurned the bribe. But if absolutely obliged to sell, we would prove our love and respect for the old lady—who was a generous and honorable soul—by letting the venerable seat go at a fair price. It seems to us—we say it with all due respect for one who has great blood in his veins—but it really seems to us that Mr. John A. Washington is a little too sharp. The bones, considered as bones, belong just as much to the nation as they belong to him, although he unfortunately has possession. The house is his house, and the land is his land. If he cannot afford to keep either—and we are told that he cannot—we do not see why he should not sell both at their market value. The name of Washington, which gives a factitious value to this property, is already the property of the nation, and why should the nation be compelled to purchase what is already its own, and that too at an exorbitant price? The question, it seems to us, is not of what the nation would be willing to pay, for to that there could be no limit; but of what in equity Mr. Washington should ask? He is not precisely in the position to play the romantic, or the tender, or the pious. Once having made up his mind to sell, he should sell upon reasonable terms. Other men in the same position in which he is, quite as poor, and even poorer, would have felt a glow of generous enthusiasm; would have rejoiced in the opportunity of making some sacrifice; would have fixed a moderate price, and would then have abated something, as their contribution to the national ovation. Not so Mr. John A. Washington. He higgles for sixpences, and will not bate jot or tittle of the cash agreed upon. Perhaps he puts a high value upon the agonies which will wring his manly bosom when, with a bleeding heart and a full pocket, he parts with the ancestral acres. He may at some future period intend to dilate with the most expensive emotions—particularly if he is obliged to throw in any cocked-hats, old regimentals, and rusty swords—but at present he seems to be in a singularly stolid frame of mind.

Just now, nobody seems to be particularly rapturous, save Mr. Robert Bonner, whose name, we suppose, is in some wise the comparative of *bonus*, and who is evidently familiar with the cabalistic phrase of 'going it better,' sometimes used in Temples of Fortune, when the fascinating game of 'brag' is upon the green cloth. If any body had told Mr. Robert Bonner, only a little while ago, that in addition to Mr. Cobb



he would procure as a contributor to *The Ledger* the Hon. Edward Everett, late Professor of Greek in Harvard University, late Pastor of the Brattle-street Church in Boston, late Secretary of State, late Minister to England, late United States Senator, late Governor of Massachusetts, and late editor of *The North-American Review*, Mr. Bonner, albeit of a hopeful nature, would have smiled with incredulity. 'Tis a curious concatenation of events which has introduced the cold and unimpassioned Everett to the romantic pages of that wonderful sheet, or rather to those wonderful sheets, within which he is now safely tucked, with such company as no Greek Professor ever kept before: with 'Parsons turned Pirates,' with 'Max of the Bloody Hand,' or 'Tom of the Ensanguined Nose,' or 'Bill of the Fractured Cranium,' or 'The Pirate's Mistress,' or 'The Miser's Oath,' or 'The Hour of Doom.'

We do not mean to say that Mr. Cobb's romances are not exceedingly good, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, thrilling. Our knowledge of them is confined, we confess, principally to the wooden illustrations; and we can lay our hand upon the proper side of our waistcoat, and honestly declare, that those works of art *are* thrilling to a degree. But notwithstanding Mr. Bonner may publish fifty thousand columns of cards, proving to his own satisfaction that it is perfectly natural for Mr. Everett to 'write for Bonner;' yet every body who knows any thing about the matter, knows that Mr. Everett was never in *such* company before. We do not mean to say that it is not good company — excellent company, of the kind — but not such company as Mr. Everett has been in the habit of keeping. Suppose that Lord Palmerston, for the benefit of the Ragged Schools, should agree to write romances for the Hollywell-street dealers. Suppose Lord John Russell, for the benefit of the one-legged Crimean heroes, should become a regular contributor to the *London Dispatch*. Would there not be 'a precious row' in literary and fashionable circles? We know that Mr. Bonner has spared no expense in expressing his indignation that people and newspapers should make 'odorous' comparisons. But Mr. Bonner's wrath would not alter the fact, and will only silence those newspapers in which Mr. Bonner advertises. When this announcement was made, why did people laugh, and sneer, and gape with incredulity? Was it because Mr. Everett had become a contributor to a newspaper? Mr. Everett has for years been an occasional contributor to newspapers, and nobody laughed. Mr. Everett has for years occasionally contributed to periodicals, and nobody laughed. What did the merry ones laugh at? Mr. Bonner may not know; but others are wiser. It was, in spite of its immense circulation, and in spite of his furious protestations, *The Ledger* is not a paper in which people expected to meet Mr. Everett, the orator, the scholar, and the essayist. If they had expected it, they would not have laughed. It

would be very absurd to say that some respectable people do not write for Bonner; but they are not people of Mr. Everett's class. Otherwise, nobody would have laughed, and nobody would have wondered.

It is not to be supposed, of course, that Mr. Everett will emulate Mr. Cobb. What he writes 'for Bonner' will be characterized by good taste, good sense, and good scholarship. But the main question is, whether Mr. Everett's contributions will be particularly pleasing to Mr. Bonner's subscribers. We wish to do this large and highly respectable class no injustice. We can only say, that if they relish the pabulum heretofore set before them, we do not well see how they can relish Mr. Everett, who may be incapable of writing them up to his standard, and who is equally incapable of writing himself down to theirs. And if the ex-Senator and ex-Minister should bore the Bonnerians, as possibly he may, they will quietly transfer their subscriptions to some other paper, and may leave the enterprising Bonner out of pocket by the operation. What will Mr. Everett do then? Will he write Mount Vernon papers for Smith Brothers? Will he write Mount Vernon papers for Dr. Brandreth? Will he write Mount Vernon papers for Knox the hatter? And will not the end justify the means? May he not make 'his first appearance upon any stage' at some of the minor theatres? Agree to play 'Macbeth,' or sing the rôle of Fernando, in *La Favorita*?

The rescue of Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington from their present possessor, is a pretty serious business. It should have been done long ago, by the Government. Failing the Government, it should have been done by the spontaneous and dignified contributions of the people. Failing these, it will be done in a way far beneath the sublime purpose, and will be, we fear, forever mixed up with reminiscences of meanness and traditions of charlatanry. In saying this, we would not be understood to reflect upon the generous and noble efforts of our American women. There was a great work to do; and if we have left that work to our matrons and our virgins, perhaps it does not become us to be too critical concerning the means, ways, and method. We shall be proud to see the labor nobly consummated, and especially proud to find it accomplished by our fairest and most virtuous.

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ON A MERRY FELLOW.

'I LAUGH,' a would-be-sapient cried,  
'At every one who laughs at me.'  
'Good LORD!' a sneering friend replied,  
'How very merry you must be.'



## A QUIET PICTURE.

The shifting shadows lay  
In changing quaintness on the bare white floor,  
Creeping in softly through the open door,  
In a still, drowsy way,  
Coming through mazes of the ivy-vines  
That fall in shapeless masses from the pines.

The fire-light gay and bright,  
With cheery blushes for its ruddy charms,  
Steals trembling from the old hearth's huge black arms,  
Where, in their own rich light,  
The giant logs in splendor fall away  
In glowing shapes among the ashes gray.

The baby on the floor,  
With tiny hands closed o'er her pearly toes,  
Watches the fire-blaze as it comes and goes,  
And wonders more and more  
Whence comes the red light on the snowy feet,  
And strives to catch it in her fingers sweet.

The happy mother sits  
With folded hands, her weary work all done,  
With the last smiling of the harvest sun ;  
And lists, her eyes love-lit,  
To the low prattle of her eldest born,  
Whose cheek is dewy as the early morn.

In homespun garb of gray,  
The father sitting by the window wide  
Unfolds his paper with an honest pride ;  
And, in his homely way,  
Reads of the pomp of state — its wealth and art —  
With scarce one envious longing in his heart.

Upon the lowly steps  
The grandame watches for the coming moon,  
While murmurs of some half-remembered tune  
Drop from her faded lips ;  
She dreams again of olden days more fair,  
Nor marks the shadows flitting o'er her hair.

O baby, glad with play !  
O mother, knowing not the heart's recoil !  
O father, wearied only by your toil !  
O grandame, old and gray !  
Would that the quiet of your day's decline  
Might hush the throbbing of this life of mine !

## THE GREAT BATTLE OF GABRIEL.

FROM hawking his wares through highways, and from house to house, Gabriel Benjamin at last found himself in a condition where he could choose in regard to his manner of dealing with the public.

He had been twenty years in business, and was still hardly thirty years of age when he retired to his chosen ground behind shop-doors, shop-windows, and a counter. His name went down in the directory, and up among the signs—he was a fact among pawnbrokers.

To this end he had lived; and if just here he had dropped into the oblivion of death, some body might have said of him, with 'perfect truth, as men say of each other, on variety's various occasions, 'he has made his mark.' In that he survived the triumph of that installation among silversmiths and brokers, I am here the recorder of struggles far more desperate than a starving body's frantic fight for bread.

Gabriel had scuffled, manœuvred, and worried to keep the vital spark alive, during his first half-score of years, struggling like a madman to preserve that only treasure of which he stood possessed. He struggled without reason. No one had told him of the 'river whose waters make glad the city of our God;' he shrunk instinctively from the mute darkness of death: that is the most to be said of the circumstance of his first ten years.

Some person at length taking compassion on the boy, set him up in business—a little tin box supplied with a dozen brass thimbles, a dozen German silver ditto, several dozen pewter rings, a small assortment of needles, pins, and tapes—with these things he was put in motion, and he kept to the business with perseverance, as his only chance of life.

The inhabitants of certain localities learned at length to look for his appearing as they looked for the birds of spring. Gabriel became the pet of dealers who sold to him—he was profitable to them; and women and girls, his customers, paid a compliment to his beauty, in its extraordinary type—he was an unmitigated Jew—and to his taste in choice of goods: they seldom failed in wants, and their confidence in the taste of Gabriel was unvarying and unusual.

The lad having grown up so at random, had a certain advantage in the obscurity of his parentage. No taint or stain he may have inherited could possibly be laid to his charge. The world was not more oblivious of the lost tribes, than of his father and his mother. He, and he only, stood for himself responsible. The dreary condemnation, 'His father was so before him,' 'what more can you expect?' was never to dishearten Gabriel, who had surely shadows enough of his own casting, without an added gloom from the lives of others. He



alone, then, of all the world, knew his ground, position, and prospects. No faster than he chose, could his career be known. He was bound in no direction by the discovered and the familiar.

The manners of the youth were insinuating, perhaps obsequious, certainly full of conciliation: his voice had all this in its tones; he could make his way without a prize-fighter's certificate. His profile and his character were true to the ancient people. Usually he was fair and just in his dealings; but he had that quality of mind which enabled him to see at once through any scheme that affected his interests; and sometimes he allowed his customer success in a design where veracity and disinterestedness were compromised; but Gabriel seldom suffered loss by such allowance. He had learned tricks in the highways and hedges.

It ought not to be esteemed strange by any reader, of whatever class or habit, that Gabriel's liberty of conscience was exceedingly broad; that he should actually come to hold that the clear profit made out of nothing, was to him as honorable gain as the moderate per centage received on ordinary sales. His notions of right and wrong in these matters, had sprung out of his experiences. He had not studied in his babyhood the gilded letters of the Golden Rule. Many a time this youth had gone hungry to bed, after a day of ill-paid foot and brain-work. He could make more money sometimes by a trick than by open dealing. Money stood for clothes and bread. Was he to blame, if his conscience worked awry, or would not work at all? He had only himself to live for, and he hated poverty, though it seemed to be his native element. For our human nature's sake, I will ask here—let him that can answer—What were the foregoing circumstances of that culprit, who heard ONE saying to him on the great day of the Ages, when, may be for the first time, conscience spoke to him with an intelligible voice: 'To-day shalt thou be with ME in Paradise'?

Gabriel loathed the coarse dress, and the coarse food and mean lodging. He wanted more than any thing, comfort, order, cleanliness. His personal cleanliness, the orderly manner in which his goods were kept, the character of the goods when he was at length enabled to exercise a choice in their selection, the perfumes with which he illustrated and embellished himself on Saturdays, his contemplations in the neighborhood of flourishing establishments, public or private, betrayed him to others, and himself. With these strong tastes and tendencies, and a moral sense that was apparently dormant, could you expect of him high-toned integrity of action?

Gabriel had no vicious tastes, that made themselves manifest in rioting or drunkenness. Not the steam of restaurants, nor the tempting displays in the windows of confectioners, won a half-pence from

him, or a sigh, or a longing look. He could have lived on eggs and bread and cheese, the whole year round. Except in this business of trading, he allowed himself no license. To all the ordinary requirements of his people, he gave such heed as a true son should do.

Though I say he had prospered in his business, no one will infer, that when Gabriel Benjamin entered his shop as the proprietor of whatever was found therein, he was a man of wealth. So far from that, in the rent of the room, in his goods and furniture, he had expended all his earnings, and whether he was to live any longer, he said to himself in solemn conference, depended on himself first, and secondly on his customers.

He was barely settled in these quarters, when the block of handsome buildings in which he had ventured to rent that single room, with its handsome fixtures, doors, and windows, was burnt to the ground, and with the much of others, his mite was lost beyond recovery.

But Gabriel had quitted the highway forever. So he decided, when he considered his misfortune. He must still have a pawnbroker's shop. Little mention was made of Gabriel in the statement of losses, and comment thereon; but few men were greater sufferers, or bore up more courageously. From the survey of desolation, where yesterday so much beauty and pride had been, he went down into the street, whose odors and sights and sounds were loathsome to him; and there he opened his pawnbroker's shop, resolved that he would not starve on a meal a week, if that was all his income would afford.

Soon he began to traffic in small wares again; and by his percentage and the sale of such goods as were not redeemed at their appointed time, he was able gradually to enlarge his stock.

He could accommodate himself to circumstances, he informed the girls and women who had lately seen him in his fine establishment. They believed him when he said it, and encouraged him with their free-spoken words; then he would smile upon them: he never complained—he was too proud, perhaps; but surely too expectant. Thus he sailed through storms, with an oar in his right hand.

One rainy evening at a late hour, when about to close the shop and retire to his bed under the counter, Gabriel heard a voice in the street saying, 'Open—quick!' and at the same moment there was an attempt to lift the latch of his door; but it was already barred.

'Who's there?' asked Gabriel, before he removed the bar.

'Open, and you'll see!' replied a voice; and forthwith the pawnbroker answered the demand. He had heard like tones in voices before now, and there was something in the man that refused to hear them coldly.

'Clear your shop,' said the stranger the instant he stood before Gabriel. 'I want to see you alone.'



Gabriel assured the gentleman it would be impossible for him to be more alone. Whereupon he said, doubting: 'Sure?'

'Take the lamp, and look about,' was the reply Gabriel deigned to give; and he held the lamp toward the stranger, a young, fair-haired, handsome lad, foppishly dressed and foolishly disposed, by the unvarying indications.

Instead of taking the lamp, the stranger sat down by the stove and warmed his hands. Gabriel remained standing, deferring all curiosity to the will of the stranger. He had never before such a customer, if this person really came on any business-errand.

'I want to effect a loan,' the youth began. He smiled as he spoke, apparently at himself, and his language: 'You're a pawnbroker. You're Benjamin, I believe?'

'Yes.'

'Gabriel Benjamin?'

'The same.'

'An honest fellow, they tell me.'

'So, so.'

'Ah! that's all? I like that, any how. You won't cheat me of more than half.'

'What may you please to want?'

'Just so. But what is your deuced hurry? This fire is very comfortable. It warms me.'

'It is growing late, Sir. I shut my shop at this hour.'

'Shut it, then, by all means. The closer the better. I shall know I am safe in here, if that bar is put up again. If I could sit here all night, I should rest better than — than I do every night.'

'You can sit awhile, and rest, Sir. As you say, I'll shut the shop.'

'Yes, do,' said the young man, and he drew his chair nearer the little stove, with its handful of red coals, and shook as if chilled through and through.

'You are a pawnbroker,' said he, when, Gabriel's work being done, he came and sat down also by the stove.

'That's my business, Sir,' said Gabriel; and he looked around the shop, on its well-filled shelves, with a very different expression from that with which the stranger had just made a like observation.

'My name is Staupitz, Philip Staupitz. I have a watch here. It cost a small fortune. You must let me have five hundred dollars on it: it's worth four times as much. You see these diamonds: they are pure. I want the money for to-morrow. I must have it, Benjamin, or I'm ruined. Ruined! I believe I'm that already; but I want to keep my self-respect a little longer, if that's possible. There's no use talking. What can you do for me, Benjamin?'

Gabriel had been examining the watch, while Staupitz, as the man

called himself, talked on. He had satisfied himself that the diamonds were pure, and of great value: his dealings with men enabled him to decide to his own satisfaction in respect to this stranger. He could trust him, and his story.

Hitherto he had not been patronized by men of precisely his stamp and evident standing. It would certainly be to his interest to find favor with such customers—always in difficulty, always in need of help.

Gabriel, therefore, after a little hesitation, named the rate of percentage required for the money. The offer he made was so fair and honorable, that Staupitz was surprised, and silly enough to say: 'I thought you were a Jew.'

'You thought well,' was the answer.

'I congratulate the tribes, then, the whole twelve, wherever they may be. Let me see the five hundred dollars you'll lend me till to-morrow, for I think I must be off.'

'Stay where you are to-night,' said Gabriel. 'You had better. If you go out, you will lose your money.'

'None of that,' answered the young man haughtily.

Gabriel, content with having spoken his warning, went behind the counter, and looked into the box where he kept his money. He knew to a fraction the sum of the treasure now on hand; but nevertheless seemed to express surprise at the result of his investigation. When he returned to the stove, it was not with the air of a man who expects to be robbed; there was naturally nothing sly and stealthy in his movements; had there been, it must have now appeared, when he closed the lid of his strong-box on the ten dollars which he meant to retain.

The gold pieces were given into the hands of the young man, who counted them.

'What do you mean?' he asked, before the counting was half done.

'There are two hundred dollars,' answered Gabriel.

'Two hundred! I said five.'

'It's all I have to-night.'

'Nonsense: do n't try to make me believe it.'

Gabriel bowed, and extended his right hand: he would take back the money, and the stranger might look further.

But the young man was in no haste. He believed evidently in the art of persuasion; and his need was so urgent, that he tried it on Gabriel. But the Jew answered: 'I have told you truth. To save my life, I could n't help you more than two hundred dollars' worth to-night.'

'It's a drop in the bucket. Five hundred would be; but five hundred might answer.'

The Jew seemed impatient; but he sat down by the stove without



expressing his real thought. And there they remained five minutes in silence.

Then Staupitz rose up.

'Benjamin,' said he, 'I almost believe you.'

'Those who know me go further,' was the answer. 'It's getting late, Sir. Do you want those two hundred?'

'Gabriel, say five,' entreated the young man.

Gabriel was startled: the faltering voice of this stranger, his evident and increasing distress appealed to him. He said: 'I've told you the truth. What can I do? . . . (he paused.) I can try and borrow three hundred, if *your* credit is gone. Shall I try?'

'Yes, yes! Can't you see that every thing's at stake with me? The fact is, I've just two hours; and I've got to make up my mind whether I'll live or die before they're up. Go and borrow the money, if you're a Christian.'

The Jew looked at Staupitz with a strange smile.

'Wait here,' said he. And he left the young man alone, with instructions that he should bar the door after him, and not think it strange if he were gone more than a minute.

Ten minutes indeed elapsed — fifteen — before he came back.

'I managed it,' said he, before Staupitz could ask the question. 'You will have to pay a good per centage to cover my risk.'

'Any thing,' was the quick response. 'You've saved my life this time; you ought to sleep well. Get out your papers, and I won't bother you any longer.'

The money was again counted; then the account-book was brought out, the entry made, the receipts given, the engagement signed.

As soon as Staupitz had transferred the watch in its fine white leather case to Benjamin, he arose, shook out the folds of his cloak, wrapped it around him, and assuring Gabriel that he should hear from him next day, waited till he should unbar the door.

When he was gone, Gabriel sat down by the stove again. He did not disturb the watch in its case for the sake of one more glance at the splendor of the diamonds. He was not even calculating per centage. He was meditating on the case of the young man, and it was not difficult for him to fashion incidents to fit these points of the career which had come under his observation.

This, I said, was his first dealing with a man of station far above his own. But his power of observation was not here at fault. He was quite sure that the watch would not be called for on the morrow.

Gabriel went to bed in good spirits. The door that separated him from the higher walks of life was open; if the perfume streaming through lured him into a long dream, gay and fortunate according to his hope in days when he scorned to dream, what man will despise the

wild flower that puts on a richer tint of golden hue or purple, because a sun-beam falls upon it when a kind wind lifts the leaves?

Days passed on, a month of them, and, as Gabriel prophesied, the watch was still uncalled for.

The Jew was never idle, and was adding to the sources of his wealth by every ingenious device his fancy could suggest and his means make practicable. He had facilities for doing a jeweller's cheap work. With colored stones, lead seals, rings, brooches in his hands, he could turn out a fair show of 'superior articles,' such as pays the maker a hundred per cent, without inflicting criminal injustice on any party concerned.

One morning Gabriel bought a bag of brilliants, and through several succeeding days of stormy winter weather he was occupied in disposing, in various ways, of the showy paste. It occurred that day to him, while he sat singing over his work, to compare his diamonds with those precious stones in the watch of Staupitz, which was still unclaimed. But before he removed the watch from its case he calculated the interest due on the five hundred dollars in which the young man stood indebted to him; and, though he had often computed it, he was surprised now to ascertain the amount of his wealth. Elated as well as surprised, another kind of experiment suggested itself to him. His movements were now so rapid that a looker-on could have seen in them no trace of hesitation. His acts betrayed, no doubt, no disturbance; it seemed, and indeed was so, that the entire man was acting with one consent and to one purpose. What he did was this: removing from the watch a diamond, he replaced it by a brilliant, and no ordinary examination could expose the substitution.

He surveyed his work carefully when all was done—a little anxiously, it now appeared. Then, without pause in his activity, for his brain had all this while been working faster than his hands, he brought from his show-case an old ring, and removing the ruby, which was surrounded by a circle of jets, he reset the diamond. He worked so deftly that the work seemed almost to have been done by magic.

It was late in the evening when Gabriel Benjamin sat working thus; and at his toil, thus occupied, he did not look like a villain.

This work he did, will not strike all with an equal strangeness. It needs no apology! He was making an experiment merely. So he said to himself, and it must be here repeated for him. He was thinking of his neighbor, the lapidary, concerning whose skill he had, on important occasions, felt some doubt, and he wished fairly and finally to test it. In some transactions with this neighbor he believed he had been unjustly dealt by, and he wanted evidence—not for the sake of vengeance, or of judgment, but merely for the fair play of the future.



Gabriel was not vindictive : he had no disposition to over-reach ; yet, as was stated, he had learned some tricks in the highways and hedges.

He carried the ring next morning to his neighbor the lapidary, who examined it with considerable curiosity, and when Gabriel expressed his doubts as to the purity of the diamond, was not a little amused by the ignorance of the pawnbroker, and attested his own willingness to purchase the ring, naming a price that astonished Gabriel, that even made him hesitate.

The lapidary perceiving this, named a yet higher sum, and said that the diamond was worth to him precisely that, but not a farthing more. By this time Gabriel's surprise had given place to caution, perhaps some better principle. 'The ring is forfeited,' said he, 'but the owner set a high price on it ; and I promised myself to keep it as long as I could afford. If it is not called for within the month, you shall have it at the price you named.'

Without further words he went back to his shop, and the lapidary, much given to imaginations, wondered what might be the story of that antiquated ring, whose diamond he coveted.

Gabriel returned to his counter, and restoring the diamond and the ruby to their respective places, resumed his work in the gilding of pewter and lead, content, you would have thought, with the small line of his legitimate traffic. But not so ; a serpent had bitten him, and the poison was in his blood. He knew no remedy for such a poison ; he might have laughed at a warning, but his eyes betrayed the fever.

He began to look, with expectation that was void of desire, when he walked through crowded streets, but his eyes never fell on the face of Philip Staupitz. He overlooked newspaper items and all advertisements to find that name ; the list of deaths and marriages had one 'constant reader.' But the face and name of Staupitz, so far as he could discover, had passed utterly away from the remembrances of men.

Since the watch was left with Gabriel the country had been drained of its waifs, and a barren land, as by magic, populated — gold-digging, and all manner of speculation, being the sum of its industry. Doubtless, said Gabriel, he too was carried away, as by a flood. But he found it not quite easy to act on that conclusion. The watch, with its diamonds inviolate, was still in his hands.

But as, in quest of Staupitz, he now and then, at favorable moments, even at the risk of impairing his business by closed doors, walked in the most frequented streets, he was exposed to more than a human influence. The good neighborhood had, to his sensitive taste, uncontrolled attractions. Handsome shops with their fine display, made his seem mean and poor, and even worse, suspicious. Well-dressed people, pleasant sights for the eyes that preferred them, were to be seen

here in every direction. Place among these, custom of these, Gabriel Benjamin coveted.

And, to come back to Staupitz, as often in calculation Gabriel came back to him, since he was such a youth, and attached such value to his watch as he did, and yet failed in the promised return for his property's redemption — the prospect of his return from becoming less and less, dwindled to a mere shadow, and so of course, passed out of calculation.

Then the business of disposing of his property took a new form and aspect. Men amassed wealth by speculation, argued Gabriel; they ventured then, sometimes all they had, and often greatly more. Their capital was not always their own, they risked the estates of others, despised trusts, made light of obligations, defrauded, swindled, built grand mansions, and sustained the Church and the state, with an uncertain hand and an uncertain magnetism, sure only of the necessities of desperation; as ready to stand surety for the universe as for one man, in the audacity of their daring, if the universe would only take their note.

Gabriel proposed no such achievements. He would merely make use of the property in his hands, turn it to good account.

Thus he came to replace diamonds with brilliants, to astonish lapidaries, to rent new premises, and work on in a manner, under forms which his self-respect seemed to require.

In that he *hesitated* before he came to exhibition of his prosperity, Gabriel might have been a marvel to himself, as I am well persuaded he shall seem to some who look into these pages; for there is no one that believes in all the fair shows he meets. Accidental rubs will betray sometimes the substance that has been whitewashed most carefully; and let the heart be but intense enough, paint will blister and reveal what it was meant to cover.

During the summer succeeding his removal into the new shop, Gabriel married a young daughter of Israel, handsome, as any one who knew the pawnbroker might have foretold, for his eyes always felt first the power of that which could attract him, and then his heart; and he did not rest till he had won Rebecca. In this also he had calculated well. His business was now so prosperous, he was not afraid that any want or grief would befall those who should henceforth depend upon him. His strong-box was growing heavy with treasure, and to men of the Staupitz stand and associations he was no longer unknown. He carried about with him strange and important secrets, and never violated confidence; secrets imparted to him in the recklessness of danger, were sacred to the man. His patrons said, 'One honest Jew is in the world,' and he was a 'good fellow,' if you would believe them.



None could confide in him more entirely than his wife. And all their trust could never inspire him with half the pride he felt in hers. He had obtained a place and a position in which he could hardly believe, when he looked upon himself as such a woman's husband.

There is much sentiment expressed in print which is not received with reverence in these days. You will find any where dastardly young spirits, male and female, who not only disavow all faith in superior virtue, but who have sometimes succeeded well in laughing you out of all belief in at least their own humanity. For such readers no more tales of love can be written forever. Let them flourish on their husks, and do their proper works.

For them I do not point to this bright passage in the life of Gabriel, nor say how proud and rich he was in his young wife; how his thought was to please her; how cheerfully and diligently he labored, that all her days might be holidays, none for fast or mourning. Her approval was something finer and better than he had ever aspired after until he saw her, then could he for the first time understand such emotions and desires and deservings.

When he looked into the gallery on the Jews' sabbath-day from his pew on the floor below, he saw no face so beautiful as hers. She was home to him long before he ventured to imagine her seated in the same room, at the same table, by the same fire, with him. She had been in the habit of bringing embroideries and paper flowers to sell in his shop, she made it garden-like for gayety with her pretty goods. These business relations with her, as purchaser of her skilful labors, and counsellor in various devices for fancy goods, had continued for some time before he thought of any other. And when he did think of other relation, sordid calculation did not discolor or curtail the limits of the fine imagining.

They were married one bright, warm day in spring, and lived now in the building opposite the pawnbroker's shop.

The business of the watch had almost slipped out of the mind of Gabriel. Sometimes when recalling for his wife events of his early life, he would come to a point in the history to which she always liked to listen, and which she could never hear without wonder, so wonderful to her seemed the career of Gabriel; he would come to a point, I say, which he found it impossible to pass, and there he always stopped; and it pleased him to persuade her that indeed the climax of his story was with her — that he came to dry land from long voyaging when he saw her standing on the shore.

It pleased her to believe this. She loved Gabriel well enough to make it credible to her. And it so much moved her, that to fall short in any way of this his hope, or rather expectation, was beyond her will or power.

To their honor I record it. Much as Gabriel had seen of knavery, trickery, coarseness, falsehood, deviltry, in the world, he believed in his wife. Hard as her fate had been, the girl believed in Gabriel. She saw with pride how upright, how honorable he was, and the sort of confidence he had succeeded in establishing in the minds of those who dealt with him. But in the good opinion he had won of others, there was not perfect satisfaction in the estimate of Gabriel. There was one point of his history he would choose no man should know, but which all the world, rather than his Rebecca, should know.

When troubled, as sometimes he was, though less and less, and at longer intervals, he would say to himself that certainly the diamonds should in good time be restored all to their proper place. But the good time, the favorable season, when he could easily afford to withdraw from various investments sums sufficient for the restoration, became from delay exceedingly improbable of realization.

Children were added to our Gabriel's household, joys and cares; and there were unprospered years, as well as those in which fortune favored him. Gales that swept sea and land to the consternation of many and the ruin of some, left him not unaffected; there were years when the sun was chary of its enlivening influences, when disaster and confusion, disease and distress prevailed. Gabriel was a man among others, and often felt with others, that his feet were set in slippery places.

It became in short, with the passage of time, and with changing circumstances, less and less probable that the restitution the man had proposed would ever be made. As his children's years increased came a new ambition to him, as new to him as if in him for a first time the power and freedom of fatherhood were known on the earth. Feelings, emotions, aspirations, that animated the lives of ten thousand, thousand men, became as the breath of life to Gabriel.

It was long since he and happiness were strangers; and no duty could ever press upon him with the weight of his first acknowledged duty, when his wife and he became the acknowledged sum of all things to each other. The world is created once for every man.

Undisturbed the watch in its pure white case was lying, while Gabriel's fine black hair turned to an iron gray, while the things that are made were shaken.

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It is safe to say that Gabriel had quite forgotten the diamonds, and Master Staupitz, when Philip, gray and worn, one evening broke in haste upon the happy family circle in their pleasant parlor, within the unpromising brick walls opposite the pawnbroker's handsome shop.

A spirit from Hades could hardly have surprised, could hardly have shocked him more.



Pushing his way past the servant to the room from which the lamp-light streamed brightly, Staupitz laid his hand on Gabriel's shoulder and said, while his quick eyes took in the whole of the lovely circle, Rebecca's dignity, her daughter's fair girlhood, and the son's noble promise, he understood the signs of Gabriel's prosperity while he said: 'I have n't a minute to lose. I am on a journey. Have you kept the watch, or can I find it any where?'

'You are late,' said Benjamin briefly.

'Too late?' and a look of sharp anguish flashed from the eyes of Staupitz.

'No,' said Benjamin, rising quickly; he was not proof against that look; and he had confidence in his brilliants.

'Oh! then you have kept it!'

'Safe, and running from that hour to this.'

Gabriel had lighted his lantern while he spoke, and now he led the way from the house across the street, leaving behind him his admiring wife and children. From the strong-box in his shop he produced the watch.

'The very case!' exclaimed Staupitz, in a tone that any man could have understood for the excess of its surprise and delight. He laid the watch in his bosom, and secured it as a treasure precious beyond price — beyond the price of diamonds — then said: 'I have n't a minute to ask you how you are, or how you've prospered, but my eyes tell me. I am coming back, then you must tell me all your happy story, Gabriel, dear friend. The God of Abraham and of Isaac bless you, prince of brokers that you are!'

He took the hand of Gabriel, and shook it with a vehemence that brought tears to the pawnbroker's eyes, and then left him on the sidewalk to his own deductions.

'He looks prosperous,' thought Gabriel. 'Friend! he called me. If the brilliants — pooh!'

Not many days had passed when this Philip Staupitz returned to town to make his abode there; and a strange intimacy sprung up between the Christian and the Jew. What delight our friend had in it, was of a singular description. Staupitz, by his gratitude, his generous frankness, his genial conversation, fascinated Gabriel. He was flattered by the deference paid him by the gentleman whose unquestioned riches and position made his courtesy an honor and a benefit to any worldly man. All this was apparent, and apparent merely.

By degrees the manner and the measure of the confidence of Staupitz began to trouble Gabriel. Other men dealt with him as a Jew, used and abused him, inviting him to trickery by their expectation.

Other men openly despised him, not for the man's self, not for that by which he was responsible, but for the sake of that which surely never made Jewish Abraham or David to blush: his lineage.

Staupitz trusted him, loved him. There was no possibility of deception here; the trust and love were manifested in a hundred ways that went straight to the heart of Gabriel, and he began to understand the feeling of that illustrious man who wept for Jonathan.

By-and-by Gabriel began to be conscious of a sense of criminality that seemed to involve every crime forbidden in the decalogue. Then, at whatever hazard, at whatever cost, restitution should be made by him!

He could not bring himself, however, could not by any argument persuade himself to ask Staupitz for the watch. He was afraid to excite suspicion. He began to be oppressed by a dismal suspicion of suspicion, so that at length he could not by accident meet Staupitz without doubting the cheerful word that hailed him. In all their conference he was, to his own observation, a culprit on the eve of arrest. It was the friendly greeting and the trusting smile that pierced his heart and smote his honor to the dust. Though he risked his life, he must obtain the watch.

Yes, he robbed the owner—this time bravely robbed him. By night, like a common thief, he stood in the room of Staupitz; in the darkness he crept to his bed-side; from under the pillow of the sleeping man he took the watch and carried it off in safety.

And all that night sat in his shop at work, resetting the diamonds which, with care and pain, at great risk and heavy cost, he had chosen from hundreds for this purpose. Think how he must have worked! In what silence, with what breathlessness, what celerity! And the minutes and hours flew. He was working for more than life—for honor, wife, and children—for his Friend. When at last the work was completed, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and drew a breath that indicated his sense of vast relief.

Then he laid himself upon the counter and slept till break of day, as was his habit when any weighty business had kept him late at work. His wife could trust him there or any where.

And even as he expected, before noon next day Staupitz was in the shop—come to acquaint Benjamin with his loss, and to counsel with him as to the course they should pursue.

Gabriel smiled to hear him, and answered by presenting the watch in all its original integrity to the owner.

'Ask me no questions,' said he. 'It's yours. I recognized it at once. One word from me was enough to send the thief flying. And I let him go, for he was one of my own kind, and all Christians are not like you, Staupitz.'



'You may do as you will,' was the answer. 'For aught I know you could work miracles with my watch. It would seem to be your property by the way it comes into your hands. I shall never feel disturbed about it again. It will come to you, sure as it leaves me — and it shall, Gabriel! When your daughter marries I'll give it to her; I could n't do more, unless I gave her myself!'

And was Gabriel now at peace?

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ONE day his wife and children went with him to the woods to spend a summer afternoon. Was it the summer brightness, or his children's beauty, or Rebecca's loving trust, the delicious odors of the forest, the pure quiet, the recollections of his youth, or the strange solemnity of bird-song and flower-blooming in the splendid wilderness? What and which of these, so wrought upon the man that again and again he said to himself: 'This night Staupitz shall know all?'

There is a spirit bearing witness with our spirit.

Gabriel would not argue with himself; he had made restitution. Well, restitution went for nothing. The good will and the love of Staupitz had become so precious to him, better risk, oh! better far renounce it than retain it on the present ground! To retain, by virtue of the evil that gained it, was to be dishonest, and dishonored yet and forever. He did not wonder now whether from real ignorance or from noble forbearance Staupitz had been silent. He cared for no knowledge on these points, he cared but to confess.

Therefore at night he sought him; therefore with stern decision, waiving the signs of friendship, he said: 'Staupitz, about that watch?'

'Has the child then a lover? Must we think of her portion?' Ah! so the good friend interpreted that greeting!

'Nothing of that,' said Gabriel with gravity.

Then from beginning to end he told the story of the watch; and very manifest he made this fact in all the telling, that with fear and trembling Gabriel Benjamin had worked out his salvation.

With this question he closed: 'Now, Staupitz, on your honor, did you know of all this?'

'Yes, Gabriel.'

'And never gave a sign!'

'I trusted you!'

'You trusted me — who had robbed you!'

'I believed in you, who loved me.'

'Did you expect this hour?'

'Yes, I expected it; for you were Gabriel, I knew. And now I question you. Does your wife know of this, Gabriel?'

'My wife!' Gabriel seemed terrified.

'Shall you tell her, then?'

'Tell Rebecca, Staupitz?'

'What do you think, my noble friend?'

Gabriel looked up quickly. There was indeed no scorn in the voice that called him noble friend. None in the eyes whose gaze he met.

'My dear friend,' repeated Staupitz, 'what do you think about it?'

'I have been true to her as the sun is to the day.'

'It would be impossible for her to doubt it.'

'I never deceived her. She says I have been a blessing to her always. I should rob her of what she holds dearest, if I robbed her of trust in me.'

'Before HEAVEN! yes.'

'I cannot do it, Staupitz. I've done you justice, and myself. I cannot humiliate her pride in me — or destroy her love.'

'My brother,' answered the Christian, 'you would be a coward and a villain, if you could. But do you say you have discharged your debt to me? Not so — you owe me perpetual love as I owe you unceasing reverence.'

Then they walked arm in arm under the heavens, yea, whithersoever they would. And the love of Abraham's father, and of HIM who said, 'Before Abraham was I am,' shone from the central heavens to glorify their way. Jew and Christian, not caring to know whether it had been better to give or to receive, for before the eyes of each stood revealed the Perfect Man, and both knew to call HIM 'LOVE.'

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#### MOUNTAIN-TOPS.

ALL day the distant mountain-tops have worn  
A glory caught from the frank August sun,  
Steadfast, serene, unfading: all, save one  
Tall peak, o'er which a storm-cloud seems to mourn,  
Or oftener still, to threaten, as its torn  
And darkened depths, rent by the lightning-bolt,  
Gleam with a terrible glare on heath andholt,  
Piercing the mountain caves and dells forlorn:  
Why wreaks the storm its fury on this height  
Lonely and rugged, of sweet verdure bared?  
'T is that this haughty peak alone has dared  
To tower above its peers to grasp the sky!  
Clouds, and not garlands, gird the brow of Might,  
And barren is all bold supremacy.



## P O T O S I A N A .

THE ingenuity of many of the most pains-taking and most celebrated writers has been exercised in the computation of the wealth which Spain derived from her wonderful possessions on the continents of the two Americas. Ustariz, Moncada, Navarete, Raynal, Robertson, Necker, Gerboux, Humboldt have successively pored over the weary figures that express the awe-inspiring sum; and we are assured on authority which cannot be impugned, that the metallic wealth received by Spain from America, in the three hundred and eight years intervening between the first landing of Columbus on Guanahani and the commencement of the present century, scarcely fell short of six thousand millions of dollars! The amount is so gigantic, that the mind is utterly incapable of conceiving, much less of appreciating it. One million, the greatest of living English orators said the other day, is a sum too mighty for human intellect to grasp; but how much more inconceivable and intangible does the prodigy of figures become, when it is multiplied six thousand times!

And this immensity of riches was derived — whence? Whence flowed the streams of gold and silver which, united, formed so wonderful a tide? They rolled in a perpetual and ever-widening current from Mexico and New-Granada, from Chile and Peru; they flowed from the torrid islands of the West-Indian Ocean, and from the disjointed, straggling Isthmus which lies between the Continents; the vast ranges of the Cordilleras, probed and pierced and honey-combed with mines, yielded their treasures hidden hitherto from the beginning of the world; the course of sea-like rivers was troubled with eager search after their deposited sediment and particles and dust of gold; hapless nations became extinct in rapid following of life on death through their enforced and pitiless toil; cities were sacked, lands laid waste, peaceful tribes exterminated in the never-sated search; and so the cataract of wealth was fed, which seemed for a while to enhance, but shortly extinguished the greatness of the Spanish monarchy.

Although it may be said that there is no part of the ancient Spanish possessions in America from which gold and silver were not derived, yet there were certain centres around which the most abundant sources of wealth were grouped. Mexico and Peru were preëminently celebrated for their prodigious yield of silver and gold; and these two countries still maintain their preëminence, although the riches of their sister Republics have been developed, since their independence, to a greater extent than before. In that part of Peru which is now the Republic of Bolivia, that wonderful mountain exists the name of which has actually become a synonym for inexhaustible wealth, and which has

enriched ten generations of treasure-seekers with an almost incredible and quite inconceivable production of silver. The Cerro de Potosí, whether on account of its extraordinary riches, the wild romance of its history, or the character of its denizens, is most worthy of consideration among all the argentiferous localities of the New World.

Three hundred and fourteen years ago, the Cerro, or Mountain of Potosí, was a dreary and silent peak, towering in unvisited loneliness above the plains of interior Peru. No Spaniard, in all probability, had ever trodden its sides; Indian hunters only occasionally disturbed its quiet; the llama browsed securely upon the stunted shrubs which it supported, and the condor, watching from its mountain-walls, had no human enemy to dread. But in the year 1545, when the Spanish viceroy had completely exterminated the ancient civilization of the Incas, and had established in its place their own selfish and barbarous rule, an Indian peasant, named Diego Gualca, or, in the modern orthography, Hualca, passed by the Cerro de Potosí. Nearly a century before, (it was in 1462, or just thirty years before the discovery of America) Huayna-Capac, eleventh Inca of Peru, journeyed, as an ancient tradition preserved by his descendant, Garcilaso de la Vega, asserts, past the same mountain, on his way to the silver-mines of Porco, twenty one miles distant. The Inca conjectured from the appearance of the gigantic peak that it must contain argentiferous veins, and ordered some of his followers to make a closer survey: when an awful and supernatural voice issued from the mountain, warning the Inca to refrain from approaching its sides, and bidding him remember that its treasures were preserved for other possessors! So the Inca journeyed on past Potosí; and it was left for the obscure Hualca to make the discovery of its treasures.

Hualca was a native of Chumbivileas, near Cuzco, and was in the service of the mining corporation of Porco, which comprised at that time the most celebrated silver-mine in the Spanish possessions.

There are various accounts extant of the manner in which his accidental discovery was made; but an old Peruvian version, compiled on the spot during the last century, which appears to have escaped the attention of writers on this subject, seems to us most probably the least perverted. According to our mouldy history, Hualca was driving a string of llamas with loads of Indian corn to Porco, and paused on his way at the foot of the Cerro. Tempted by the sight of game within reach of his bow and arrows, he climbed the mountain, and wandered so far, that night overtook him while he tarried. It is also alleged, that he was led to ascend the mountain by the erratic disposition of one of his llamas, which strayed from the right path, and which he went to recover; but this was probably nothing more than Hualca's plausible excuse for his delay. However that might be, he was be-



nighted on the Cerro; and, to quote from a manuscript prepared on the spot some fifty years ago, 'he made a fire on the side of the mountain, and in the morning he perceived a quantity of silver that had melted and spread upon the surface of the ground.' Hualca made haste to secure the glittering lumps, and hastened homeward to Porco with a heavy secret in his breast. Thenceforward he was on the *qui vive* for errands that would render it necessary for him to pass by the lonely Cerro; and at length, the suspicions of a fellow-servant being awakened, he confided the secret to him. The treacherous Indian at once made it known to that fortunate soldier, Captain Juan Villarruel, who hastened to the Cerro to ascertain the truth of the statement, and was the first Spaniard who visited the mountain.

This gigantic peak, it may be well here to premise, exceeds by several hundred feet in elevation, the highest European mountain. Its summit is 15,981 feet above the level of the sea; and some writers even estimate its altitude as exceeding 16,000 feet, while that of the great Alpine wonder, Mont Blanc, is but 15,730; but neither the steepness of its slope, the barrenness of its neighborhood, nor the rarefaction of its atmosphere have prevented the establishment of a city upon its side, at an altitude of 13,265 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. The city of Potosí is built at an elevation which almost equals that of Mont Blanc, and which is more than twice as great as the height of Mount Washington in New-Hampshire. Nothing but the abundance of precious metal with which every fragment of the Peak is impregnated, could induce a single human being to make his dwelling-place of a locality so bleak and cheerless as this; but the mines, more potent to attract than all the advantages of soil and climate elsewhere, speedily caused the growth of a city containing upward of one hundred and fifty thousand souls.

For Captain Villarruel and his friend, the valiant Diego Centeno, quickly took possession of the Cerro. Ground was broken at once; the great vein was opened which is known to this day as the *Descubridora de Centeno*, or Centeno's Discovery Vein; and immense masses of silver were extracted. So soon as this was noised abroad, crowds of eager Indians and Spaniards flocked to the Peak. Three thousand one hundred and sixty-five inhabitants of the city of La Plata, seventy-five miles distant, founded a settlement on the mountain, upon which the Quichua name of Potocchi, or, in the Spanish pronunciation, Potosí, (silver-producer,) was bestowed. The first year of the mines was a sad and troublesome period. The wild struggles of Gonzalo Pizarro, of Francisco Cárabajal, and of other mutinous officers were maintained by means of plunder and extortion; and the miners of Potosí were repeatedly robbed by the ferocious belligerents, until, in 1547, order was partially restored by the defeat of Pizarro, who perished on the

scaffold in 1548. Seven thousand Indians were now at work in the mines, yielding their masters two mares of silver (sixteen Spanish ounces) per week. The defeat of Pizarro was followed by a *repartimiento*, or allotment of territory among the Spaniards who had remained loyal, when a part of Potosí became the property of Captain Diego Centeno, the conqueror of the rebel Cárabajal.

In 1563, Potosí was erected into a city, with full Cabildo and Ayuntamiento, or municipal officers, for which favor \$122,000 were paid into the royal treasury. Every year added to the productiveness of the mines, to the population of the town, and to the royal revenues. In the year 1556, the first taxes were imposed, when the usual fifth was levied; and in twenty-three subsequent years, the immense amount of \$9,802,257 was produced by this tax, representing a gross product of \$49,011,285. The newly-discovered treasure, indeed, soon exerted a perceptible influence on the manners of the mother-country as well as on those of the Peruvian Spaniards. Such a prodigious influx of wealth into a country until recently so poor, could not fail to work astonishing changes in the constitution of society and in the morals of the nation. Half-a-century before, Ferdinand the Catholic, to whom Columbus gave the two Americas, could beg his uncle, the Admiral of Castile, to 'stay to dinner, because we have got chicken!' and his Parliament, when he requested permission to import pepper and cinnamon from the East-Indies through Portugal, replied: 'We desire to be excused, for garlic is good spice!' One little half-century was sufficient to change this simple, temperate people into a race of sensualists, intoxicated with sudden prodigality of wealth: with inexhaustible silver-mines at command, and with millions of subject Indians to exploit them, the Spaniard speedily grew to look down upon honest handicraft with scornful disdain, and a love of extravagant display accompanied the ever-increasing distaste for labor.

But the expenditure which became general at home was altogether outdone by the wild extravagance with which new-gotten gains were lavished in the colonies. Public shows, *funciones*, the celebration of saints' days, were attended with almost incredible outlay by the miners of Potosí. Our history informs us that eight millions of reals (at thirteen and a half reals to the dollar) were expended in the rejoicings over the proclamation of Philip II. as King in 1556; and in 1559, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were spent in celebrating the obsequies of Charles V., '*por ser*,' as the chronicler naïvely adds, '*por ser entonces el valor de la libra de cera doce pesos*,' because the price of wax was at that time twelve dollars a pound! A mighty array of tapers must have been burnt in Potosí in honor of the memory of the abdicated and neglected monarch whose death was thus bemoaned.

But the wealth of the Cerro never appears more wonderful than



when we reflect upon the extraordinary wastefulness with which the mines were worked. For many years, nothing but the costly and imperfect smelting process was known; and the ore, dug from the interior of the mountain, was burned or smelted at the mouth of the mine, till a yield of a little more than half its silver was obtained. The rest was wasted.

In 1566, however, the Portuguese Enrique Garces accidentally discovered a quicksilver mine at Huancavelica, and a few years later Pedro Fernandez de Velasco introduced the method of extracting silver by amalgamation. The plan then adopted continues in use until the present day. The wasteful method of smelting the ores was at once abandoned, and grinding-mills were established. Artificial lakes or tanks were laboriously constructed on the Cerro itself, for the purpose of receiving rain-water, or collecting that of springs, to furnish the necessary 'privilege' for the amalgamation works. The great reservoir of San-Ildelfonso was formed in 1576, and cost, together with that of San Pedro, \$300,000, while five lesser ones were also built, at a cost of \$280,000. These reservoirs enabled the mills to be operated with advantage, and in 1577 there were one hundred and thirty-two at work near Potosí.

Before describing the method of operating, one word is necessary about the terrible *Mita* system, which enabled the mining proprietors to boast of their enormous incomes. In 1572, Don Francisco Toledo, the fifth Viceroy of Peru, visited Potosí, and established numerous regulations for its government. The modern Solon, as our admiring chronicler terms him, extended his visit over a great portion of his immense dominions, and calculated that there were, in the province of Peru, 1,660,697 male Indians between the ages of eighteen and fifty. These he divided into six hundred and fourteen classes or tribes, which he assigned, as property, to certain prominent Spaniards. This was the great *repartimiento* or allotment of Toledo; and the principle of serf-labor involved in the assignation was known as the *Mita* — a Quichuan term. The enslaved Indians were called *mitayos*.

An elaborate system of registration and superintendence enabled each of these *mitayos* to be called out once in seven years, at the least, to labor during a year for his master. He was sent to Potosí with his wife and children, taking with him mining implements, and all the necessities of domestic life; a sum equal to six cents was paid for every league of road between his home and the mines; and on his arrival, he was compelled to work for the weekly pay of twenty reals, or two dollars and a half. By law, a *mitayo* worked one week and rested two; but this arrangement was frequently infringed, and thousands of Indians, pitilessly over-tasked, perished in the dark, unwholesome galleries of the Cerro.

A very singular custom attended this forced labor, and out-last-ed even the Spanish dominion, as well as the *Mita* itself. It was the license first accorded to, and subsequently forcibly maintained by, the *cacchas*, *cacchas*, or freebooting miners. The men who, during the week, were accustomed duly to labor for their masters, entered the mines on their own account on Sundays, and extracted all the ore upon which they could lay their hands. Between Saturday night and Monday morning the Cerro was completely in the possession of these eager workers, who cared little for the havoc they made in the regular mining operations, so long as they secured their sacks of ore. The proprietors of these mines, and employers of the men who became *cacchas* (robbers) during the sacred thirty-six hours, endeavored in vain to put a stop to a practice so detrimental to their interests; the *cacchas*, who numbered in their strongest days at least five thousand determined men, resisted by force every attempt that was made to check their proceedings; nor did they decline in numbers, until a system to which they owed their existence was also broken up, and ceased to offer inducements which tempted to their outrages.

This system was that of the *rescatiris*, or *habilitadores* — a class of men for whose trade we have no English designation, save that perhaps of mining capitalists. This profession, of high respectability in theory, became in fact often degraded to the vilest purposes; it was a species of *Crédit Mobilier* for the Spanish mining territories; but exercised by individuals who too frequently were but the instigators of theft and receivers of stolen property, as well as extortionate in their regular dealings. In establishing the existence of *habilitadores*, it was the design of the colonial legislators to furnish *mineros* or mining proprietors with a source whence they could derive the capital necessary for the carrying on of their business, and the stores, at the same time, which were equally necessary. Thus a *minero* who contemplated the opening of a new mine, or the prosecution of labor in one already opened, found it to his advantage to contract with an *habilitador* for the supply of such capital as he needed, agreeing to make payment at a specified rate in the metal to be extracted from the mine. The capital advanced seldom took the form of money, but consisted in the varied articles necessary either for the support of the laborers or for the working of the mine. Gunpowder, implements of iron and steel, beans, flour, tobacco, spirits, clothing, and similar articles formed the usual advances; and as a matter of course, a handsome profit was charged by the *habilitador* over and above the cost of the articles to himself. But the *Ordenanza de Minería*, or Code of Mining Laws, established a regulation that interfered sadly with the gains of the capitalists. According to the Code, if a *minero*, after receiving an advance, should be unsuccessful in his venture, the loss arising from the



transaction could fall only on the *habilitador*, who was unable to recover the amount advanced, and could claim from the borrower no greater amount than he could demonstrate as having been produced by the capital advanced.

The *habilitadores*, called *rescatiris* in Peru, (an Indian corruption of the term *rescatadores*, purchasers,) adopted many means of indemnifying themselves for the losses to which they were exposed by this clause in the *Ordenanza*. It was they who encouraged the depredations of the *cacehas*, by purchasing of them the ores which they abstracted during the Sabbath day's labor; and vast fortunes were commonly made by these men during the period in which they flourished. The system, is still, indeed, maintained in Chile and Peru, though it is far from equalling the extent or importance of former days, as mining associations and the vastly increased facilities for obtaining merchandise, have obviated the necessity for their existence.

Having glanced at the method by which mining proprietors were enabled to commence and continue the workings of their mines, we may pass on to a brief review of the process by which silver was extracted. It has already been stated, that until the discovery of quicksilver at Huancavelica in 1566, the only method of separating the metal from the ore in which it lay imbedded, was by the rude process of roasting at the mouth of the mine. By this practice, fifty per cent of the silver was not unfrequently wasted; but the astonishing richness of the ores was sufficient to render the remainder an ample compensation to the *minero* for his outlay. As the veins were pursued inward, however, their productiveness gradually diminished, and it became more and more difficult to extract from the rocky matrix the filaments of silver which permeated them; so that the discovery of mercury, as rendering the process of amalgamation possible, was hailed with delight by every *minero*. Vast quantities of quicksilver were immediately employed in amalgamation-works as well at Potosi as in other parts of the Spanish dominions in America; so that, although the supply seemed inexhaustible, the price was raised to an exorbitant amount. The less wealthy amalgamators were paralyzed by the rapid advance in price of a commodity indispensable in their operations; and the Government at length resolved upon establishing the much-discussed monopoly of quicksilver (*Estanco de azogue*) which was so long impugned as a direct injury to the mining proprietors, while, on the contrary, it was undoubtedly an arrangement most beneficial to that class. The regulations on the subject placed the control of all the quicksilver that was obtained in the hands of the *Tribunal de mineria*, which was empowered to lend each proprietor of a mine or of an amalgamating-mill a certain quantity of the article, payment for which was not required until his labors had become productive. The terms of payment were

indeed most favorable. At the end of every year officers of the *Tribunal* took an account of the stock of quicksilver in the hands of each recipient, and compared it with the amount that had been issued to him; and he was then called upon to pay—not for the total he had drawn, but for the amount he had actually used or lost during the year. Whatever, besides, might be the scarcity, or however high the cost of quicksilver to the Treasury, it was always issued at the unvarying price of fifty dollars per quintal, (one hundred pounds,) although in times of scarcity, seventy, eighty, and even one hundred dollars per quintal were sometimes actually paid by the royal authorities in its purchase. The downfall of Spanish authority in the colonies alone put an end to this beneficent monopoly.

Quicksilver being thus placed within the reach of the miners and *trapicheros*, or amalgamators, the reduction of ores became a task of comparative facility. We will concisely sum up the various processes undergone by the silver of Potosí, on its way from the mine to the Mint. As many Indians as could be crowded into the mine, were employed with pickaxes and crowbars in breaking out the ore; and the masses thus detached were carried by other laborers to the mouth of the mine, sheep-skin aprons being used in the transportation. At the mouth of the mine, the masses were broken up into lesser pieces, and thence transported to the amalgamation-works, in sacks packed upon the backs of llamas. At the *ingenio*, situated in the outskirts of the city of Potosí, the ore was reduced to powder by means of a stamping-mill set in motion by water from the artificial reservoirs, after which it was 'screened,' by being passed through sieves of wire. The Indians who performed this operation were compelled to stuff their ears and nostrils with cotton, and to wear a mask, in order to protect themselves from the penetrating dust, which entered the lungs despite every precaution, and justified the name which had been fastened upon the operation of sifting, namely, *mata-gente*—kill-people! The sifted ore was next carried to the *buitron*, a large flat pavement, upon which it was deposited in heaps or *cuerpos* of twenty-five hundred pounds each. Twenty of these heaps formed one *lava*, or washing. A small quantity of water and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds of salt were next added to the *cuerpo*, and the whole was carefully stirred up. The ore now became ready for amalgamation; that is, for the admixture of quicksilver, in order to separate the particles of silver from the rock. The *beneficiador* or amalgamator, having assayed the ore, added a certain quantity of mercury to each heap, and more water was then thrown upon the whole, until the heaps were reduced to a thick and gritty mud, which was trampled and kneaded by Indian workmen, day after day, for about a fortnight. When the *cuerpos* were believed to be thoroughly amalgamated in this rude fashion, the operation of



washing commenced. The quicksilver had attracted to itself all the silver contained in the heap, and the *lava* or washing, which simple operation was conducted by sluicing the *cuerpos* upon an inclined plane with a shallow receptacle at its lower end, separated the amalgam from the particles of rock and earth. The heavy metal was washed into the well, while the stream carried off the remaining matter; and it only remained to separate the silver from the mercury. The amalgam was put into a stout cloth, and squeezed by hand or by machine, until as much of the quicksilver as could be expressed, was driven off. The remaining mass of silver was called *pella*, and was nearly pure. The *pella* was next placed in a wooden mould, conical in form, and was pounded vigorously until a further quantity of quicksilver was forced out. The mass, now called *piña*, was at length taken from the mould, and resembled a sugar-loaf or a pine-apple in shape, whence its technical denomination. The concluding operation was that of fusing. The *piña* was placed in an earthen oven, and subjected to intense heat for a space of ten or twelve hours, until every particle of mercury was volatilized, and an ingot of silver, without admixture of foreign substances, remained. The weight of these ingots varied from twenty to sixty pounds.

Such were the means by which silver bullion was obtained at Potosi during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and such, indeed, is the process still pursued in the few amalgamation-works still existing. But the glory of the famous Cerro has departed. The distractions of civil strife in Bolivia, the exhaustion of most of the veins after two centuries of productiveness, and the abandonment of the forced labor system, have coöperated to render the once great Silver City a mere deserted ruin, bleak and silent as the plains which stretch away, in uninviting barrenness, on either side of the abandoned mountain. The population of Bolivia, debarred by an immense stretch of waterless desert from their proper sea-coast, have been almost forgotten by the outside world; and the civilizing effects of immigration, felt so notably in Chile and other parts of South-America, have been lacking with her population. Her thousands of gold and silver mines and washings are neglected; the isolated operations still carried on, are characterized by no vigor; and the perpetual changes in her government repel the advances which have been made by enterprising Americans and Europeans toward a development of her immense resources. It is but a few years since that an agent, who was dispatched to Bolivia by a speculative company in New-York, reported most favorably concerning the prospects of some eight or nine hundred mines which he visited; yet recommended his employers to abandon all idea of working them, on account of the miserable political condition of the country. To such a state has the sudden gift of liberty reduced an unprepared

and uneducated nation! Well might Bolivar, from whom the Republic takes her name, exclaim in sadness: 'We have gained one blessing, Independence; but it has been at a sacrifice of all the rest!'

A better season, nevertheless, seems to be dawning upon Bolivia. Constant strife for power among military leaders cannot last forever; and whether it be extinguished by the iron-handed triumph of one great man, by the general exhaustion of every party, or by the common-sense of an awakening people, its cessation will be the signal for a new era to commence. The mines of the country, the abandoned veins of the Cerro of Potosí, will yet be worked again; and the recent opening of the Rivers Paraná and Paraguay, which, through their affluents, communicate with the richest districts of the Republic, will afford an opportunity for the introduction of machinery and the shipment of mineral produce on much more advantageous terms and with much greater expedition than can be the case by crossing the formidable desert and almost pathless mountains which shut the Republic from the Pacific coast. We already hear (under date of October, 1858) from La Paz de Ayacucho, that some American and European immigrants have recently entered the country, and are realizing considerable profit in the gold-washings of the rivers near that city.

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#### THE HERO.

WHEN war's loud tocsin echoed through the land,  
And thousands rushed to meet the common foe,  
All hearts were brave in that intrepid band,  
And patriot zeal caused tyrant blood to flow:  
Still he was first of all that martial crowd,  
Hero of heroes — conqueror of the proud.

And when sweet peace her gentle olive waved  
O'er a free people and a tranquil land,  
And the great minds that would not be enslaved,  
A new-born nation's legislature planned;  
Paused the sage counsel until he should rise,  
First also there — the wisest of the wise.

Since then COLUMBIA many a son can boast  
Of gallant bearing, worthy, good, and great,  
In muse, in science, and in warrior host,  
By land and water, and in Church and State:  
Yet in their hearts he still is first — alone —  
Who proudly claim his country for their own.



## MOSLEM TRADITIONS.

DRAMATIC exhibitions, and the entertainment of printed fiction, are wanting in the East, but the imaginative Orientals find a congenial amusement in listening to the recital of marvellous stories. Throughout the lands of Islam, from Belgrade to Bassora, from the Mæstian Estuary to the unknown fountains of the Nile, you will find the roaming romancer. Sail upon the Tigris or the Nile, bury yourself in the Hedjaz, or in the delicious solitudes of Arabia the Blest, traverse the deserts of Irak, or the wastes of Syria—every where you will meet with the wandering story-teller, ready to delight the people with his simple narrations; every where you will behold eager groups impatient to catch the bewitching words that fall from his lips.

In the larger Turkish cities the Meddahs (story-tellers) form corporate bodies, with a sheik at their head, called Imeddah. They may be seen in the caravansaries and khans. They linger lovingly in the *kahvès* of Oriental cities, prolong the pleasures of the delicious *kief*, and practise their poetical profession in barber-shops and baths.

The Meddahs always commence with an invocation to the Most High: 'Praise to Allah, and to his favorite Mohammed, whose black eyes beam with sweetness! He is the only apostle of truth!' The audience, 'fit, though few,' responds *Amin*, and the narration begins. Some of them improvise, but for the most part they relate new and marvellous histories, or embroider the arabesques of imagination and the imbroglios of adventure upon some well-known theme. Now they suddenly break off the narrative at the climax of interest, like the ingenious sultana of the Arabian Nights, and now, to prolong the story and multiply the expected paras, weave in other tissues of romance, varied by a thousand *nuances* of surprise and interest. And then again, with marvellous 'skill of song-craft,' they intermit, from time to time, their silvery prose with the luxury of verse. But the object is ever to reverse the maxim of the Latin poet:

'SEMPER ad eventum festinat; et in medias res  
Non suis ac notas, auditorem rapit.'

The Arabs call these social reunions *Musameril*, discourses by moonlight, or by the glimmer of the stars. When the sun touches the sandy ocean, the roving Bedouins bivouac for the night. And in the cool of the purple evening they group themselves round him of the eloquent lip and the restless eye, to listen to the poems of Antar, or to the poetical fables of the desert, enriched with glowing words from the chambers of his imagery. The more varied and marvellous, the greater the delight, for the active imagination of the Bedouin believes

as readily as it creates. Thus amid the tents and camp-fires on the lonely desert, and under the silent stars, they draw out the long hours of the night, and the patient camels, crouched upon the sand, reach their long necks over their masters' shoulders, and gaze inquiringly with their soft eyes, as if they, too, caught the meaning of the bewitching words.

Pleasanter, however, than the hours spent in Bedouin camps and Gipsy tents is the remembrance of an evening I passed in the old Turkish city of Bashardshik while travelling by arabá from Silistria to Varna.

Selim halted at sun-set in front of the khan which, by special command of Mohammed, and in compliance with the spirit of Eastern hospitality, must be kept in every Moslem town for the rest of the traveller. A venerable Turk received us at the door, with many salaams, given in all the rotundity of Oriental expression.

The khan was a low, rude building, divided into two compartments—one for ourselves, and the other for the horses. A fire was kindled in one corner for light and coffee-making. A few Turks dropped in, one after another, and curled up their legs on the mats, to see the howadji, or learn the latest news from the Danube. The Russians had just recrossed the Pruth. In our group sat a venerable Turk whom his companions called Kitab Effendi. They looked up to him as to a father, and it was evident that the Effendi was one of the oracles of Bashardshik. He was a Mussulman of the old school, with a beard as white as the morning, and wore the full, many-colored turban and rich flowing robes which are now being fast supplanted in European Turkey by the rectilinear Frank costume, but retain their graceful folds in Damascus and Grand Cairo. He was our 'marvellous story-teller.' We grouped ourselves around him on the mat, and the flickering light cast strange shadows upon the wall. Travelling as I had done from nation to nation, I could hardly realize that I was studying life in a remote province of European Turkey.

Many of the Turkish legends, and perhaps the most interesting, relate to Biblical subjects, especially to the lives of the Patriarchs. The Koran is to a great extent modelled after the Old Testament, surcharged, however, with Oriental exaggeration, and furnishes curious departures from Scripture history that must have floated down the sea of tradition.

The Moslems begin their legendary cycle with the recitals of Genesis. What the inspired historian gives in concise terms they employ in detail, embellishing it with the rose color of their imagination: what Genesis does not give at all, they rehearse with perfect confidence.

Here are some of the Moslem traditions related to us while silently



intermingling fragrant vapors of Latakish with the aromatic nectar of Mocha, by Kitab Effendi.

When God had determined to complete his work by the creation of man, his four superior angels brought earth wherewith to form the body of Adam, from the four quarters of the globe, but for his head and heart they brought earth from Mecca and Medina. The body of Adam was so beautiful that the angels stood in admiration over it. God at last summoned the soul which was to vivify the body of the first man, and which had already reposed for centuries in floods of light. Not wishing to abandon the luminous ether to enter into a terrestrial body, it refused to obey the command of the ALMIGHTY. 'Thou shalt enter this body in spite of thyself,' replied GOD; 'and to punish thy obstinacy, shalt one day be compelled to leave it in spite of thyself.' He then breathed the soul into the organs of Adam, who immediately opened his eyes, and beheld the celestial throne with its inscription: 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet.'

Adam, while in Paradise, articulated the names of all the plants and animals in seventy-seven different languages. God gave him a bunch of the grapes of Paradise, of which he ate and then fell asleep. On awaking, he beheld the woman, drawn from his side during his sleep, and moved forward to embrace her. But the beautiful Eve, already acquainted with Mussulman usages, said to him: 'God is my master; I cannot become thine without His consent; and, moreover, it is not proper for a woman to marry a man without first receiving a dower.'

The good Adam, unable to reply to this sage reasoning, invoked the assistance of the angel Gabriel, and obtained from him these consoling words: 'God gives thee Eve for a wife. He made her for that purpose, and commands thee to love her as thyself. Instead of giving her the dower which she demands, pray twenty times to Mohammed, whose soul floated before the Eternal Throne thousands of years anterior to the creation of the world, but whose body shall be engendered by thee.'

Iblis, the Mussulman devil, wishing to dispossess our first parents of Paradise, addressed himself first to the peacock, which had the vanity of a singer and the self-conceit of a dandy, and afterward to the serpent, then the most charming of all animals, being as large as a camel.

'Thou shalt grow old! thou shalt die!' said the evil one to the serpent; 'but by three magical words I can assure thee constant beauty—an eternal youth; and these three words I will reveal to thee if thou wilt introduce me into Paradise.' The serpent, in order to attain the fountain of youth, took Iblis in his throat and fraudulently introduced him within the precincts of Paradise. The genius of Evil there met the innocent Eve, and frightened her as he had al-

ready the serpent, with the prospect of age and death, to escape which there was but one remedy — to partake of the forbidden fruit, which grew upon a tree whose bark resembled gold, the branches silver, and the leaves emeralds. The fault of Eve is excused by the peculiar temptation to which she, in her innocence, was exposed. Frail men should not be without pity for the frailty of their first mother. Adam resisted for a period of eighty years all the solicitations of Eve to partake of the forbidden fruit, which she had found so agreeable to her taste.

Terrible, however, were the consequences of this great fall from celestial virtue. Adam was chased from Paradise by the gate of Penitence; Eve by the gate of Pity. The peacock was deprived of his melodious voice, the serpent of his primitive form, and Iblis cast down into the depths of hell. The eagle then said to the whale, with whom he had lived in peace on the shores of the ocean: 'At present we must separate, for man has become our enemy, and we can escape his cunning and his cruelty, only by retiring; thou to the depths of the waves, and I to the clouds above.' Adam in his solitude wept so much, that from the lids of his left eye, continually suffused with tears, sprang the source of the river Tigris; from the right eye that of the Euphrates. All nature wept with him, and the animals were touched with commiseration. Eve wept also; the tears which rolled down her cheeks became pearls; those which fell to the earth were transformed into rubies. Though far separated, the zephyrs bore to the ears of Adam the sighs of Eve; the east wind bore the groans of Adam to the ears of his disconsolate wife. At last, God, moved by such suffering, sent the angel Gabriel to the penitent Adam. 'Repeat this invocation,' said Gabriel: 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet. Drink water, build mosques, and henceforth Satan will have no power over thee.'

Abraham was born in Babylon in the reign of Nimrod, the heathen king. Upon the Friday night in which this glorious prophet, whose miracles a whole life-time would not suffice to enumerate, came into the world, Nimrod saw, in a vision, all his idols overthrown, and heard a voice crying: 'Wo, wo unto them who turn not to the faith of Abraham!' On the following morning he consulted his priests and magicians. They informed him that a child would be born who should deprive him of his throne and his divinity, for Nimrod had caused himself to be adored as a god. Forthwith, like Herod, he ordered all the new-born children throughout the kingdom to be murdered. But by the inspiration of Gabriel, the mother of Abraham secreted her child in a cave, where he was nourished from the five fingers of God. His mother came to see him, and one day found the child in profound meditation.



‘Who is my God?’ inquired he of his mother.

‘Myself,’ replied she.

‘And who is thy God?’

‘Thy father.’

‘And the God of my father?’

‘Nimrod.’

‘And the God of Nimrod?’

His mother, unable to answer the last question, gave him a box on the ear, and remained silent. But Abraham said to himself: ‘I know no other God than he who hath created the heavens and the earth.’

Several years afterwards his father, who was a sculptor, employed him in selling idols. Abraham carried them in the public place, and cried: ‘Who will buy a vile merchandise most prejudicial to whomsoever may keep it in his house?’ With this announcement he was sure to return home with all the images.

On a certain day, when the inhabitants of the city were gone on a pilgrimage to one of their heathen edifices, Abraham secretly entered the temple and broke into pieces seventy-two idols. Arrested and brought before Nimrod, he was condemned to be burned alive, upon a blazing funeral pile of such enormous size that forty days were required to collect the most combustible materials. The infernal pile was lighted. Nimrod caused Abraham to be brought forward, and in sight of the whirlwinds of flame, bade him declare who was his God. ‘My God,’ responded Abraham, ‘is he who hath the power to create and the power to destroy.’

‘Then,’ cried Nimrod, ‘I am God; I hold in my hands life and death,’ and ordering two slaves to be brought, he cut off the head of one and set the other at liberty.

‘Thou canst slay,’ replied Abraham, ‘but thou canst not make alive. Let them bring me four birds, and in the name of my God thou shalt see what miracle I can accomplish.’

The four birds were brought. Abraham cut them into a thousand pieces; and then, calling each bird by its proper name, he bade them come to life, when forthwith they rose towards the heavens, singing as they took their flight.

Nimrod, whose pride was only irritated by this miracle, ordered the soldiers to seize Abraham and throw him into the flames by means of a machine whose model had been furnished by Satan himself. Abraham invoked the aid of God, and instantly the flames were extinguished. In the place of the funeral pile leaped forth a fountain of perfumed water, and Abraham appeared by its side clothed in a caftan of silk brought by Gabriel from Paradise.

In consequence of this, a multitude of people became believers in the Prophet. Nimrod, thinking presumptuously to destroy the God of



Abraham as he had attempted to overcome the prophet, ordered a large box to be made with an opening towards the earth and another towards the heavens. He then commanded them to fasten four rods to the upper corners of the box, and upon these rods to place pieces of flesh. Four vultures were then brought and tied to the four feet of the chest. Armed and accompanied by his faithful vizier, he seated himself in the chest in order to make war upon God, whom, in his rage, he wished to annihilate. 'If I gain the victory,' said he, 'I shall be delivered from Abraham, but if I am conquered by the God of Abraham, He can reign as I have reigned over the heavens, the earth, and their creatures. As soon as the vultures were let loose, they strove to reach the pieces of flesh above them, and thereby raised the chest among the clouds. After a day and a night Nimrod said to his vizier: 'Open the door towards the earth and tell what thou seest.' 'I see the earth, O Prince! and the dust,' replied the latter.

They continued to wander during another day and night, and the vizier again opened the door towards the earth, and responded to Nimrod: 'What I behold, O King! resembles smoke.' He was then ordered to open the door towards the heavens, and having done so, replied: 'I behold what I saw when looking upon the earth.' After another day and night, when nothing was to be seen either in the direction of the heavens or the earth, the king drew his bow and shot aloft three arrows. The ALMIGHTY sent back by Gabriel the same arrows, after their points had been stained with blood. 'I have destroyed the God of Abraham,' cried Nimrod, and forthwith he changed their direction towards the earth, to which he returned without harm.

To overcome this proud sovereign, Abraham asked of God only the aid of a fly.

'Let it be according to thy desire,' responded the ALL-POWERFUL, 'but I will send thee an insect seventy times smaller than the one thou hast mentioned.'

At the command of the CREATOR, the king of the flies collected his winged squadrons, which precipitated themselves upon the soldiers of Nimrod with such impetuosity as to put them to rout. Nimrod himself fled, and took refuge in a tower. But a fly pursued, entered with him, and harassed and stung him, without his being able to catch the insect. Now alighting upon his lips, and then upon his nose, it at last penetrated into the brain, and fed upon its substance. The insect grew in a marvellous manner. The king could get peace from the dreadful torment only by having his head constantly beaten with heavy mallets. At the end of forty years the head of Nimrod burst open, and the fly coming out as large as a pigeon, said to the dying king:

'Behold how God can destroy, by one of His smallest creatures, such as refuse to believe in Him.'

Abraham was so jealous of his wives that he constructed for them a magic city — a city of iron, whose walls were so high that the light of the sun could not penetrate within. The sombre rooms of this ancient harem, in which the wives of the Patriarch were imprisoned, were lighted with garlands of pearls and crowns of diamonds. Abraham was also a great traveller. Sara, his constant companion, resembled Eve, and was so celebrated for her beauty that the Patriarch took the wise precaution of carrying her in an iron chest.

Behold him arrested one day on the bank of the Jordan by a custom-house officer who wished to examine the baggage. The good Abraham, carrying no contraband articles, as he believed, allowed him to prosecute the search for a time without molestation. But when the latter came to the chest containing Sara: 'Stop,' cried the Patriarch, 'suppose that this box is filled with the richest silks, and I pay you ten times the ordinary tariff?' 'No,' replied the officer, whose suspicions were excited. 'Suppose that it is filled with diamonds, and I pay you twenty times the legal duty?' 'No!' shouted the ferocious officer, and opening the mysterious chest by a skilful movement of his nimble fingers he beheld the ideal form of Sara. For a moment he stood petrified with admiration, and then ran away to announce the marvel he had just discovered. The wicked king confiscated the rare importation, and caused Sara to enter his palace. The sorrow of Abraham can be more easily imagined than described. God, however, moved by the conjugal tenderness of the Patriarch, caused the walls of the palace to become transparent, and Abraham afar off was able to witness all that took place. When the wicked king approached his beautiful captive, and was about to embrace her, his outstretched hand was struck with palsy.

'Away from me!' cried Sara, 'I am the wife of Abraham!' And the king called the Patriarch, asked pardon for his culpable intentions, and made him a present of his slave Hagar.

When the four sons of Jacob, after having sold their brother, came to relate to their father that Joseph had been devoured by a wolf, 'There are no wolves in the country,' exclaimed the Patriarch, unwilling to know the extent of his misfortune.

'Ah! thou believest there are none,' said one of the offenders; 'we will bring thee the very one which tore our beloved Joseph to pieces.'

In fact, they did bring in an enormous wolf. But by the justice of God the beast opened his mouth and said: 'Son of Isaac, do not believe the oaths of these criminal impostors. I am a wolf of a far-off country, and have wandered about several weeks in search of one of my little ones. How could I, who am simply an animal and experience the tender anguish of animals, how could I carry away the son of a Prophet of God?'



When Joseph had lived for a time in the house of Potiphar, he became enamored of Zuleika, the wife of the king, who also came to love him in return. But he resisted all her tender supplications and fled. Potiphar would not believe the story invented by Zuleika for the purpose of injuring Joseph, and retained him in his service. The female friends of Zuleika were equally incredulous. To revenge herself she invited them one evening to a feast in her palace, and when they were cutting oranges with sharp knives, caused Joseph to appear suddenly before them. So astonished were they at his marvellous beauty that they all cut their hands, and did not perceive what had happened until the table was covered with blood.

‘Indeed!’ exclaimed Zuleika, exulting over their stupefaction. ‘You blame me on account of my love for Joseph! Yes, I love this man, whose appearance has so dazzled you.’

Potiphar, yielding at last to the instances of his wife, ordered the virtuous Joseph to be imprisoned.

Behold the termination of this strange history! Joseph had been raised by the favor of Potiphar to a high degree of power. One day, when visiting the granaries provided by him against the years of famine, he met in the street a female, whose dress, whose pale face, and suppliant attitude indicated a pitiable state of misery. Touched by the sight of such distress, he handed her a purse of gold, when the woman said to him: ‘I do not merit thy compassion.’

It was Zuleika, who had exercised such an influence upon his destiny, but so pale and feeble that Joseph could hardly recognize in her the beautiful wife of Potiphar. Moved by pity, and doubtless by the tender sentiment of affection, he cared for her as for a sister. In this new atmosphere she revived like a faded rose to which rain and sun-shine have been given, and quickly recovered her lost beauty. She was a widow, having, after the death of Potiphar, been driven from her palace, and abandoned by all the world. Joseph loved her in her misfortune; and Zuleika became in time the wife of her generous benefactor.

Moses was saved by one of the daughters of Pharaoh, and brought up in the palace of the king. At the age of five years he played with the sceptre of the monarch whose power he was one day to overthrow. He trod the crown under his feet, and on one occasion threw Pharaoh himself from the throne. After his return from the land of the Midianites, he confounded by his miracles the seventy thousand magicians of the king.

Having delivered his people from their cruel bondage, Moses was summoned to receive the laws of God, and the Angel Gabriel raised him so high, that he plainly distinguished the movement of the *kalam* (the pen) with which the secretary of the celestial host wrote down

the Ten Commandments. In the confidence inspired by such favor from Allah, he asked that his nation might become the first people upon the globe. But Allah responded: Thou askest what is impossible. I have already granted that supremacy to the followers of Mohammed, who shall one day be masters of the universe.'

While the Israelites were marching to the conquest of the promised land, Moses, desirous of contemplating the wondrous works of God, set out to travel. He voyaged for thirty years in the east and west, in the north and the south. After many wanderings in distant countries, the Patriarch returned to his tribe, but instead of being received as the wisest of men and the first of legislators, he saw his fame as a prophet and a traveller eclipsed by the gold of a banker. During his absence there had risen up a man among the Israelites — a man who had never ventured near the flames of Sinai, and had not the least admiration for the wonderful works of creation, but who had spent his days in ingenious speculations among the money-changers of the wandering children of Israel. This individual became so marvellously rich that forty beasts of burden were required to carry merely the keys wherewith to unlock his treasures.

At the age of a hundred and eighty years, Moses saw that he was nigh unto death. Weeping, he asked of God what would become of his wife and children.

'Go thou,' replied God, 'to the rock on the sea-shore and strike it with thy rod.'

The rock divided asunder, and out of it came a worm, which cried three times: 'Glory to God, the ALL-POWERFUL, who hath not forgotten me in my solitude! Praise to God who dost nourish me!'

Then said God unto him: 'Behold! if I care for the worm hid in a lonely rock upon the sea-shore, how can I, O man! abandon thy children?'

After the death of Joshua, continued Kitab Effendi, 'the chiefs of Israel, who had been sorely beaten in several conflicts with Goliath, assembled to deliberate upon their sad situation. Then appeared before them a holy man, Samuel, who declared he was sent of God.

'What must we do to escape destruction?' asked the chiefs of Israel.

'You must renounce the worship of idols, confess the true God, honor your parents, treat your wives with consideration, and lastly, render homage to the Prophets,' responded Samuel.

'The Prophets! Who are they?'

'First, Adam, Noah, and Abraham, for whom the Lord did great miracles, then Moses and the Prophets who shall come after me, Jesus the son of Mary, and Mohammed. The testimony of each of these is complete in his time, but has been, or will be, set aside by that of the successor, except in the case of Mohammed.'



‘JESUS! Who is he?’ demanded the auditors.

‘It is HE who has been announced in the Tora (a Moslem book) as the Word of GOD. HE will be born of a virgin. Before HIS birth he will proclaim the immaculate nature of HIS mother and the puissance of the CREATOR, then HE will cure the sick, raise the dead, and from a little earth make living animals and birds. The wicked men of HIS time will seek to put HIM to death, but shall deceive themselves in crucifying a common person in his stead, while JESUS himself will enter gloriously into heaven.’

After giving the lineage and exalted character of Mohammed, Samuel related to the conclave of Israel what would happen to the Prophet of Mecca during a single night. The angel Gabriel would wake Mohammed and conduct him to the open country, where he would be presented with the miraculous winged-horse Borak, the same which Abraham made use of in travelling from Syria to Mecca. Mounted upon this animal, the Prophet was to visit Sinai, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, to repeat his prayers at each place, and then, on stairs of emeralds and flowers, mount up to the seventh heaven, where he would be initiated into all the mysteries of the creation and the government of the universe. He would there contemplate the happy inhabitants of heaven, and look down into the depths of hell. The eternal abyss would reveal to him all the different kinds of torments there inflicted. Those who had oppressed the poor were condemned to scratch like fowls in an arid soil which yielded no nourishment. Usurers and extortioners beheld their bodies swell from moment to moment in a frightful manner, while liars, calumniators, and tale-bearers had their tongues and lips twined every instant with red hot nippers of fire.

‘Between heaven and hell,’ continued Samuel, ‘Mohammed shall see Abraham, the father of the faithful, who smiles whenever the gates of heaven are opened, and weeps when a new victim is cast into hell. He shall behold the happy inhabitants of heaven reclining on voluptuous couches under silken pavilions and eating from vessels of silver and gold the richest viands, of which the last morsel shall be as acceptable to the taste as the first. Then will be pointed out to him the Pool of Life, whose waters dispel thirst forever, and the tree of Toba, so large that the fleetest horse cannot cross its shadow in a hundred years, whose branches are hung with the most delicious fruits and moved in dulcet harmony by the soft winds of heaven. He shall look down upon the blissful fields of Paradise, strewn with pearls and diamonds and beds of musk, where among perpetual fountains and in the cool shade, the faithful shall be served by black-eyed houris, beautiful without blemish, and subject neither to age nor death.’

The night in which Solomon came into the world, the angel Gabriel



cried: 'A child is born to whom Iblis and all the demons shall be subject.' He was endowed with such sagacity that when a mere youth he instructed his father in the most difficult things, and one day confounded all the doctors of the law.

After the death of his father, eight angels, with innumerable wings of all forms and colors, came and bowed down three times before him.

'Who are you?' demanded Solomon.

'We are the angels of the eight winds of the earth,' answered they. 'To thee we do homage. Call us when thou wilt, and we will breathe the soft zephyrs or wake the tempest. Cast this stone into the air, and forthwith we shall be in thy presence.'

The eight angels then disappeared, and four others came. 'We govern,' said they, 'all the animals in the air, on the earth, and in the waters under the earth. When thou wilt have us appear, place this upon thy head,' and one of the angels gave him a talismanic stone with the inscription, 'All creatures praise the Lord.'

Solomon directed the angels to assemble before him a pair of all the different species of animals. In the twinkling of an eye his wish was accomplished, and the beings of creation presented themselves, from the monstrous elephant down to the smallest worm. Then the great king, with royal benevolence, spoke with his legions of subjects, and listened to their complaints. The legislator of men, he also became the legislator of animals, condemning their evil habits and reforming the abuses of their governments.

But Solomon took most pleasure in conversing with the birds of the air, for he understood all the varieties of their melodious language and the sage maxims of the beloved little musicians of the good God.

'For many creatures it were better not to live,' sighed the melancholy dove.

'To be content with one's lot is the greatest of blessings,' sang the nightingale.

'Be just and thou shalt be recompensed,' cried the lark.

'Death will come at last,' screamed the eagle.

'Think of thy CREATOR, O vain mortal!' chanted the martial cock.

Still another angel appeared before Solomon, and gave him a diamond, with the inscription: 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet.'

'By virtue of this stone,' said the angel, 'thou shalt rule over the *djinns*, who belong to the world of spirits, and are far more numerous than all the men and animals on the earth together. They were created angels of light, but having fallen, were banished from the presence of God. The world was inhabited by the *djinns* seventy

thousand years before the creation of man. Some of them acknowledge the true God, while others, plunged into the errors of idolatry, worship fire, and adore the sun and the stars. The former hover perpetually around good men to protect them; the latter, on the contrary, ever seek to do them harm.

By the talismanic influence of this ring Solomon subdued the entire race of the *djinns*. He obliged them to build palaces and to erect a temple after the model of the *Kaaba* of Mecca. The female *djinns* wove garments of wool and silk for the poor of Jerusalem. They were also required to roast every day thirty thousand oxen and thirty thousand sheep, besides innumerable birds and fishes, all of which were placed upon tables several miles in length. The *djinns* sat down at tables of iron, the poor at tables of wood; at tables of silver were seated the chiefs of the army and the high officers of government, while the men distinguished for their piety and wisdom were served by Solomon himself at tables of pure gold.

But with all the favors heaped upon him Solomon was not proof against pride. While regarding one day the multitudes enjoying his feasts, he exclaimed in a moment of blindness: 'Would that God would permit me to feed for a single day all the animals of the earth!'

'What thou wouldst do is impossible,' responded God; 'but thou mayest attempt it: I will permit thee to begin to-morrow with the inhabitants of the sea.'

Solomon ordered the *djinns* to load a hundred thousand camels and a hundred thousand mules with grain and fruits; then he went down to the seashore and cried with a loud voice: 'Come ye, who reside in the depths of the waves, come and I will satisfy your hunger!' Then there came to the surface of the waters swarms of fishes to which they threw sacks of grain until all were satisfied. But suddenly there appeared a whale as large as a mountain. Solomon threw to him hundreds of loads of fruit and grain, and continually the insatiable monster opened his mouth for more. At last the provision was all gone, and the whale cried: 'Give me, give me whereof to eat, never have I suffered such hunger!'

'Ah!' cried Solomon, overwhelmed with astonishment, 'are there many of thy species in the sea?'

'Many?' replied the monster, 'there are seventy thousand, of whom the smallest is of such a size that thou wouldst disappear in his bowels like a grain of sand in the desert.'

At these words Solomon fell upon his face, and weeping, prayed God to pardon his wicked presumption.

Behold how the great king travelled to Mecca and Medina. A silk carpet was woven by the *djinns* four leagues in extent. Upon this carpet they placed the throne of Solomon, and around it seats of gold



and silver for the multitude of persons who were to accompany him. When all the preparations had been completed, Solomon seated himself upon his throne, and commanded the winds to do their duty. They transported the aerial caravan, and at the same time a cloud of birds with extended wings formed a shady canopy over the head of the king and his companions.

While returning to Jerusalem the Patriarch perceived, from a single ray of sun-shine piercing through the winged pavilion, that a bird was wanting at his post. He demanded of the eagle the name of the delinquent, and the eagle, having called over the names of all the birds, announced the desertion of the lapwing. An instant afterwards the lapwing appeared, trembling and bowing down his head in the presence of the great king.

'I have done wrong,' said the bird, 'and merit punishment.'

'Explain thyself,' answered Solomon, who was angry, but would not condemn the delinquent without a hearing.

'At Mecca,' continued the lapwing, 'I met with a bird of my acquaintance, who gave me such a picture of the marvels of the kingdom of Saba (Sheba) that I could not resist the desire of visiting that country. I have seen the treasures of that land, which, O king! thou shouldst conquer, and its queen Balkis, the most beautiful woman of the universe.'

Struck with this recital of the wandering bird, Solomon at once wrote a letter to Queen Balkis, engaging to convert her to the true faith.

The offending lapwing was his messenger.

The Queen of Saba read the letter, and then assembled her viziers for their advice. But they declared that as no one equalled her in wisdom, no one could venture to counsel her in so important a matter.

'Well!' exclaimed Balkis, 'I shall know whether he is a prophet or not. I will send him the most magnificent presents, and if he be dazzled by them, it will prove that he is not superior to other men. I will propose to him different questions, and if he be not able to answer them, surely he is a false prophet.'

Her ambassadors set out for Jerusalem with a thousand carpets woven with gold and silver, a crown of fine pearls, and the precious products of Arabia the Blest. They carried likewise a casket containing a pearl that had not been pierced, a diamond through which passed a tortuous hole, and a cup of crystal. Balkis demanded that Solomon should pierce the pearl, pass a thread through the diamond, and fill the cup with water obtained from neither the heavens nor the earth.

Solomon having been informed of these things, caused the *djinn*s to weave carpets that were many miles in length, and still more magnificent, and also build walls of gold and silver. At the sight of these

marvels, the ambassadors of Balkis did not even venture to show their presents, and could hardly be prevailed upon to open the casket. Solomon at once pierced the pearl by means of a powder provided by the *djinn*s. He ordered a slave to leap upon one of his fleetest horses, and from the sweat that ran down its flanks he filled the crystal cup with water which came neither from the heavens nor the earth. The third problem was the most difficult. But he passed a thread through the sinuosities of the diamond by means of a minute worm which drew the thread after itself, and thenceforth, by way of recompense, was fed upon the leaves of the mulberry.

Solomon then sent word to the Queen of Saba, that if she did not renounce the worship of idols and submit to his power, he would overrun her country with a formidable army. Upon the return of her envoys, she at once set out for Jerusalem, in order to abjure idolatry and acknowledge the supremacy of Solomon. He awaited with impatience the young queen whose beauty had been praised with so much enthusiasm.

But a singular report embarrassed the sovereign of Jerusalem. It was whispered in secret, that the ideal form of the Sabeen queen terminated in the ugly feet of a quadruped. How was Solomon to learn the truth without giving offence? He could not say to the queen: 'Show me thy feet, O Balkis!' In place of the floor of the hall where he was to receive her, he arranged a transparent crystal under which ran limpid water. Balkis, when stepping upon the crystal, supposed that she had to cross a stream, and graciously raised her robes; and the king, who was watching with uneasy solicitude, perceived under the silken folds of her garments, the most beautiful feet in the world. A few days afterward Balkis became the wife of Solomon.

Would that he had remained faithful to the commandments of God! But the great king, who had once failed through pride, was destined to fall again by the passion of love. He became enamored of the daughter of a heathen king, who introduced her idols into the palace of Solomon, where the true God alone should have been adored. A *djinn* took away his ring, his robes, and his sceptre, and having assumed the form of the king, installed himself upon the throne. Solomon, despised by his ministers, and insulted by his own servants, was driven from the palace, and for forty days wandered in the desert, a prey to the most bitter reflections. But as he had not taken part in the idolatry himself, the Lord had compassion on him, and restored him, greatly enlightened by his errors, to his former power.

Solomon had thus ruled over his vast empire a great number of years, when one day the Angel of Death appeared before him. The Great King demanded of him how the term of life is marked off for different individuals.



'It is hardly permitted me to stop in the work in which I am constantly engaged,' replied the angel; 'but I cannot refuse the favorite of God an explanation. Know then that I am only the messenger of another angel, whose head reaches ten thousand years' journey above the seventh heaven, and whose feet are plunged the distance of five hundred years' journey into the bowels of the earth. This angel, whose name is Osrein, is so strong, that, if God would permit him, he could easily overthrow the globe with a single hand. He it is who indicates to me the place whence I have a soul to take. He has his eyes constantly fixed upon the *Sidrat-Al-Muntaha*, the tree of life, which bears as many leaves as there are human beings. When a child is born, a new leaf puts forth with his name upon it; when his last hour is come, the leaf withers, and is plucked by Osrein.'

'And the inferior angels,' continued Solomon, 'how are they employed?'

'Two of them keep watch upon every mortal, one on the right hand and the other on the left. They observe every word and action; and at the end of the day, are relieved by two other angels, and fly up to heaven. The angel on the right side records every good action, and when the mortal commits a sin, says to the angel on the left: 'Forbear for seven hours to record it: peradventure he may repent, and obtain forgiveness.'

'How dost thou collect the souls of men?' inquired Solomon, 'and what becomes of them during Busak, the interval of time between the tribunal of the sepulchre and the resurrection?'

'For the examination of the sepulchre,' answered the angel, 'the soul reënters the body. If the person has been just, it is again drawn gently out of his mouth; otherwise it is beaten out of him with dreadful blows. The bodies of the dead remain in their graves, but their souls have a foretaste of the doom that awaits them, in dreams and visions. Those of the faithful hover near their sepulchres in a state of felicity, or wrapped up in silk cloths, are placed in charge of a bird which will watch them in Paradise until the day of judgment. The spirits of the martyrs enter into the crops of green birds that feed on the fruits and drink of the streams of heaven, while the souls of those with whom God has been most pleased, become as snow-white birds, and nestle under His throne. The souls of the wicked are tied up in sacks of tarred cloth, and cast down to the gate of perdition, where they shall remain in misery until the resurrection.'

'The angels — will they also die?' inquired Solomon.

'All beings shall die at the blast of extermination — first men, and then angels. At the second sound of the trumpet of Israfil, Michael and Gabriel shall fall by my hand, and I, Azrael, the angel of death, then perish under the eyes of the ALMIGHTY. Throughout the vast ex-



tent of creation God only will exist. He will then exclaim: 'To whom belongs the earth?' and no being shall answer. But after forty years of rain and darkness the trumpet shall sound again, and the dead shall awake — angels first, and men afterward.'

'Who among men shall awake first?' demanded Solomon.

'Mohammed the Prophet. Israfil, Gabriel, and the other angels will repair to Medina and cry, 'Come, O most beautiful and purest of souls! reanimate thy body which is without blemish.' Then he shall come out of his tomb. Gabriel will present to him the winged Borak, and give him a standard and a crown sent for that purpose from Paradise. 'Come, thou chosen of the Lord,' a voice shall exclaim, 'already is Eden spread with flowers, and the *houris* await thee.' Then the rest of mankind will awake from their sleep of death, and be conducted to the Valley of Jehoshophat for the last judgment.

'That will be a terrible day, when each one shall think only of himself. 'O God!' Adam will cry, 'save me! save me! impute to me neither the iniquity of Eve nor that of Abel.' 'Preserve me from hell,' Noah will pray, 'and do unto my children what seemeth good unto THEE.' Abraham shall say, 'I invoke THEE not for Ishmael nor for Isaac: I invoke THEE, O God, only for myself.' In that dread hour, Moses will forget his brother Aaron. Mohammed alone shall pray for all the world. The day of judgment shall be preceded by signs and portents. There will be a total eclipse of the moon, the sun shall rise out of the west, and the earth be enveloped in smoke. Men shall even envy the quiet of the grave.

'At the sound of the trumpet of Israfil, the earth will tremble and the mountains be levelled with the plains. The moon, the sun, and the stars shall fall into the sea, and the firmament melt away. The earth will then open, and the souls fly in quest of the bodies. The dry bones of the dead will rattle, the scattered limbs be brought together, and the very hairs of their head congregate.

'The duration of the day of judgment shall be an age. It shall be a day of sighs and griefs, a day of tribulation and anguish, when the cup of sorrow and misery must be drunk, even to the very dregs thereof. To the perverse and the ungodly, every thing shall become as aloes and bitterness. For them there will not be one moment of repose. They shall behold nothing agreeable, hear no voice that shall delight, while their terrified imaginations will represent to them only spectres and tortures, and the howlings of demons.

'Then Mohammed will intercede for his people.

'After the final judgment, made according to good works without distinction of persons, all mankind must prepare for the inevitable passage of Sirat, the sharp-edged bridge of seven arches. This bridge is three thousand years' journey in length, narrow as the thread of a

spider's web, and sharp as the edge of a sword. It requires a thousand years to ascend the first side, a thousand to cross over, and a thousand more to descend. They who make the entire passage, shall be admitted to the joys of Paradise, but infidels and all wicked persons shall fall into perdition from the different arches. The faithful shall, however, at last all be redeemed !'

'Good God !' exclaimed my companions, 'how dreadful to our sight will this formidable bridge appear ! What virtue ! what secret grace from the Most High shall we not need !'

'Tell me,' continued Solomon, 'when shall the resurrection come ?'

'God only knows,' replied the angel of death, and having answered Solomon, he prepared to carry away his soul.

'Canst thou not prolong my life until the completion of the temple ?'

'No,' responded the angel : 'thy hour is come.'

'The will of God be done ; but let my death be unknown to the *djinn*s until they have completed the House of God.'

The angel removed the soul of the Great King, but his body was left seated upon the throne, clothed in royal robes and all the insignia of office. There it remained in the usual position of the monarch, the races of men and genii paying their customary homage at a respectful distance, until the staff upon which the corpse leaned had been gnawed by the worms, and gave way, so that the body fell to the ground.

'Until the time of Mohammed,' continued Kitab Effendi, 'the angel of death appeared to mortals in a bodily form. But when he came for the soul of the Prophet, the latter said to him : 'O Azrael, thou art terrible to behold ! It is not proper that thou shouldst thus show thyself to mortal men, for it can easily happen that they die from excessive fright before having said their prayers. I am a man of courage, but confess that I cannot look upon thee without a shudder.'

He then besought God that Azrael might become a spirit ; and his prayer was granted.

At a late hour we spread our mats upon the floor, and lay down to rest. The escort and one or two Turks who tarried with us all night, slept soundly with their yataghans by their sides. My repose, however, was disturbed by hideous phantoms which had their origin in the abominations of the Turkish cuisine, but borrowed the forms of the hide-bound quadrupeds in the adjoining chamber, whose spasmodic breathing harmonized admirably with the snoring of my prostrate companions.



## MARY IN AUTUMN.

I SEE the leaves a-falling —  
Falling, the red and yellow leaf;  
And I know they are a-calling —  
Calling with the voice of grief.

They tell me they are going  
On the Season's fleeting car;  
But I see them only showing  
How Life's season fleets afar.

I will not hear their voices:  
Youth's spring — I cannot let it go;  
Every flower and leaf rejoices —  
Wintry Age cannot be so.

I'll take that brooklet, singing  
Endless sonnets, for my friend:  
Be not always, dear one, bringing  
Signals, leaf-like, of youth's end.

Hear him shouting gayly, 'Never!'  
As he whirls the miller's wheel;  
Then goes dancing seaward ever,  
Laughing at the woes we feel.

But the ice shall come and cover  
Up this rogue, and hide his might;  
And you'll see this summer lover  
Stiffen in the winter night.

Rustle, then, and laugh, ye branches!  
Fling your leaves, and tell me so:  
Pour them down in avalanches —  
Load the autumn winds that blow.

Youth must vanish, that is certain;  
But I trample on your signs:  
Looking through this leafy curtain,  
Read a bud-life's mystic lines.

Yes, I see the leaves are falling —  
Falling, the red and yellow leaf;  
And I know that they are calling;  
But their voice no more is grief.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

SERMONS. By Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON. Four Series: in four Volumes. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1859.

WHEN the brilliant enthusiast LAMENNAIS, then a young Roman Catholic divine, was condemned by the civil tribunal for the force with which he had advocated at once religion and liberty, he energetically exclaimed: 'We will show them what kind of a man a priest is!' He had been one of the most charming of religionists, and one of the most devout disciples and firmest champions of the Church; yet his career from this time was strangely eccentric. His excellent purity of character remained, his sincerity no one questioned, his rare ability was attested by every word that he spoke, his enthusiasm carried before it a whole populace, his writings were so luminous and so loving, that they might almost be the text-books for the millennium; and yet the priest in him was ruined. He died beloved and wondered at by all Frenchmen: but in obedience to his last request, no religious rite was performed at his funeral, and no religious sanctions hallowed his grave. It was only before his resolute exclamation, before he rushed wildly forth from the orbit prescribed by the Church, that he showed the beauty of the priesthood. In what followed, in the long period in which his gentle spirit battled with the world, he illustrated chiefly what the priest ought not to be.

There are many clergymen of the present time who are endeavoring, like LAMENNAIS, only with less force and fervor, to teach what kind of man the priest is. That severe official character which distinguished alike the Hebrew prophets, the Christian fathers, and the Protestant reformers — that singleness of eye, and renunciation of every thing but the duties of one high calling, which alone can give the minister his proper efficiency — are becoming too rare among the more prominent members of the clergy. When we receive a new book from a reverend author, we are very far from being able to anticipate which one of the seven sciences it will treat of. We are not only in doubt as to the subject of the book, but even as to whether that subject will be discussed in a particularly religious spirit. There is a great deal of poor poetry, mock metaphysics, incomplete learning, shallow argumentation, and feeble-forcible assertion distributed in sermons and volumes to the long-suffering, religiously-disposed public, by ambitious divines. There is nothing else so effective or so beautiful as simplicity; and simplicity is no where else so effective



and so beautiful as in the pulpit. Would that our preachers and ecclesiastical authors might become aware of this truth, and by dropping all vain and false display, and by adhering strictly to their *role*, give us at once better learning and purer religion.

We do not believe that mere dulness is the worst defect common to sermons. There are some kinds of vivacity that are vastly more stupid than dulness; and any sermon in which the spirit of worship does not predominate over every thing else in it—over criticism, history, dialectics, rhetoric, and all manner of arts, sciences, and antiquities—is simply a misnomer and a monster. The central life of the clergyman must be a religious spirit, of which all his acts should be witnesses; he should be the model to his lay brethren of separation from whatsoever is frivolous and unimportant in the world; and he should gird himself carefully in the robe of his peculiar integrity, lest, as he ranges through the realm of thought, like LAMENNAIS, he lose the brightness of that faith which is of the heart more than of the head, and therefore fail in his chief end.

The sermons of FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON are the first since those of ROBERT HALL, the publication of which has produced a general interest and sensation. A temporary or partial interest has often been raised by controversial, or perhaps by revival sermons; but these are the first in our generation which are read by intelligent men of all sects and avocations with equal admiration. They have not, however, the massive, balanced, and almost faultless rhetorical character which distinguishes those of ROBERT HALL. Many of them are only the notes and memories of sermons delivered extemporaneously; and the suggestive manner in which one pithy sentence succeeds another, contrasts strikingly with the rotund and inane verbiage too common in pulpit performances.

Their main charm is, that they are purely sermons; that they exhibit an intellectual and energetic man—strongly impressed by religion, and discoursing of religious subjects in a religious way. Their popularity, both in England and the United States, proves that not even our scientific and materialistic age is weary of faith; and that if the clergy do not find sympathetic audiences, it is their own fault. They display a liberal spirit, which is not at the same time indifferent, and superior learning, taste, and acuteness, which are constantly brought to bear directly upon some vital point of thought or action. With a clearness of spiritual and intellectual insight which is most remarkable, the preacher now illumines a dark problem of experience, and now cuts at a stroke some knot of theology which a commentator or dogmatist would be long in untying. Mr. ROBERTSON'S early tastes were for the military profession, and the soldier appears in his sermons not only in the frequent view of life as a warfare, but in the skilful choice of effective words, and in the energy which makes every new sentence advance to a new position. The reader can hardly fail to have his religious life deepened and rectified by them, and to derive from them clearer views of Christian theology.

Nor will their influence be limited to the laity. They are the key-note, showing the kind of sermons which take effect at the present time; and we trust that the *corps* of the priesthood will learn to fall back upon their special calling and special type of character, and give us the peculiar beauty of the Protestant ministry.



THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY: Collected and Edited by CHARLES A. DANA. Fourth edition. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1859.

A PORTION of the literary critics in our country form a craft which doubtless better deserves to figure in a new 'Dunciad' than any other living set of men. A selection might be made from all that is said about any new book by all the newspapers and reviews, which would contain more of human folly and stupidity than could be combined in any other way. It would present the most various illustrations of *comme il ne faut pas écrire*. The publishers of Mr. DANA's 'Household Book' have recently entertained the public, by issuing in an advertisement specimens of all sorts of notices to which that book has been subject, and a finer exhibition of wool-gathering could hardly be given. Friends and enemies, wits and dolts, from all points of the compass, express their minds one after the other, to the utter confusion of every sincere inquirer. All virtues and vices are alternately attributed and denied to the volume, till the mystified reader might well forget the original question. Our present design is not to repeat our commendations of the completeness, order, and beauty of the 'Household Book of Poetry,' but to suggest to publishers to occasionally reciprocate the courtesies of critics, by collecting in their advertisements the most glaring memorials of critical ignorance, or wilful perversion with personal *animus*. A good book would not suffer by this method, and a few such exposures in the pillory might improve the critics. We hope the example may be followed, and that the advertising columns of the newspapers will more frequently be rendered comic, by displaying the judgments of the different species of literary DOGBERRIES.

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A JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON. By the Countess of BLESSINGTON. With a Sketch of the Life of the Author. Boston: WILLIAM VEAZIE. 1859.

It is probable that contemporary books form too large a proportion of the reading of the American public. The philosopher who refused to read any thing till it had been published a year, was certainly wiser than the many people who neglect the old authors, in order to keep pace with the reviews and latest publications. The new editions of some of the more recent English classics, by a Boston firm, of which Lady BLESSINGTON's 'Conversations with Lord Byron' is the last, are unsurpassed in style by the issues of any American publishing-house. The same works have not before been offered in so satisfactory a form for libraries. The 'Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron' was the most favorably received of the various writings of the Countess of BLESSINGTON, and is a pleasant memorial of English society and literature in the last generation. The period is gone by only far enough to be suggestive without being strange. Perhaps Lord Byron appears nowhere else so well as in the pages of his amiable reporter, though she is not his eulogist; and as he is assuredly judged, as a man, too harshly and inadequately by most persons, it is desirable that the sunny side of his character, revealed in this book, should be perpetuated. His reported conversation contains many striking and novel sayings, worthy of his poetical renown.

FUTURE LIFE: OR SCENES IN ANOTHER WORLD. By GEORGE WOOD. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON. 1858.

THE author of 'PETER SCHLEMIHL in America' would better have let the future life alone. We confess to being disgusted with his revelations concerning the doings of the beatified. The scene of his story might as well have been in England, or California, or Constantinople, or, for aught we know, in Abyssinia or Kamschatka, as in Heaven. It is simply in a place where the people are orthodox, and say, 'How beautiful!'—where persons who have been acquainted on earth 'exchange glad congratulations at meeting each other under such happy circumstances;' where there is a great deal of talk about marrying and giving in marriage, and other sublunary affairs; where anachronisms are in order; where women debate church history: where Saint PERPETUA speculates 'with the deepest anxiety' on the question of American convents; where a pandemonium of metaphysical discussion is got up between Lord BACON, DUNS SCOTUS, THOMAS AQUINAS, BLAISE PASCAL, JONATHAN EDWARDS, and MRS. JAY; where they have very magnificent and fashionable concerts, using in them apparently the best earthly wind-instruments; where every thing is very elegant, but where nobody is any wiser, better, or brighter than terrestrial people who have had a fair literary and religious training. The burden of this life is transferred to the skies, excepting that all the characters in the book seem to have the conveniences of wealth. We estimate that Mr. Wood's ideas of heaven, bating the anachronisms, could be enjoyed on the earth for an income of something less than ten thousand dollars per annum. The volume attempts to describe scenes of which no poet or romancer should treat, unless he be a master of power and of beauty. Mr. Wood is often quaint and vigorous, and his work has passages worthy of his reputation; but he proves himself a poor hand at following DANTE. He has produced neither good poetry, philosophy, nor religion, and only a poor satire.

JOAN OF ARC: OR THE MAID OF ORLEANS. From MICHELET's History of France. New-York: STANFORD AND DELISSER. 1858.

THIS little book is a translation from one of the ablest French historians, by Mr. O. W. WIGHT, the translator also of several of COUSIN's philosophical writings. The heroine, who has so variously figured in poetry, is presented from a strictly historic point of view. She was only an eminent instance of that religious and loyal inspiration which, in the fourteenth century, was often found united with the utmost simplicity of character. Her success is attributed to her good sense, as much as to her courage, piety, and realizing imagination. The editor has put the narrative into clear and idiomatic English, and the publishers have issued it in appropriate form. It is the opinion of Mr. WIGHT, that our prosy American homes need to be illumined by the presence of heroes and of heroines, and to this end, he purposes issuing a series of portraits of the most brilliant and worthy historical personages, drawn by the most skillful hands.



THE HANDBOOK OF STANDARD OR AMERICAN PHONOGRAPHY. By ANDREW J. GRAHAM. New-York: Phonetic Depot. 1858.

WE have found an examination of this book quite as suggestive as the history of the telegraph or of any other of the recent triumphs of art and physical science. It illustrates finely an age which is very *fast* — in an intellectual if not in a moral sense. Beginning with first principles, it proposes to write the English language as it is sounded. It then, by a series of most remarkable reductions, which as a matter of intellectual curiosity would delight any man, compresses the written language to such brevity, that it can be written as rapidly as spoken. Every thing becomes short as well as quick; a dot or a curve takes the place of words; a line contains the printed matter of an ordinary page; and a big old folio tome, such as monks used to spend a life-time in writing, would, in reporting short-hand style, make a handsome little volume to be carried in the pocket, and to be read of an evening. Every great improvement suggests new ideals. The ideal world of phonography and stenography is a time when written words shall be as obedient to thought as speech is now; when reading shall cease to be slow, and books unwieldy; when all the news of the newspaper can be written on the space of a thumb-nail, and read at a glance; when a scholar shall be able to carry the whole Alexandrian library in his pockets; and when our present fashion of penmanship shall be as antiquated as a stage-coach is now. The work of Mr. GRAHAM contains all the information on the subject, whether for a person desiring to learn the new art, or for one who is only curious about it.

A YACHT VOYAGE. LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES: being some Account of a Voyage in the Schooner-Yacht 'Foam,' 85 O. M. to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856. By LORD DUFFERIN. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1859.

MORALISTS are of opinion that a very small act may reveal very great qualities; and the volume of LORD DUFFERIN is proof of how much wit, sense, taste, culture, scholarship, refinement, manliness, and vigor may be displayed in a yacht-voyage. A more charming book, of the lighter sort, has not recently appeared. It should be read by any person who wishes to see human nature in a very happy light. The interest of the voyage, one of the most daring on record, three thousand miles northward to points far within the polar circle, would be considerable, even if told by a dull narrator; but the author has an equally faultless knack of describing the craft, the icy scenery, and that institution called human society, which flourishes even at Spitzbergen. Freshness and taste distinguish every page of the book, and the narrative is interspersed at intervals with historic tales, bits of science, northern sagas, and several most remarkable displays of Latinity. The author is a descendant of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, and a nephew of the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. His book has already passed through five or six editions in England, and it would be an indication of the good taste of the public, if it should do the same in this country.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EDITORIAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: REMINISCENCES OF THE SANCTUM AND OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS. — We have an abiding faith, and a strong hope, that under the foregoing head we may be able to add somewhat to the interest of this department of our Magazine. We were scarcely aware, until we began to collect the matériel for the work, what an amount of fact and of reminiscence it would naturally involve. But 'enough on this point,' as the fly said, when impaled upon the wall by the conservative pin of an entomologist. Let us 'begin at the beginning.'

The first number of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE was issued on the first day of January, 1833, under the editorial charge of CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, Esq. He chose to adopt the title *Knickerbocker*, (with the *a*), as being more consonant with the spelling adopted by the honored families of that name, long resident in the snug nestling-places along the Hudson. It was but a short time, however, before it was made to assume the cognomen of the immortal historian of New-York, as given to that worthy by his god-father, WASHINGTON IRVING. A well-designed and well-engraved frontispiece to the 'Introductory Paper,' represented a younger counterpart of the venerable historian seated in a high-backed chair at a table covered with ancient books and other literary paraphernalia, gazing pen in hand, as if collecting his wandering thoughts, through an open window, at the few Dutch dwellings which once constituted the great city of Nieuw-Amsterdam. The young editor falls into a reverie: a mysterious influence gradually prevails in the room where he is sitting; the very furniture undergoes a striking metamorphosis: a mirror, which was one of the ornaments of the apartment, no longer reflects the form and lineaments of the writer, but 'another figure, an actual being, although not of this world,' sits opposite to him.

This phantom was the *Eidolon* of the veritable and venerable DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER; dressed in a coat of rusty black, a pair of olive-velvet breeches, and a three-cornered beaver: very benevolent in expression, and with a certain briskness in his appearance, which seemed almost incompatible with the gloomy sternness of an apparition. Raising his little cocked hat from his head, from which a few gray hairs, plaited and clubbed behind, depended, the PHANTOM proceeds to



ask a few pregnant questions, and to proffer some well-considered advice to his youthful successor. He chides the rash presumption which would essay to retrieve a city from the degeneracy into which it had fallen since it passed from under the sway of its ancient Dutch dynasty, and like an over-grown younker, had become too big for its jacket: and was especially severe upon him for having assumed a name, which, as that of a lofty and venerable annalist, was now embalmed with those of THUCYDIDES and XENOPHON, LIVY, TACITUS, and POLYBIUS, DIODORUS and ABOUL HASSAN ALY, the SON of ALKHAH, DIONYSIUS of HALICARNASSUS, SANCHONIATHON, MANETHO, and BAROSUS.

The ire of the venerable SHADE is pacified with the assurance, that nothing so presumptuous as the idea of supplying *his* place, as the quondam guardian of his favorite city, was for a moment contemplated: that his name had been adopted only as good Catholics, when they take the cowl, sometimes adopt that of their tutelar saint. A pride of citizenship, still strong among the townsmen of the immortal historian, was to be inculcated, distinct entirely from a mere *cockney* spirit, in this great mart of intelligence as well as of business: and talent, generally, from each and every part of our country, was to be elicited and encouraged. Much sensible comment, from both interlocutors, was evolved concerning the want of originality in many of our American writers: our writings and our approval of writings were both second-hand: we imitated the most flimsy productions which appeared abroad, and then approved of those imitations as 'American'; while 'critics,' so-called, afraid to be accused of a want of patriotism, sanctioned where they despised, and approved where they ought to condemn.

With this, and much more advice, the kindly and benevolent PHANTOM suddenly vanished into thin air, and so departed. Save that it was somewhat too 'long-drawn out,' and in portions a little stilted and apostrophic, with its 'thee's and 'thou's, and other un-DIEDRICH terms and expletives, this introduction was well conceived and felicitously executed, and reflected much credit, at the time, upon the fanciful resources of Mr. HOFFMAN.

And here let us pause for a moment, to say a few brief words concerning our first predecessor in the editorship of the KNICKERBOCKER. He was a true lover of NATURE, and of her sports and pastimes: a genial companion, and an accomplished GENTLEMAN, at a time when that much-abused term meant something. He had a wonderful facility and fecundity in poetical composition. Many of his 'Songs,' especially, some of which, as we are informed, were literally 'thrown off at a heat,' have scarcely been exceeded in their kind by those of any American writer. And without citing any others, let us mention one, '*Sparkling and Bright*,' which will be as fresh and as spirited when the author is 'a handful of dust' as it was at the moment it came from his warm and genial heart. The first of its three stanzas will recall it to the mind of every tasteful American reader:

'SPARKLING and bright, in liquid light,  
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,  
With hue as red as the rosy bed  
Which a bee would choose to dream in.  
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,  
To loves as gay and fleeting  
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
And break on the lips while meeting!'



The music to which this song was so delightfully wedded, was of a character well calculated to enhance its popularity and perpetuate its longevity. The 'Songs' of Mr. HOFFMAN, however, acceptable as they were to the public, and to his numerous friends, were by no means the productions through which he was most favorably known to the reading world. His 'Greyslaer,' 'Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie,' 'Winter in the West,' and 'The Vigil of Faith, a Legend of the Adirondack Mountains,' his longest poem, gained and retained for him an enviable literary reputation.

Mr. HOFFMAN continued only for a comparatively brief period to discharge the editorial duties of the KNICKERBOCKER: he subsequently became the proprietor and chief editor of '*The American Monthly Magazine*,' which he conducted for a long time with signal ability: devoting himself during upward of a year of the time to the conduct of '*The New-York Mirror*' for its proprietor, Gen. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

It is a sad and painful thought, to reflect, that one so gifted, so gentle, so open to all the influences of nature and affection, should have been so untimely cut off from the world. We say 'cut off from the world:' for what *is* his world? 'A land of darkness, and the shadow of death:' where *no* light is, but 'ever-during dark.' His mind-vacuity, we are told, is even darker from its previous 'excess of light.' He has for years recognized no former familiar face: even upon the face of his own brother, the eloquent and lamented OGDEN HOFFMAN, his large, lustrous, liquid blue eyes, which once would have beamed with the welcoming light of an affectionate heart, rested with a look as of brooding anger, or of solemn, silent gloom. It is our impression, that Mr. HOFFMAN's insanity did not come upon him quite so suddenly as is by many persons supposed. We remember being very much impressed, in common with several other persons present, one evening at a supper, preparatory to an annual Festival of the associated KNICKERBOCKERS, with his 'strange words and ways.' It was in a fine apartment of the old City Hotel. Mr. HOFFMAN rose to respond to some pleasant sentiment springing from the occasion, or to reply to some toast in compliment to himself. It was early in the evening: he began, with eloquence and coherency; but presently he waxed more and more vehement: at length, he began to wander from his theme, amidst the glances of several present, and the expressed anxiety of one or two especial friends. 'What *can* be the matter with CHARLES?' said a distinguished guest, at whose side we were seated: 'I wish he would sit down: he is *spuming* like a beer-barrel.' Very soon he *did* sit down: the deep blue eye, almost covered by the lustrous pupil, had grown dim: he left the table, and reposed upon a sofa, for the most part entirely silent, until the party broke up. There is little doubt (as any idea of excess, with him, was out of the question) that even thus early, 'the dark mood' had begun to work its havoc upon his brain.

We have never learned why it was that Mr. HOFFMAN's connection with the KNICKERBOCKER ceased so soon as it did; but from what we have heard, we have been led to the inference, that it was owing to some disagreement between himself and the first publisher of the work; a stirring, business little man, smart as a Yankee steel-trap, who knew how to set up his little sails wherever they would 'draw,' singly or all together, the slightest breath of the *aura popularis*. Not but that he meant to make a good work of the Magazine — for BRYANT, SANDS, and

PAULDING were contributors of excellent papers, in prose and verse, to the very first number: but literary '*puffing*' seemed more 'glaring and flaring' at that period than it does at present: and Mr. HOFFMAN's publisher did not fail to avail himself of the requisite devices, to the fullest extent. There is some reason, we fancy, to believe, that the success of this trick of gaining the public ear caused the publisher to gradually grow indifferent as to the *quality* of the literary wares which were presented through the Magazine to the public. An amusing illustration of the correctness of this supposition occurs to us at this moment. It was related to us of SAMUEL L. KNAPP, (long deceased, and well known to American readers,) who vouched for the fact.

He had written a prose communication for the KNICKERBOCKER, of which he desired, when placed in type, that a proof-sheet should be sent him. It was accordingly sent, as he had requested, but *minus* the conclusion — upward of three-quarters of a page. This he dispatched a lad for, who returned for answer that all the matter had been sent — at least all that could be printed.

Mr. KNAPP hastened at once to the publication-office: 'What is it that I hear,' he asked of the publisher, 'about my article? You have n't sent me the whole of the proof.'

'Not quite — I know it, KNAPP; but there is n't *much* of it left off. See, I'll tell you how it *is*, KNAPP: if I have that three-quarters of a page carried over — the printers have 'cast off,' what they call, 'see, and printed on *beyend* — then I shall have to have another sheet, or *half* sheet, any way, besides sp'illin' the pagin' of what's been printed.'

Struck with this flattering view of the case, Mr. KNAPP said: 'Leave out the article *altogether*, then. You've made a period, or full-stop, of a comma, and closed the article at the bottom of a page, leaving out its very *gist* — the termination of the whole thing: its whole interest will be lost.'

'Oh! never mind, KNAPP,' said the publisher: 'let it go as it is: it reads pretty good.'

'It must either come out entire, or go into the magazine as I've written it,' exclaimed, with emphasis, the irate author.

'Let it stand, *this time*,' remonstrated, coaxingly, the equally 'set-in-his-way' publisher: 'let it stand *this time*: 't wont do *you* any hurt, *any way*: *nobody will read it!*'

It was this *last* hair, which 'broke the camel's back.' It is needless, perhaps, to add, that the article in question came out bodily, and something more compressible was made to take its place.

We mention this anecdote for the purpose of suggesting, that a literary judgment so accommodating might not always have coincided with the refined and fastidious taste of the editor. It is but fair to add, however, that long after this, the publisher aforesaid, then a resident of London, was a lively and piquant picker-up of unconsidered trifles for one or more weekly American journals, in Boston and New-York. He maintained to the last the reputation of being 'smart,' whatever may be the exact definition of that term.

One among the most eminent, the most humorous and drily-witty of the contributors to the first number of the KNICKERBOCKER, was in his grave when a frag-



mentary portion of an article from his pen appeared in the first issue of the magazine for which it was written. ROBERT C. SANDS, well known as 'a scholar, and a ripe and good one,' devoted to literature with a rare ardor and constancy, was 'struck with DEATH' while writing an humorous paper entitled '*Poetry of the Esquimaux*' for this work. With intense application, he had devoted himself to the study of rare and curious works upon Greenland and the frozen latitudes, in order to fill his mind with ideas of the Esquimaux modes of life, their traditions and their mythology. His introduction to the article was a review of an imaginary book of translations from the Esquimaux language, and he had written two fragments, which he intended for supposed specimens of Greenland poetry. He had written, with a pencil, the following line, doubtless suggested by some topic in the Greenland mythology,

'Oh! think not my spirit among you abides!'

when his arm was palsied by the Great DESTROYER. Below this line, on the original manuscript, were observed, after his death, several irregular pencil-marks, extending nearly across the page, as if traced by a hand that moved in darkness, or no longer obeyed the impulse of the will. He rose, opened the door, and attempted to pass out of the room, but fell on the threshold. On being assisted to his chamber, and placed on the bed, he was observed to raise his powerless right arm with the other, and looking at it, to shed tears. From this severe apoplectic stroke he shortly after relapsed into a lethargy, from which he never awoke: for in less than four hours from the attack, he expired without a struggle.

The fragment of the article begun by him for the KNICKERBOCKER, although indicating his quaint combinations of language and grotesque associations of ideas, derived its principal interest, in its unfinished state, from the fearful catastrophe by which it was interrupted. We shall have occasion, hereafter, to revert again to SANDS, and perhaps to quote some curious and characteristic passages from entertaining letters to his friends, the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, Philadelphia, and the late JOHN NEILSON, Jr., of New-York. Poor SANDS, so untimely cut off, was buried beyond the Elysian Fields, in the old burying-ground at Hoboken, among the kindred who had been laid there before him. WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK seldom came from Philadelphia to visit his twin-brother, without crossing with him to Hoboken, and repairing to the last resting-place of his friend and correspondent, for whom his affection and admiration were equally ardent and sincere, to the day of his death. A tall marble pillar, upon a darker marble pedestal, marked the place of his friend's grave; contiguous to that, as we remember, of his father, COMFORT SANDS, a well-known and distinguished merchant of New-York. It is something more than a twelve-month since we last visited the spot, with an old and esteemed friend: then the monument rose white and pure above the humbler testimonials of affection among which it was placed. But the rural shades of Hoboken can scarcely be called rural shades any longer. Hoboken is not now what it was, when BRYANT crossed over the Hudson, after his daily editorial toil, and, with the salt breeze from the ocean 'breathing through the lattice' of his cottage, wrote his immortal lines '*To the Evening Wind*;' which, but for his innate modesty, (so generally, if not always, coupled with true genius,) we might almost

fancy him reading to his near neighbor and friend, SANDS, from the yet rough draft of his manuscript. No: nor was it at the *present* Hoboken, where SANDS himself drew those humorous sketches of his '*Thoughts on Hand-Writing*,' '*Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins*,' '*Mr. Villecour and his Neighbors*,' '*Associations*,' etc., which possess that conservative, vital principle, which so informed the writings of LAMB, and which the world '*cannot let die*,' whether the said world be '*willing*' or not; and that it will not be in a *hurry* to be, to say the least. Ah! no: to drop this long digression: '*Hoboken, the Fair*,' so apostrophized and almost deified by the old newspaper-bards of New-York, cannot now even hide the last resting-place of her SANDS, in what were then her '*far-sequestered shades*.' The northern ends of long streets abut upon the green grave-enclosure where he lies: and in the farther '*diggings*' going on, sheer down to the city-grade, the white bone-deposits which we see, are evidences of similar '*placers*,' which (possibly while we are writing) are still opening beyond: since dead men, lying buried at this season, near a great metropolis, are '*birds of passage*:' for (did you ever chance to remark it?) '*their flight is in the winter*.' Somehow or other, we seem to think less of these terrible desecrations of our departed friends, when the very elements become our enemies. Well might BRYANT desire a summer-burial and a summer-grave.

In the commencement of the Fourth Number of the Second Volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, (in October, 1833,) Rev. TIMOTHY FLINT, then recently from the West, assumed the editorship of the work. Mr. FLINT was, at a former period, an Unitarian clergyman, in a small village in Massachusetts; and had removed West, as we gather from an authentic source, to officiate, in a portion of the valley of the Mississippi, as a missionary of the denomination whose creed he was to deliver. We may remark, simply, as we shall have occasion to speak somewhat farther in relation to him in another place, that he was born in Pennsylvania, but was educated in Massachusetts, having graduated from Harvard College, at Cambridge, in the year 1800. He was an author who deserved a wider repute than he attained. His '*Recollections of the Mississippi*,' and his '*History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley*,' were excellent productions. His perceptions of outward nature were clear; his feeling strong; his coloring vivid: in brief, his style (although sometimes complained of for its minuteness of detail, especially in descriptive passages) was generally remarkable for simplicity and force.

In assuming the editorial chair of the KNICKERBOCKER, Mr. FLINT, '*disavowing any agency in the supervision of the work, up to that time*,' explained briefly his motives for '*taking the burthen upon his shoulders*.' In the hope of reëstablishing his health, which had become impaired during his residence at the West, he was desirous of trying a change of climate. What he promised, in his introductory editorial remarks, we believe he did his best to perform, while he was connected with the management of the magazine. His aim was, to foster *Genuine American Literature*, to the extent of his ability; to put forth his utmost exertions to call out and encourage latent talent; to throw his mite (and his might) '*into the scale of true taste, good learning, sound morals and religion, and the great interests of society, so far as literature might be made to bear upon them*.' One thing he avowed, which we admired at the time, and do admire and honor still. He did not intend that *his* career-editorial, at least, should be a *life-militant*. In proffering the



customary courtesies to his brother-editors, he bore his earnest testimony against the correctness of what he seemed to think was a then too prevalent opinion in the editorial creed, ('begotten in ignorance, and born of prolific Politics,') that 'malignity is inspiration; volubility, eloquence; abuse, wit; and victory, the last word.' Such were the feelings, and such were the motives, with which Mr. FLINT entered upon his duties. In connection with another remark, contained in the introduction to which we have here alluded, namely, that 'the Magazine had already been assailed, on the presumption that he was the editor,' it is proper to say, that he was cordially welcomed by the press generally, and that he won, and merited, the esteem and coöperation of the endowed and the good.

Aside from what must have been the task of a general supervision of the work, Mr. FLINT's communications to the body of the Magazine, specially from his own pen, were not numerous. In his opening number, it is easy to trace as his — 'from his style,' if there were no initials — the '*Reminiscences of a Journey from Cincinnati to Boston*,' (literally the 'Diary of an Invalid;') the scorching article upon '*Travellers in America*,' a running review of the more or less lively or stupid books upon this country, of TROLLOPE, STUART, 'CYRIL THORNTON,' FIDDLER, *et omne genus*; with the first-named of whom, from her extended residence in Cincinnati, while he was a distinguished citizen of that then fast-rising and flourishing city, he was well acquainted: and truth to say, he rendered her such 'ample justice,' that she was thereafter well known throughout the whole length and breadth of the United States: and this satisfied a wide curiosity, and supplied a most important desideratum: for every body, at that time, was asking, 'Who is Mrs. TROLLOPE? *Trollope!!* — what a name! Expect it is a sham!' But it was *no* 'sham,' nor the old woman either. In the next number appeared '*The First Steam-Boat on the La Plata, or the Monogamist*,' involving a story of 'The Cure of Vanity,' one of the longest, and many think one of the best, of his earlier contributions to the KNICKERBOCKER.

'A Chapter in the Life of a Bachelor,' in the opening number of the volume for January, 1854, we take to be the last of the long communications to the body of the work, furnished by Mr. FLINT, while it was carried on under his reputed management: for at this time he was liberally assisted, if not superseded, by Mr. SAMUEL DALY LANGTREE, afterward, for several numbers, his successor in the control of its pages.

Mr. LANGTREE was at this time the literary, or review-editor, of the *New-York Commercial Advertiser*, so long under the principal management of the late Colonel WILLIAM L. STONE, a journal still surviving, in vigorous maturity, and as industriously and capably edited, among its 'live' and enterprising competitors, as ever. To much research and general scholarship, Mr. LANGTREE added a correct taste, and a tact and capacity in the 'science of reviewing,' to which, in our judgment, a man 'is born, not made,' to as great a degree as a poet. To take up the multitudinous works, which at that time encumbered the tables of newspaper editors, and in a few brief, sententious, and comprehensive paragraphs, in part to the general and merely casual reader a fair and faithful *résumé* of the same; (*reading* each one, let us observe, as a kind of necessary preliminary;) to do this well, required a talent of a rare and peculiar kind: and this talent, Colonel STONE once



remarked to us, Mr. LANGTREE possessed to a degree which he had seldom seen surpassed. We have no means of forming a judgment as to what 'Original Papers' proper Mr. LANGTREE furnished to the Magazine. The review-department, which was well conducted, was unquestionably under his sole control, if not entirely from his own rapid and prolific pen. He took leave of the work in the number for April, 1834, at which time it passed under the editorial direction of the writer hereof, where it has remained 'even unto this day.'

We are now 'upon our own ground;' and shall proceed, (p.v.,) in succeeding numbers, to diversify this department of our Magazine with reminiscences which belong to 'us and ours:' to speak of things, 'all of which we saw, and part of which we were:' at least, we were 'there, or thereabout.' It won't perhaps be quite so heavy reading, when we 'get goin' on good.'

#### Proceedings at the Festival of Saint Nicholas.



THE members of this time-honored fraternity, *quo rum pars est KNICKERBOCKER*, celebrated their annual festival on the sixth day of December (Saint NICHOLAS' day) at the St. NICHOLAS Hotel. The attendance of members and guests was even larger than usual; and the dinner was enjoyed with manifestations of the heartiest hilarity and humor, the festivities being prolonged to a late hour.

The members held their regular meeting on the same evening, at which the newly-elected officers and high dignitaries were ceremoniously installed by the redoubtable and ever-juvenile J. DE PRYSTER OGDEN, Esq., with a jocund seriousness for which he has always been considered *facile princeps*.

It is quite generally known that our Society was instituted for the purpose of preserving the remembrance of the ancient habits and customs of our Dutch forefathers, the founders of this great city, in danger of destruction by the inroads of the nomadic tribes of New-England. The ancient families of New-York were well represented on the occasion, which gave renewed assurance of generations yet to come, armed with the virtues social and political which characterized our ancestors, and gave them a name enduring as the rolling waves. It is a pleasant feature in the social aspect of this city of the world, great for its commerce, its philanthropy, its hospitality, its great virtues, and alas! for its great vices, to witness a merry gathering of citizens claiming descent from ancestors born on the soil, and coeval with its Dutch governors, whose only ambition, whose only pride, is to honor the memories and virtues of their sires: and we commend it as having not only a healthy moral, but in these degenerate days, a sound and conservative political influence. We were delighted to see present so many holding high public office, and boasting themselves descendants of the ancient KNICKERBOCKERS. The union of virtue, talent, and station on this brilliant occasion gave us confidence to repeat the sentiment of the Roman poet:

'JAM Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque  
Priscus et neglecta redire Virtus  
Audet, apparetque beata pleno  
Copia cornu.'

Let the festival be annually celebrated, and the virtues of our forefathers ever remembered!

The PRESIDENT, HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, presided, rejoicing in the cockéd-hat of former days, and decorated with the insignia of the Society. On the table before him was silently crowing the memorable cock, over the points of the compass; and his everlasting north-east look betokened an enduring fear of eastern irruption. From that point came the storms and the dangers that disturbed the serenity of the old KNICKERBOCKERS: for it seems, that while the New-Englanders evinced a fondness for Dutchmen, the latter manifested no strong affinity for their peregrinating neighbors. We say that the Puritans were fond of the Dutch, because it was in Holland that they first disembarked, before landing on their eternal rock of Plymouth, whence their descendants have come, in countless crowds, to this ancient Dutch city, to renew the affections of their ancestors. The reason is obvious: the English Pilgrims left their native homes for the sake of the Gospel: the Dutch Pilgrims for the sake of making money; and even unto this day these characteristics prevail; our eastern brethren indicating no disposition for filthy lucre.

On either side of the President sat the invited guests. The Army and Navy, and the Societies of Saint GEORGE, Saint ANDREW, Saint PATRICK, and Saint JONATHAN, were eminently represented. The Vice-Presidents occupied seats at the heads of the long tables; and the Stewards, in consequence of a numerous attendance of members, were indefatigable in their attentions to the gastronomic requirements of the delighted company. The regular toasts were as follows:

'1. SAINT NICHOLAS: Our Patron Saint: Good heilig Man. Music: *'Mynheer Van Donck.'*

Drunk with great cheering. The St. NICHOLAS Glee Club then sang with good taste and effect the fine glee of *'Mynheer Van Donck.'*

'2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: *'President's March.'*

This toast was drunk with enthusiastic cheering, the members all rising from their seats.

'3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: *'Governor's March.'*

Drunk with hearty cheers.

'4. THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES: The proud history of the Past is the earnest of a glorious Future. Music: *'Yankee Doodle and Star-Spangled Banner.'*

Major General WOOL happily responded for the Army amid great applause. Commodore BREEZE, with the like applause, responded for the Navy.

'5. THE UNION: Many States, but One People—Honorable rivalry—No jealousy—One destiny. Music: *'Hail Columbia.'*

The PRESIDENT, in a few appropriate remarks, introduced the Hon. Senator CRITTENDEN, who was vehemently cheered, and responded to the toast with sentiments of ardent patriotism, and in a manner which enchained attention and produced a strikingly-marked effect. He maintained that the Union was the soul of the nation, and that its extinction would be the extinction of our national life. We were acting upon a principle of self-preservation in endeavoring by all the means in our power to preserve the UNION, and the glorious memories of the PAST, the high duties of the PRESENT, and the lofty hopes of the FUTURE: these alike admonished and bound us the more



firmly to that compact. The speaker alluded, in glowing language, to WILLIAM of Orange, and the Dutch Republic. The ancestors of the members of the Saint Nicholas Society, he said, came to this country imbued with the spirit of true republicanism. He felt proud to speak before the members of this Society, who were bound to the Union by every obligation of sentiment and love; although he himself was a KENTUCKIAN, and loved his native State. He drew a striking comparison between the New-York of the present day, and that of a century ago; and asked, what could be thought of the man who, in the face of this magnificent present and gorgeous future, could contemplate the dissolution of this Union: the UNION — not alone a *means* for the preservation of our liberties, but an *END*! He believed the men of New-York to be Union men. The speaker concluded with the toast:

'The Memory of your Ancestors of the City of New-York.'

'6. HOLLAND: The Mother of Free States. Music: *'Wilhelmus Van Nassauwen.'*

The Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, who has lately returned from foreign travel, in his usual terse, cheerful, and eloquent manner responded, and gave a graphic picture of the country and people of Holland. The Doctor was in his happiest vein, and was listened to by an audience eager to catch every syllable which he uttered. He remarked that our people had a bright example of freedom in the people of Holland, who achieved it after a struggle of eighty years: that England received many a lesson of freedom from Holland; and that England, as contrasted with the nations of Continental Europe, is free indeed. Our own nation is one of those of which Holland was the mother, and New-York is indebted to Holland for what she is.

'7. THE CITY OF NEW-YORK: The Amsterdam of the New-World: Her safety will be secured by a speedy return to the principles and habits of her Founders. Music: *'Home, Sweet Home.'*

To this toast his Honor Mayor TIEMANN briefly and satisfactorily responded, concluding by giving:

'The State of New-York.'

The PRESIDENT called on Mr. Attorney-General TREMAINE, who, in response, made a brief and rhetorical address, which was received with marks of decided favor.

'8. WOMAN: Mother, Sister, Sweetheart, Wife, Daughter: dearest, sweetest, best names on earth. God bless them all! Music: *'Here's a Health to all Good Lassies.'*

To this toast Mr. MOUNT spoke in a very forcible, feeling, and effective manner. Afterward the Society were favored with a song by Mr. COLLINS, of the St. NICHOLAS Glee Club.

'9. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: Kindred in charity, though strangers in blood, Saint NICHOLAS welcomes thee to his home. Music: *'We are a Band of Brothers.'*

Dr. BEALES, President of the Saint GEORGE'S Society, ADAM NORRIS, Esq., of Saint ANDREW'S, RICHARD O'GORMAN, Esq., of Saint PATRICK'S, and BENJAMIN W. BONNET, Esq., of the New-England Society, respectively responded.

The PRESIDENT then rose and addressed the Society, thanking them for his reflection; alluding to the past, and with feeling to those who had passed away; and mentioning the honored names of former Presidents, gave a toast which prompted a universal call for the Society's former President, JAMES DE PETSTER OGDEN, Esq., who answered in his usual felicitous manner, 'with jest and youthful jollity.'

Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, Chairman of the Stewards, made response to the toast in

compliment of their taste and their labors in the preparation of the banquet, which had given such satisfaction and enjoyment. The easy earnestness of the speaker, the merry twinkle of his eye, with fun nestling on his lip and bounteous good-nature irradiating the fulness of a healthy Dutch cheek; ignited the susceptible hearts of his hearers, who, with their good cheer and long pipes gracefully embowered in pendent wreaths of smoke, listened with eager ear, with 'laughter holding both his sides.' Afterward, Mr. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, of the KNICKERBOCKER, in answer to a prolonged call, acknowledged the compliment in a few cordially-received remarks; closing with a sentiment in honor of the genial labors and indefatigable father-land researches of Gen. J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.

Mr. JOHN D. VAN BEUREN, overflowing with a genial wit and humor, for which he has become eminent among the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS, enlivened the company with some clever and sparkling libations, gracefully poured from the fountain of his sympathetic, exuberant good spirits, which were duly honored with hearty and signal tokens of merriment. After a farther course of Reason's-feasting, the health of '*The Proprietors of the Hotel*' was drunk: '*Auld Lang Syne*' was sung: the long pipes were snatched, and the company went home

'WHEN lingering stars with lessening ray  
Began to greet the early morn.'

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Were we permitted to mention the distinguished source whence we receive the following, it might 'ventilate' the curiosity of the reader, but would not heighten the *Picture of the Past* which it so vividly conveys:

'It is now a quarter of a century! yes, almost the period of the life of an earthly generation, (and the thought makes us remember that we are no longer young,) since we were sojourning in one of the extreme northern villages of the little State of Vermont. Over-work, and that canker of life, care and anxiety, (for lawyers fit to be trusted, always feel more anxiety for the event of their clients' causes, than they do themselves,) had made us thin and worn and restless and dyspeptic. We must find relief from toil, and space for recreation. We left home without much warning, as many others do; and the good people, when they found we were at Washington, (D. C.) could scarce conjecture the cause of so sudden a translation. A waggish friend of ours undertook, in a mysterious way, to relieve us and them, by suggesting that he knew the object of our visit to the Capital: and that it was no less than they had conjectured, the pursuit of office, and one of importance and high emolument; but as he had obtained the knowledge of it under the seal of confidence, he scarcely felt justified in disclosing it. After great importunity on one side, and much coyness on the other, he finally promised to disclose, under the same seal of secrecy which carried the discovery to him. He told them the office was one of great importance to such a village as theirs, which had deservedly obtained the cognomen of Tattleborough — it was nothing less than that of Adversary General!

'But this aside. Our good friend now, and for many years has been, sleeping among the tenants of the little village church-yard. The little white church is taken



down and removed to a more central point; three others erected hard by, to accommodate the endless divisions and sub-divisions into which Christian worship in our country seems to be doomed; the good pastor and most of his flock, sleep the sleep that knows no waking till the resurrection morn; and the good people of that little quiet town, having nearly all changed twice over, know nothing, and care as little, for us or our office, be it called one thing or another.

'But what changes have come over the face of the Republic, and all in that short period of years! The only rail-way which blessed our progress toward the city of 'magnificent distances,' was that between Amboy and Camden, as we passed on during the close of navigation, and had no occasion for the short rail-way between Frenchtown and Newcastle. The route from Philadelphia to Baltimore, with stage-coaches and heavy roads and drunken drivers, required twenty mortal hours for its accomplishment, and from that to Washington nearly ten.

'And what was Washington then? The Capitol and the President's house; Pennsylvania Avenue and the Patent-Office; GADSBY'S and the Indian Queen! But the men who were there! We shall never look upon their like again! More great men, gigantic, invincible, terrible combatants than ever met, or ever will meet again, upon American soil. That was the panic session! General JACKSON, through what the opposition branded as the sycophantic subserviency of his Secretary of the Treasury, the present honored and venerated Chief-Justice TANEY, had just removed the national deposits from the United States Bank, and Congress was in its most terrific commotion. It was a war of giants, and most fearfully did the combatants wrestle for the mastery.

'On the part of the administration were FORSYTH and KING, of Alabama, and BEXTON and GRUNDY and WRIGHT, and a host of second and third-rate men, ever ready to do their bidding.

'But the mighty phalanx of talent and will, was chiefly in the opposition; and much of it had been thrown into that attitude by the boldness and apparent want of consideration and candor with which the President had done the act. WEBSTER and CALHOUN and CLAY were the acknowledged leaders of the opposition—men who at all times, and with all men, must have stood alone in unapproachable majesty and solitude! But then the lesser lights which surrounded this bright constellation were men, who, in other skies, would have shone as stars of the first magnitude. SOUTHARD and FRELINGHUYSEN, and POINDEXTER and TYLER and RIVES and twenty others of the same grade were brilliant satellites to the brightest luminary which has appeared in our western heavens. For WEBSTER was the sun of the sphere, the majestic centre around which all others revolved. And his short encounters there, upon questions where he felt at home, (for he never spoke unless he did,) exhibited more of the fire of genius, more of burning eloquence than ever blazed forth from human lips in the same brief space. The very intonations of his voice, his very attitude, had the power to create and to destroy.

'But there was majestic heroism in one far above all! The tenant of the White House stood alone in unapproachable majesty and heroism. The commerce of the country! the capital of the country! the talent of the country!—the three great estates of the empire, had combined against him; and had sworn a terrific oath, that, come what would, he should retract, and restore the deposits. But that old man in white hairs, the hero of scores of battle-fields, had raised his arm, and sworn an oath no earthly power could recall or release. And come life or death, success or ruin, the deed was done, and with him there was no such word as retreat. His friends might

quail before the storm, might desert him if they would—as in scores they did, and among the foremost in the Halls of Congress too. But calm and unmoved, he awaited the result. He looked for the verdict of posterity, and not in vain!

'That bright galaxy of talent has all departed: one by one they have lain down to sleep the sleep of history. That commerce is scattered to the winds, and other sails whiten the same seas. That capital, that monster bank, by common consent is banished from the earth as a worthless thing.

'And now that the vote of censure by the United States Senate upon their venerable Chief-Magistrate, and the expunging of that vote by order of the Senate, and BENTON's graphic delineation, with almost the distinctness of the painter's pencil, of that wonderful scene, are all before us, and the actors, both the accused and the accusing, are all gone to their account before high heaven, it is easy to perceive that the glory, the true wisdom, and far-seeing statesmanship is with the chief, rather than with his maligners, or his timid and faint-hearted supporters.

'But they are all gone from those halls! The Senate and House of Representatives are now tenanted by other names and far other men. And the court-room of the United States Supreme Court, where we shall long remember our introduction by the noble form of WEBSTER, during one of the pauses of an argument, and his happy, nonchalant mode of accomplishing so much by saying so little: 'His friend was quite too well known to require commendation from him.' But how known, or to whom? Surely not to them! But MARSHALL, who was for nearly forty years the presiding genius there, and STORY, scarce behind his noble chief, and THOMPSON and BALDWIN and DUVAL, and all but McLEAN, now rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

'But lest I grow too sad and croaking, let me add, that in material wealth and prosperity, the Republic has made unexampled strides since that day. The twenty-four States have reached the eve of thirty-four. The narrow belt of territory now embraces the continent, and the capitals of different States are embosomed on the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific. And who shall say that, in a quarter of a century more, our flag may not wave over the whole broad continent?'

'There were Giants in those days!' - - - Some Boston editor recently mentioned the circumstance of a rich bachelor-merchant of that town of 'solid men' visiting the house of a customer in a small village of Maine, near the jumping-off-place of 'Deöwn East.' This friend had three daughters, two of whom, elaborately and fancifully dressed, and with a display of copied city airs, entertained him in the parlor, strummed for him on the piano, and 'fetched' indolent, dawdling walks with him along the country-side; until it became an unpleasant doubt in the mind of each of the two sisters, to which of the twain he must in the end make a tender of his 'heart and hand.' Meanwhile, he was taking close cognizance of the younger sister, a fresh, blooming girl of eighteen; remarking especially, how helpful she was in the family; up bright and early in the morning, assisting her mother in her domestic duties; putting every thing 'to rights' in the parlor, looking after her little brother and sister; always cheerful and lively when in the 'keeping-room,' to which she was quite as much an ornament as the handsomest and most 'accomplished' of her elder sisters. The sequel, we are told, was short: *she* was chosen by the bachelor merchant, and is now one of the best wives in a city renowned for good ones.



That personal knowledge, that practical supervision, which enables her to know *how* all domestic duties should be performed, in no wise detracts from the admiration and praise which her simple but graceful bearing in her husband's splendid drawing-rooms elicits from his and her visitors and friends. When household cares draw her thence, her husband knows that she may be found presiding over some important branch of his establishment: for an hour, perhaps, installed in the kitchen — as the French term it, 'the stomach of the mansion' — where she

—— 'MOULDS the pie:  
Melts into sauces rich the savory ham,  
From the crushed berry strains the lucid jam:  
Bids brandied cherries by infusion slow  
Imbibe new flavor, and their own forego.'

and 'mixes in' with her kitchen-employées, in all the mysteries of the *art de cuisiner*. We like to see such newspaper-paragraphs now and then: their lesson is a good one — their 'mission' sound and healthy. This domestic *practicalness*, in a wife, however, unaccompanied by other necessary qualifications, may now and then be somewhat too highly estimated. We once heard, when a lad, a young farmer, in the interior of our State, give the following account of his wooing, in the presence of his wife, too: 'How d'you expect I courted KEZIAH fust? I'll tell you: I'd been hum with her once from Sunday-evenin' confrence-meetin', and once from spellin'-school, as fur as the chips: she was good-lookin', and I kind o' liked her from the very fust: I reckon she did *me*, too, but not to-once, I expect. But any how, one Saturday night, I was determined to go up and spark her. I'd got through the week's work, and slicked up, and felt just like it. When I got to her house, OLIVE, her little sister, said KEZIAH was in the kitchen, and she guessed 'she did n't want to see nobody.' I did n't keer for *that*: I went through the eatin'-room and opened the door into the kitchen; and I never see a handsomer sight in my life. The kitchen was as clean as a pin, and smelt as sweet as a nut. KEZIAH was stuffin' sassengers; and BILL JUDD, that I never *did* like, for he had a wonderful hankerin' after KEZIAH, was cuttin' up sassenge-meat in a big wooden bowl, with a choppin'-knife, and now and then wrinkl'n on the kivers onto the nozzle of the tin sassenger-machine. The old man was cuttin' off the fat from as pretty a side of pig-pork as I ever see, and the old 'oman was makin' mince-pies, at another table. KEZIAH kind o' blushed when I come in: but she talked pleasant, and *did n't stop her work*: I noticed *that*. I went in for a reg'lar talk with all of 'em — old man, old 'oman, KEZIAH, and BILL JUDD, who looked as sour as vinegar; and bimeby said he guessed he'd better be goin': I said *I* thought so tew: he skeōwled at me, and KEZIAH she laughed, she did, and said, 'Good night, Mr. JUDD, if you *must* go: ' and the old man and old 'oman said, 'Good evenin', WILLIAM; ' and he went eōut, slammin' the door behind him. Wal, I took his place at the sassenge-meat bowl, and handled the choppin'-knife, I guess, as smart as *he* did: as for putin' on sassenge-kivers, I never turned my back to *no* man. Bimeby the last link was broken from the stuffer; the old man had piled up his snow-white flakes of fat on a bright tin pan; and the old 'oman pinched into scollops the edge-crust of abeōut twenty mince-pies, and all was sot away on the clean white dresser; and then we all went eōut into the keepin'-room; the old folks went off to bed, and

KEZIAH and I sot up — *did n't* we, KEZIAH? I askt her if she'd hev me, and she said she did n't know; that there wan't no hurry, any how; that I could wait, and see what *I* thought abeout it after a while, and all that. *Then* I know'd I'd get her — and I *did* get her: and there aint no better wife any wheres than what she is a good wife. She can *cook* any thing that can be fried, b'iled, or roasted, and can *make* any thing that can be cut with shears or sowed or knit with needles: and that's better than all your eddication, and 'accomplishments,' as they call 'em.' Now while KEZIAH is blushing over her first baby, at this warm praise from the lips of her simple-minded husband, let us drop a word in his ear: 'The *knowledge* of those commendable 'arts,' young fater, are in no degree incompatible with your contemned 'education' and 'accomplishments:' and let us hope that your good wife will remember this, in bringing up her daughters, and that *you* will not forget or neglect it, in shaping the course of your boys.' 'There's wisdom for you,' if *we* are any judge! - - - The morning journals of to-day mention the death of a convict at the Auburn State's-prison, while undergoing the punishment of 'Showering:' a terrible 'accident,' to use the mildest possible term. Still, we believe it to be the general opinion of all humane persons, that this mode of subduing refractory prisoners is better than the flagellations which formerly 'obtained' in our penal institutions. We have even heard it stated, by prison officials, that in the hot weather of summer, 'showering,' to the usual extent, is scarcely regarded by convicts as a punishment at all. Perhaps the best reply to this would be: 'Suppose you try it once *yourself*, without the ability to move hand, foot, or head, while your hot brain is being converted into ice, and the sharp thrill of a pain that seems a 'dissolving of the joints and the marrow,' permeates every fibre of the human 'harp of a thousand strings!'' The only wonder, to our mind, is that it should 'keep in tune so long' under the terrible infliction. But we are glad, as it is generally used, that it has superseded whipping. We once saw a convict whipped at the Auburn prison; and to the last moment of our life, we shall never forget it. It was the first time that we had ever seen a prison; and our little boy's heart was wonderfully impressed, when, through the damp February snow-storm which prevailed, we saw the gray walls of that most striking architectural edifice, wet and dismal, and blotched with watery sleet; the prison, lofty and wide, with its grated windows, frowning within; and 'Copper John,' the grim sentinel, with his fat legs and obtrusive accoutrements — his musket must be fifteen feet long — keeping 'watch and ward' on the apex of the flying buttresses which support his stalwart frame. Once within, the features of the institution are much the same as those of any other prison, upon a similar plan, save that at that time, the surveillance over the different shops was maintained through loop-holes in narrow, covered alleys, which traversed their sides. The prisoners were kept upon their 'good behavior' through caution and fear, as not one of them knew *when* he might be observed. We were looking, through one of the loop-holes we have mentioned, at the long ward of shoe-makers — some hundred and fifty, it appeared to us — when one of our attendant keepers suddenly left us, and entered a door at the end of the alley which opened into the shop. He mounted a low platform at one side of the middle of the room, and beckoned with his fore-finger in the direction opposite to where we were standing. A prisoner, from the farther end of the



long shop, laid down his work, arose, left his bench and walked forward. Not another prisoner raised his eye from his hammering or stitching. The man stepped upon the platform, removed his striped roundabout and dingy woollen vest, while the keeper stepped down, with a big horse-whip in his hand, and 'bared his arm for vengeance.' He was angry, for his face was flushed and his eye vindictive. Our attendant here asked our party to 'move on,' as the prisoners were soon going out to dinner. But we were riveted to the spot, as if by a spell. The whip was raised: we heard the big-bellied lash whistle, and when it fell upon the back of the erect convict, he crouched to the floor, and writhed with the agony. Twelve lashes, slow and deliberate, and each one more relentlessly 'laid on,' bowed his stalwart, quivering frame, as before, and then, in silence as he came, with no one of his miserable companions in crime and suffering looking up, he resumed his habiliments of guilt, and walked back to his seat, and to his ceaseless labor. The wretched prison-fare and gloomy cells, which we were next shown, failed to cloud this painfully-vivid picture. We can see it *now*. - - - Most New-Yorkers will recall the old *Richmond-Hill Theatre*, at the corner of Varick and Charlton-streets. It was famous for its brilliant 'openings' and its short 'seasons,' the latter not unfrequently terminating on the first Saturday (after the Monday 'opening') with the 'Manager's Benefit-Night,' when *Terragedy*, *Bel-lud-keyurd-ling Melo-drama*, and overwhelming Comedy, 'ruled the hour'—or three or four hours, for that matter. A Gothamite friend, far away to the West, has revived certain reminiscences of all this, of which we are enabled to present only one or two brief but amusing incidents. At the close of one of the short 'seasons,' and on a 'benefit-night,' our correspondent enters the boxes, while the pit is calling upon the orchestra (two second-fiddles, and a trombone and flute *assoluto*) for 'The Soap-Boiler's Return,' 'We Met, 't was in a Cab,' etc., amidst much uproar:

'The prompter's bell at length rang, and the performance commenced: '*Scenes from Othello*:' the parts of OTHELLO and IAGO by two gentlemen who had 'kindly volunteered for that night only.' They were evidently rivals, who disregarded HAMLET's advice to the players, as they out-bellowed each other beyond all reason. The address to the senate was rendered with such violence, as to lead to the conclusion that that venerable body had carried off DESDEMONA by force, and that her injured spouse was challenging the whole party to fight him on the next vacant lot. OTHELLO, too, had a peculiar fashion of ending some names and words with *er*, such as, AMELI-ER, DESDEMON-ER, etc. But we all have our errors: he *erred* when he went on the stage, and while on it. The Senate, including the Duke, was represented by two stupid-looking boys in red curtains, trimmed with calico ermine. At the close of OTHELLO's speech, one of those gentlemen, the 'Duke,' accidentally went through a performance 'not mentioned in the bills.' In attempting to move his chair, which was elevated on an old packing-box, covered with carpet, the hind legs (of the chair—not the Duke) slipped over the box's edge, precipitating the representative of Venice heels-over-head against the back scene, which, having 'done the State some service,' yielded to the sudden pressure, and allowed his Highness to disappear, *d la Ravel*, chair and all, into the next apartment! The scene closed amid shouts of laughter, which was not much diminished in the succeeding one, by a gentleman, who enacted MICHAEL CASSIO in a Roman tunic and top-boots, getting violently drunk out of an empty decanter.'

The description of the vocal portion of the performance is so suggestive, that we reserve it for a few comments and reciprocal illustrations, when occasion shall serve. Meantime, let the curtain rise upon some of the scenes in the melo-drama, 'of intense and powerful interest:'

'THE virtuous hero was enacted by a short, burly man, all lungs and boots, apparently created for no other purpose than to 'turn up' on all impossible occasions in defence of female innocence, which he successfully defended against overwhelming numbers. Indeed, so impressed were assailants by his prowess, that many fell mortally wounded long before his sword could reach them. Previous to each combat, the hero was called upon to 'yield, or die!'—but seeming never to be in a mood to do either, he invariably shouted, 'N-e-v-e-r-r-r!' The bills stated that in Act Two there would be 'a grand procession of 'knights,' 'nobles,' 'warriors,' monks,' etc.: a performance which was ably sustained by three men and a boy, who walked very slowly, and very far apart, across the stage, in such a manner as always to allow one of the performers time to run round and come in on the other side as somebody else. One actor, in his haste to keep up the illusion, hastily threw a monk's habit over a warrior's dress, forgetting to remove a tin helmet, which so exasperated the 'pit,' that it decidedly objected to any farther performance of the three men and small boy.'

'In the following scene, the villain of the piece, after a terrific combat, was killed by the virtuous hero, who ordered two attendants to bear off the corse and cast it down an imaginary cataract. The attendants, no doubt anxious to make the most of their parts, instead of bearing off the body direct, made a slow circuit of the stage, producing rather a novel effect. The body, on first being raised from its mother earth, was stiff as buckram; but evidently not counting on so long a journey, lost breath; and as it came in front of the foot-lights, suddenly relaxed into an angular position, scattering to fragments the foundation of a pair of thread-bare 'tights,' and emancipating the tail of an under-garment. At this the 'body' gave a vigorous plunge, upset the foremost attendant, and rushed madly off the stage, to the infinite amusement of the audience, myself included.' . . . 'This incident was only equalled by one which occurred toward the close of the drama. A 'Demon,' whose business it was to exit through a trap-door, but who, probably being a volunteer, and not acquainted with the stage localities, stood on the wrong side, tapped with his heel as a signal to be lowered to his fiery home. No response was given; but on the opposite side of the stage a 'trap' suddenly opened under the feet of a vacant-looking gentleman who was enacting the part of second-guard, tumbling him about in a most ludicrous manner. The demon, perceiving his mistake, rushed across, and in his efforts to anticipate the unfortunate 'supe,' both stuck in the trap, where they remained, in the glare of red-and-blue fires, 'spitting flame, and spluttering smoke,' till the curtain fell.'

How much is to be gained, 'toward the cause of morals,' or 'toward the instruction of society,' by such theatrical performances as *these*, perhaps it would puzzle the wisest among us to tell. - - - Does N'T 'E. H. B.,' who writes us an entertaining and gossiping letter from far-away Minnesota, think — we are *talking* to the fair lady, with this page under her eye, what time the present number shall have reached her — does she not *really* think, 'upon reflection,' that she is quite too pleasantly situated, to trouble her engagéd heart for a moment about becoming a contributor to the stores of verse awaiting insertion in the port-folios of literary purveyors to the sovereigns of our common uncle, SAMUEL? Listen to her for a



moment: 'It is a comfortable cloudy morning upon which I write: the prairie is dressed in a white brocade: the hay-stacks and thatched barns are masquerading under snowy masks: the black-birds and blue-jays are twittering and screaming out in the groves. On the whole, WINTER seems to have mounted his throne. Within doors, we are quite as comfortable as one ought to expect, in a new country: We are not rich: we have a five-roomed house, in the cottage-fashion, with a bountiful and beautiful garden, and fine oaks around it: a row of good literature: a pile of magazines, and 'WEBSTER'S Unabridged,' are on the stand before me: two well-fed, happy canaries, in a profusely-ornamented and well-cleaned cage, are chirping and twittering above me: a pleasant fire hums in the fire-place: I am dressed in a very becoming delaine, with my feet encased in nice warm moccasins; feeling, on the whole, very good-natured and easy: and only 'want to know, you know:' 'Have you room for any more contributors?' For a *little* taste of our fair and 'comfortable' correspondent's quality we will for once make room. Step out and look up into the still evening heavens, through the streaming rays of star-light, and apostrophize with her the celestial 'Eyes,' the golden-fires 'that clip us round about:'

'O wondrous EYES! that in the halls of childhood  
Poured on my soul a flood of mystic light,  
That wakened memories of flowers and music,  
A warbling fountain and an eastern night:

'A limpid lake, where swung the moon reflected,  
The 'marble halls,' the gala masquerade;  
The quivering city in the hazy distance:  
O wondrous EYES!—all summoned by thine aid!

'Filling all my soul with wordless imagery,  
Wild vagaries, and music, ah! how sweet!  
Leading me captive, ever and forever,  
Through palaces where ne'er had trod my feet.

'O EYES of Glory! may ye shine forever,  
As shine ye on my o'er-wrought soul to-night:  
Warm as the lustre of a summer sun-set—  
Deep as the mid-night in its starry light!

'BYRON, the poet, got off a good thing, did n't he,' said one of our jocose companions outside of a certain South-lake 'shanty' up in 'JOHN BROWN'S Tract,' one glorious summer night, 'when he said that the stars were 'the poetry of Heaven?' Good *hit* that!' This mild sarcasm 'dried us up,' we remember: but the 'remark' was true, notwithstanding! - - - AFTER the perusal of the little subsection of 'Gossipry' in our last number, touching London, Saint PAUL'S, etc., the reader, perhaps, will appreciate the pleasure which our friends, MESSRS. MASURY AND WHITON, Number 111, Fulton-street, (of whom we have made recent mention 'in this connection,') imparted to us, by a Christmas-present of a few additional *Stereoscopic Views*—of which, 'more anon'—among them, *Saint Paul's, in London*, coming up Ludgate-street, Ludgate-Hill. An English friend at our side, (whose 'desk' was once side by side with that of CHARLES LAMB,) after examining it, said: 'It is not only *beautiful*, but it is *true*, in all its minutiae.' After looking at it affectionately two or three times, he added: 'When I was a boy, I had occasion, for many years, sometimes six or seven times a week, to go through Saint PAUL'S Church-yard; and I scarcely remember ever to have passed the great

CATHEDRAL, without stopping to gaze with admiration, nay almost with reverence and awe, at the stupendous pile: there is such a solemn grandeur, such a majesty, such a noble 'keeping' in all its proportions, that the merely *passing* pedestrian's hurried step is arrested, and for a moment at least, a subdued feeling, a sense of littleness, takes possession of him, as he gazes up, and up, and up, at the vast structure. The northern thoroughfare (he continued) is usually so much crowded that it is scarcely possible to tarry a moment to take a view; but on the south-side, by leaning against a show-window, or standing within the entrance to some ware-house, you have a fine opportunity to drink your fill of admiration. The approach from the West, up Ludgate-Hill, is beyond description grand. This is *your* picture. The marble figure of St. PAUL preaching, which there looks so diminutive, is the most imposing piece of statuary of modern times. Millions have gazed upon it with admiration: and *you* must go there, and judge for yourself.' Touching the crowded thoroughfares of the great metropolis, our friend gave us some amusing illustrative incidents, which we have 'booked' for an ensuing number. They were too suggestive to pass without comment. - - - It ran through our mind to-day, while hastily scanning the daily prints, what misconceptions of countries and peoples are imbibed, through simple ignorance of the same. Let us travel 'from Indus to Japan,' for example, and pause at the latter 'human' post, and contemplate it for a moment. It turns out (it is 'patent' to remark) that this isolated, heathenish, 'close corporation' of a nation, is far different from what the world had supposed it to be. It has, it would appear, a city larger than London: the domestic and higher arts flourish there: 'law and order' prevail: tranquillity at home, and 'peace with all the world, and the rest of mankind,' predominates: and what is more, they have a good city-government at Jeddo, the capital, and the Japanese officials are honest and trustworthy. Agriculture flourishes, and Trade. Such, from all accounts, English, Dutch, and American, are some of the features of Japan, a country heretofore mostly known through lacquered 'waiters,' and other Japanned ware. This great country, hitherto so grossly misunderstood, is open to us now: but do n't let us send any Yankee peddlers there with tin ware: do n't let us 'stick' the Japanese with the 'stocks' of any of our repudiating States: do n't let us try to negotiate any of our prospective western rail-road bonds in the Wall-street of Jeddo. The authorities and the people are kindly-disposed toward us now, and need only to be well treated, to remain so. And how superior they are to the Chinese, concerning whom we think we know so much more! British, American, and French Commissioners, fully empowered by their respective governments, have recently concluded treaties with them: but what do the 'Chinoises' care for the parchments? Not much. Within a week after the documents were signed, the Cantonese authorities, (represented by the 'Tremble-fearfully-hereat' Tribunal of the 'Sun-Kum,') offered five hundred dollars for the head of any English private soldier or sailor, and five thousand for the head of an English officer! 'Good style' that, for the 'Central Flowery Kingdom,' just after signing a Treaty of Peace, and Concord, 'Trade and Barter!' It is well said by the *London News*, that the Chinese nation, as represented by its 'highfalutin' officials, is a 'mountain of blubber:' 'You may batter the great thing about, as you do a Dutch doll, but it will roll and wobble, and stand upright when you have done with it.' It



will not be thus with Japan. - - - 'SAID we not well,' in our last number, touching 'G. H. C.,' of Hartford, Connecticut? Let the lines which ensue, (like good wine, which needs no bush, nor yet the shaking thereof,) make answer. Long may the genial inditer be 'Bob'-ing around:

' B o b .

'DEAR ROBERT, we have been good friends  
From youth to lusty prime,  
And you have lent me sage advice,  
In prose, full many a time;  
Which small account I now propose  
To liquidate in rhyme.

'The women deem a single man  
A misanthropic thing,  
Who ought to tend a turnpike-gate,  
Without a chance to swing,  
And never hear a marriage-bell  
Till he the belle shall ring.

'The world is full of waiting girls,  
And you are in the wrong,  
When you prevent from eager lips  
The sweet hymeneal song,  
And hear instead the plaintive cry,  
"Why tarries he so long?"

'T is something more than monotone,  
That passion-breathing sob,  
And seems designed of pleasant dreams  
A bachelor to rob:  
So prithee take one to your arms,  
And make her happy, Bob.

'It even stirs our married nerves,  
To see the pouting girls  
Spreading their nets and crinolines,  
And letting down their curls,  
And radiating smiles enough  
To melt the iciest churls:

'To see the jaunty gaiter-boots  
Along the pathway trip,  
And where they clasp the silken hose  
A tantalizing slip  
Of broidery, that provokes the sight  
At every dainty dip.

'Much more should it distract the man  
Who only dreams of bliss,

Nor knows the thrill that permeates  
A matrimonial kiss,  
Which one may freely give, and take,  
Yet never give a miss.

'We know that your accomplishments  
Are not so very rare,  
And that you cannot even play  
Nor sing, 'Begone, dull care';  
Yet with a wife you'd duet soon,  
And improvise an heir.

'Moreover, you must need a wife  
To see to shirts and things,  
And keep you from the pokerish path  
That's full of traps and springs,  
As well as to protect your cash  
From its proverbial wings.

'A man may have a noble head,  
A tongue that hates a fib;  
A form to please PRAXITELES,  
And money-bags *ad lib.*:  
But what's the use of all these gifts,  
If he's without a rib?

'Do n't flout me with the fox who wished  
His friends to share his pain;  
That this is not a case in point,  
Is most intensely plain:  
He lost his ornamental half,  
Which I would have you gain.

'Now here is brave advice, my boy,  
Which you will take, of course;  
And if within a twelvemonth's time  
You do n't admit its force,  
Why, any Indiana Judge  
Will grant you a divorce.

'And if my arguments should fail  
To have convincing weight,  
The succedaneum at the close  
May prove a tempting bait;  
For with this legal safety-valve  
A man may laugh at Fate.'

The compliments of the season to 'BOB.' - - - We are pained to hear, so long a time after its occurrence, of the death of WILLIAM DODGE, Esq., of this city, who died on the twenty-eighth of October last. We knew him well, as a man most exemplary in all the relations of private and public life. At one period, he wrote several excellent articles for the KNICKERBOCKER. The subjoined paragraph does no more than simple justice to the character of the lamented deceased:

'Mr. DODGE was a graduate of Columbia College; and after having passed through the usual course of legal studies, he brought a well-stored mind to the practice of the law, in which profession he always held a high rank, being up to the time of his death, Counsellor for several of our Banks and Insurance Companies. As a political economist he has been

well known; and his various articles on the differences existing between the Constitution of the United States and those of the separate States, are imbued with his usual clearness. He was for a few years a member of the New-York Common Council, and more recently represented his native city in the Legislature of the State, where his efficient aid in preparing and advocating several acts, important to the jurisprudence of the State, will long be remembered. In his military career he was equally successful; and as Colonel of the regiment known as '*The Governors' Guard*,' he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his command. In the public institutions of our city he held a prominent position: for his highly-philanthropic disposition, aided by an unusually well-directed knowledge of mankind, rendered him deservedly popular. He seemed to feel that the highest duty of man was to benefit his species; and while he modestly retired from the receipt of what seemed to him undue praise, he was not the less active in the performance of what he felt to be his duty as a man. In his private associations he stood as an example to his kind; in his family he was most sincerely beloved; a large circle of friends held him in the highest esteem, while the popular feeling, ever favorable to his advancement, would have retained him in public life, and frequently solicited him to serve the public in Congress and elsewhere, but his duties at home prevented his accepting their proffered compliments. His addresses delivered for the benefit of various charitable institutions have been fully appreciated, and have received the highest praise.'

Mr. DODGE married the eldest daughter of Professor JAMES J. MAPES, a young lady of rare personal and intellectual attractions, who is left, with her little ones, almost inconsolable at his loss. - - - We shall be obliged to antedate the '*Advice to Farmers*,' and the '*State of Crops and Spring-Work at Cedar-Hill*,' which American agriculturists have come to expect from the KNICKERBOCKER, by reason of our advanced time of publication. Now, 'Stack your Lima-bean poles; sow your winter wild-oats; stow your cabbage-heads; prepare your bins for 'Signifiders,' 'Pearmaines,' 'Speckled Russets,' etc., might be so untimely, as to prove literally 'advice thrown away.' Of one thing we *can* appropriately and reasonably speak: and that is, FUELS. We purchased to day, at Cedar-Hill cottage, from a small tin Christmas express-wagon, of two small drivers, five small loads of 'splitted hickory,' for one sixpence per load, 'York currency, and one load of small coals, for a like amount. One little boy (white) is wiping winter from the nose of another little boy, (black) while the colored friend, whom he is assisting, is auditing the proceeds of the sale on his brown-black fingers, on the piazza, in front of the sanctum-windows. Such are the fuel-prices which 'rule' *here*: for the wood and coals are 'delivered,' and stand ready for many a morning's kindlings, 'at call,' and 'on time.' Nothing like keeping 'trade' in the family! - - - We see it announced, and previously knew it to be true, that one of the most beautiful and interesting volumes recently issued from the press of our friends, Messrs. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, of Boston, '*The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney*,' was written by Mrs. SARAH M. DAVIS, wife of THOMAS T. DAVIS, Esq., of Syracuse, in this State. She has reflected honor upon herself, not only in her noble appreciation of the great and brilliant qualities of her illustrious subject, but in the variety and extent of her research, and the simplicity and elegance of her style. She can truly claim to have faithfully collected the scattered souvenirs of SIDNEY's life; to have verified every recorded fact, and excluded every fiction, however plausible, which, while gilding the story with false attractions, would mar the higher beauty that belongs to truth. Two fine engravings on steel, the one an authentic portrait of the illustrious SIDNEY, the other of Penshurst, his famous residence, together with



fine printing by types of a handsome face, upon smooth tinted paper, conclude the attractions of this beautiful book. Like its subject, it is a MODEL in its kind. It permits no regret at the superiority of English typography. - - - PROFANE swearing is a vice which has not even the poor excuse of 'sensual indulgence' to palliate it. It gratifies no taste, satisfies no desire, supplies no present or after gratification. Aside from its infraction of a divine law, it is as foolish as it is vulgar. It is very amusing, however, we have often remarked, to see how 'some people' try to evade it, by swearing as it were *in petto*. In the late extraordinary divorce-trial at New-Haven, it was alleged by the lady-plaintiff that the defendant had thrown violently at her, at one time, the '*Book of Connecticut*,' and at another, the '*History of Connecticut*.' Now if swearing were ever justifiable, here was abundant palliation: the resistless propulsion of two such heavy bodies at an 'unprotected female:' but MRS. BENNETT only denounced her husband's 'darned pills,' and affirmed that 'the DOCTOR was worse than the DEVIL.' Under the signal provocation, we think this evasion of actual swearing highly creditable to the moral *status* of the plaintiff. Once, when with 'Dame KNICK,' we made a memorable trip to the Upper Lakes, it so chanced that we were detained at the charming town of Canandaigua, waiting for the train. A flaunting circus near by, whence came the sound of music, and more musical laughter, beckoned us to its canvas portal, and we went in: and here we heard a really discreditable and disingenuous evasion of the vice of which we have been speaking, on the part of Mr. MERRYMAN, the spotted clown. 'What's that you say, Sir?' said the ring-master, bringing his long whip-lash, with a detonating 'crack!' around the mime's legs: 'do you swear at me, Sir?' 'I did n't swear: I only said 'dam': it is n't swearing to say 'dam,' is it?—*mill-dam*?' 'No, Sir—*that* is not swearing.' 'Well,' retorted the clown, with a bubbling-up chuckle, quite unforgettable, 'that's what *I* said; and you're a mill-dam fool for making such a fuss about nothing!' A roar went up from that crowded amphitheatre of laughers, which waved the 'taut'-stretched and pegged-down canvas, and shook the tall centre-poles of the tent, 'as if a storm passed by.' The clown was considered as 'having the argument:' so that one need not write 'Amsterd—m,' or 'Rotterd—m,' or call a mill-d—in a 'profane improvement,' to avoid being called a 'swearer.' - - - AMONG the new things in DEMPSTER'S musical repertoire is a composition for LONGFELLOW'S '*Catawba Wine*.' DWIGHT'S Boston '*Journal of Music*,' high authority, pronounces it 'as beautiful and musical as imaginative fancy can conceive of: not even a 'Brindisi' from VERDI'S pen, imbued with all the dazzling brilliancy of this master's genius, can vie with the irresistible strain of this 'Catawba-Wine Song.' It has proved a great success, delighting all who have heard it. The exquisite pathos of his music has also been wedded to '*Children*,' from the pen of the same popular poet. In truth, the spirit of beautiful and touching musical composition seems to have been newly 'poured out' upon our friend: for in addition to the foregoing, he has recently produced TENNYSON'S

'BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold, gray stones, O SEA!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me!'

Mrs. S. C. HALL's charming song of 'Eveleen Lamore,' 'Go not, Happy,' from 'MAUD,' and 'Swallow, Swallow, flying South,' from the 'Princess.' It will be a treat rich and rare, to hear DEMPSTER sing all these new and dissimilar compositions, with selections from the best of his old ones. - - - THANKS heartfelt, for this exquisite gem:

Columbus Dying.

'PERMIT me to send you the translation of some German verses found the other day in an odd volume. They are full to the overflow with poetry. To enjoy it, one must transport himself to a dilapidated chamber in an humble house in Valladolid. There an old man broken with the storms of fate is dying. His mind for a short moment wanders among the past scenes of his eventful life. The verdure of fair San Salvador, with 'its silver flashing surges,' the sparkling sands of Hispaniola, and the living green of beautiful Colba, flit like a panorama before his enchanted vision. The vision is but for a moment. The mind of the old navigator rallies. He feels that time with him will soon be no longer. He is about to spread the sail that is to waft him to those shores which only the eye of faith can behold looming up over that trackless ocean of eternity. His first earthly voyage from the little port of Palos had been consecrated by the sublime ceremonies of religion: and so now, upon the commencement of his last great voyage, with holy composure he receives from priestly hands the sacrament of the Romish Church, in whose faith he had so serenely lived, and was most willing to die. It is at this moment the poet has conceived the holy man, addressing him in the following exquisite lines:

'Soon with thee will all be over,  
Soon the voyage will be begun,  
That shall bear thee to discover,  
Far away, a Land unknown.

'Land that each alone must visit,  
But no tidings bring to men:  
For no sailor, once departed,  
Ever hath returned again!

'No drift-wood or clustering berries  
Ever came from that far wild;  
No carved staff or broken branch,  
Nor the corpse of angel child.

'All is mystery before thee:  
But in peace and love and faith,  
And with Hope attended, sails't thou  
Off upon the Ship of Death.

'Undismayed, my noble sailor,  
Spread, then, spread thy canvas out!  
Spirit! on a sea of ether  
Soon shalt thou serenely float.

'When the sea no plummet soundeth,  
Fear no hidden breakers there;  
While the fanning wings of angels  
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

'Quit now full of heart and comfort  
These Azores—they are of Earth:  
Where the rosy clouds are parting,  
There 'The Blessed Isles' loom forth.

'See'st thou now thy San Salvador?  
HIM thy SAVIOUR thou shalt hail,  
Where no storms of earth shall reach thee,  
Where no more thy hopes shall fail.'

In what admirable 'keeping' is all this imagery! - - - 'In the spring of 1857,' (our authority is explicit,) 'an exciting municipal election was held in Princeton, (Ind.) The all-absorbing compound-question to be answered by the electors, was: 'Whiskey?—or no Whiskey?' Owing to the fact that sundry grog-shops had been mobbed and their contents destroyed, by the fair Amazons of the village, during the preceding fall and winter, a vast quantity of bad blood had been engendered, and the election was bitterly contested. Conspicuous among the champions of 'Free Lager,' was a Dutchman by the name of DASCHE. DASCHE, 'mit his vrow,' had his 'local habitation' beyond the corporate limits of the village aforesaid; and, by consequence, had no right to vote in Princeton. But DASCHE had not the remotest idea of limiting his exertions to the field of 'moral suasion,'



and he therefore voted a plumper for 'Free Whiskey' in all its phases. DASCHE was tried for the offence in the Court of Common Pleas of Gibson County, Judge P — presiding, and found guilty. DASCHE was enraged; and gave vent to his feelings in language wherein it was hard to say whether bad English or broken Dutch preponderated. The Court ordered him to be silent: the only reply was a volley of fragmentary polyglot anathemas. His Honor again rebuked him, and threatened imprisonment, unless he held his peace. DASCHE rose, and asked meekly: 'Judge, can't a man *dink* vat he bleases?' 'Certainly,' replied the Court: 'you may *think* whatever you like.' 'Den,' replied Dashe, a smile of triumph flashing across his Teutonic features as he glanced at judge and jury, '*I dinks you ish all a set of invernal schoundrels!*' 'Time' was suddenly 'called on him,' but his speech was finished. - - - We are afraid that Mrs. DOUGLAS, the personally-gifted and intellectually-accomplished lady of Senator DOUGLAS, of Illinois, has unconsciously been the cause of a prospective attack by the British press upon the 'institutions' of our country. 'My husband,' she has said — and the journals containing the assertion, strongly fortified as to its authenticity, have gone abroad to 'foreign courts' — 'my husband must have some clothes: he has come out of the battle half naked. I obtained for him two dozen shirts last spring, and two or three sets of bosom-studs: but he lost all his shirts but two, (and one of those do n't belong to him,) and all the *studs* but four, which belong to four different sets.' 'Such,' we shall hear from the London '*Times*,' in due season, 'such, upon undoubted authority, is the state in which one of the most distinguished of American senators, and now a man of preëminent mark in the nation, emerges from a political canvas: and yet this is the sort of *sufrage* which Mr. JOHN BRIGHT would fasten upon the English Constitution! Can any English reader fail to note the *bearings* of this seemingly trivial fact?' - - - SOMEBODY has again started, on a tour of the press in the United States, as 'from a London paper,' a laughable Italian-English hand-bill, describing a new hotel at Pompeii, Herculaneum. This droll *affiche* was copied, when it was first put up in Italy, by an American friend, and sent to us for the KNICKERBOCKER, in which it was first published, years ago. 'It's of no consequence,' however: and we only mention the circumstance here, because we are reminded of it, by certain *Portuguese-English* contained in the preface to the 'second revised edition' of a recently-published rudimental work, designed to aid in the foreign acquisition of our noble mother-tongue. Among other equally pellucid and flowing sentences, we find the following in the 'Introduction' by the translator and editor: 'The works which we were conferring for this labor, fond use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted with the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that carelessness to rest those works fill of imperfections, etc. We expect then, *who* the little book, (for the care *what* we wrote him, and for *her* typographical correction,) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate *him* particularly.' No man, unless he were 'stubbeder' than *we* are, should ever dedicate such a book as this 'at' *us*, more than once, whether it was a he-book, or not! - - - Most readers will remember what an amusing blunder was committed by the *British Review*, in

reply to the subjoined lines from the first canto of DON JUAN. After stating that he 'expected the public approbation;' that he had taken measures to have his 'epical pretensions' to the laurel acknowledged and defended, the poet adds:

'For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,  
I've bribed my grandmother's review — *'The British.'*

'I sent it in a letter to the Editor,  
Who thanked me duly by return of post:  
I'm for a handsome article his creditor:  
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,  
And break a promise after having made it her,  
Denying the receipt of what it cost,  
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,  
All I can say, is — that *he had the money!*

In the very next number of '*The British Review*,' the solemn owl who presided over its pages, came out with a special '*Note*' addressed to its readers, stating that 'the charge made by Lord BYRON against that journal, of having accepted a bribe in advance, for its favorable opinion, was entirely unfounded! If any money had been sent, none certainly had been received; nor was that Quarterly to be regarded as in any degree open to such or similar propositions!' BYRON was by no means an obstreperous laugh: but it is stated by one of his contemporaries, if not by one of his numerous piece-meal biographers, who carried to his Italian 'quarters' the number of the Review in question, that when he had perused the above '*Note*,' he 'burst into a horse-laugh, like the neighing of all TATTERSALL'S.' And 'small blame to him,' considering the provocation. But let us cite a kindred, although comparatively a recent case, of — 'not to put *too* fine a point upon it' — mistaken impressions. Think of a man like the German NIEBUHR, who has obtained a world-wide reputation by his historical researches, and by his alleged skill in separating the true from the fabulous, and in 'filling up chasms in national annals by a process near akin to that by which CUVIER inferred the entire form and structure of an extinct species from a bone;' think of *such* a man, writing as follows upon CANNING, one among the foremost of England's departed statesmen: 'He had talents, but he was *not* a statesman. He was a joker of jokes, which were often in bad taste. He was a sort of political Cossack. He published the most shameful pasquinade which was ever written against Germany, under the title of '*Matilda Pottingen*.' Gottingen is described in it as the sink of all infamy: its professors and students as a gang of miscreants: licentiousness, incest, and atheism, as the character of the German people!' Now just æe how NIEBUHR was 'taken in,' through his inability to 'take a joke,' or to appreciate a bit of harmless humor:

'BARBS! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew,  
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!  
Ye bore MATILDA from my view;  
Forlorn I languished at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen:

'This faded form! this pallid hue!  
This blood my veins is clotting in,  
My years are many — they were few  
When first I entered at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen:

'There first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet! sweet MATILDA POTTINGEN!  
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-  
-tor, law professor at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen:

'Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in!  
Here doomed to starve on water-gru-  
-el, never shall I see the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen!'

It is almost inconceivable that an historian of NIEBUHR's fame should have con-



sidered it incumbent upon himself, years after the appearance of this political squib, to defend the 'character of the German people' against such jocose railery! Why, even CANNING's contemporaries, many of whom were visited with his 'swashing blows,' took little or no public notice of them; and hence they were soon 'forgotten out of mind.' If the distinguished commoner, afterward ennobled, who was far from meriting the satire contained in a parody from MOORE, had in *his* time adopted the German historian's later course, he would have been laughed at by his friends, and 'roasted' by his opponents. Two verses will be sufficient to show that the imitation was very close:

'BELIEVE me, if all those ridiculous airs,  
Which you practise so pretty to-day,  
Should vanish by age, and your well-twisted hairs,  
Like my own, be both scanty and gray:

'Thou wouldst still be a goose, as a goose thou hast been,  
Though a fop and a fribble no more,  
And the world that has laughed at the fool of eighteen,  
Would laugh at the fool of three-score.'

'*Vive la Bagatelle!*' would have been the appropriate response to such harmless although wonderfully 'telling' pasquinades. - - - 'I CANNOT but believe,' writes a fair and flattering correspondent, from Augusta, (N. Y.,) 'that the most charming specialty of that genial, purplish-covered Magazine over which you preside is that cozy table, around which the 'wee ones' flock with witching child-traits and lovable wisdom. Is not the best history of children to be found in the old files of the KNICKERBOCKER? But what has *become* of the little pets, dear Mr. CLARK? Surely the outstretched hand which welcomed them, has not become withdrawn? No: it is not *that*. Have they all 'grown up' and become wise? — young ladies and gentlemen, with 'lives unfit to chronicle' in the dear old history of childhood?' To which appeal we have only to answer: 'By no means, dear Madam; only this: that when there is a great deal of company, the 'Wee Folk,' as the Scotch song goes, must 'bide *awee*.' They shall be served at our next repast, with no sham companions to un-children them. - - - A NEW-HAVEN friend, who 'believes there is a fruitful lesson of warning' in these '*Like Father, Like Son*,' *Anecdotes*, sends us a second, concerning the same 'Judge B —', who was mentioned in our December number, and his imitative boy: 'Your *other* Elm City correspondent has given you an item of our '*Brother B —*, and *his Son Sam*.' Many racy stories touching the hopeful twain might be given: as for instance: In the Judge's office was always kept, for private entertainment and solace, a demijohn of 'good Old Jamaica.' His Honor noticed that every Monday morning it was a lighter, a more *abstracted* 'John,' than when he left it on Saturday night. SAM also was missing from his usual seat in the orthodox paternal pew. One Sunday afternoon SAM came in about five o'clock, and (rather heavily) went up-stairs. The JUDGE called after him: 'SAM, where have you been?' 'To church, Sir.' 'What church, SAM?' 'The Second Meth., Sir.' 'Have a good Sermon, SAM?' 'Very powerful, Sir: it quite staggered me, Sir.' 'Ah! I see,' said the Judge: 'quite powerful, eh! SAM!' The next Sunday the son came home rather earlier than usual, and apparently not so much 'under the weather.' His father hailed him: 'Well, SAM, been to the 'Second Meth.' again to-day?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Good sermon, my

boy?' 'Fact was, father, I could n't get in: church shut up, and a ticket on the door.' 'Sorry, SAM: keep going: you may get good by it yet.' SAM says, on going to the office for his usual spirit-ual refreshment, he found the 'JOHN' empty, and bearing this label: 'There will be no service here to-day, this church being closed for repairs!' SAM departed, 'a sadder and a wiser,' but (with his hibulous proclivities) not a 'better man.' - - - Is 'The Rose-Bush,' from the German, by UHLAND? It is like him, for it has all his tenderness, and much of his delicate fancy and execution:

A CHILD sleeps under the rose-bush fair,  
The buds swell out in the soft May air;  
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wing flies,  
To play with the angels of Paradise.  
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,  
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;  
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,  
With love's first wonderful rapture blest,  
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,  
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;  
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,  
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes,  
And the years glide by.

Naked and alone stands the rose-bush fair,  
Whirled are the leaves in the Autumn air;  
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,  
And silently cover a new-made mound,  
And the years glide by.

Weary TIME pauses for a moment, and looks back on the grave of the year, as we read, and feel, and print these lines. Sure we are, that at this season they will be read and felt by others. - - - We have been bringing up *Our Medical Studies* this damp, penetrating, permeating, 'sploshy' December evening, by the perusal of several successive, but until now neglected, numbers of our favorite authority, the '*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*.' In one issue, we were deeply interested by a report of '*Six Cases of Successful Operation in One Family on Children Born Blind*:' with such entire effect, indeed, that 'the children have now perfect vision, with the simple aid of the ordinary cataract-glasses, and will be able to follow any occupation which they may prefer.' Surely *there* must be a 'happy family.' The case of *Hæmotelæ*, which succeeds, doubtless excited less interest in the minds of the 'Journal's general readers. At any rate, *we* call for the EYES and NOSE, which are completed in an ensuing article, detailing an '*Operation for the Formation of a New Nose*,' a rhinoplastic feast, which proved entirely successful; the 'appearance of the new organ being all that could be desired' by the operator, and securing the great delectation of the wearer, who says:

—— 'No one knows  
The titillating life that flows,  
Which *my* nose knows:'

and he might add, since the new proboscis 'is of the form known as the hooked, or WELLINGTON nose,' that he

—— 'FEELS the joy  
A Roman knows.'

A suit for damages, for using '*Sulphuric Ether*,' instituted by Dr. W. T. G. MORTON, (for whom 'palpable sympathy' had been cormorantly sought, as one who had '*given this precious boon of Anæsthesia*, to be as free as Heaven's own sunshine') forms the subject of another article, brief but pungent. The writer intimates that offending 'parties,' conglomerate medical and surgical 'institutions,' and private practitioners, will most likely be 'let off,' in consideration of a certain *quo* for a certain *quid*. 'Expect not,' unless the 'parties' aforesaid are slightly verdant:



for if Hon. TRUMAN SMITH's recent booklet, so seemingly impregnable in its positions, be veritable, Dr. MORTON's claim won't yield him the '*Solace*' of one of LALIENTHAL's smallest 'fine-cut chewing' papers. Another treatise upon '*Fractures of the External and Internal Epicondyles*,' 'reads good;' but we can only commend it to the popular eye and ear. - - - We sincerely trust, that no mere sentimentalist, pumping up a theme-elaboration 'for the occasion,' will try to 'improve' this exquisitely pathetic picture, by a Western Methodist minister, descriptive of the death, in New-Orleans, of a young man from Maine, not many weeks since: 'He was attacked by yellow fever, and soon died, with no mother or relative to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own 'dear kindred blood' can feel or manifest. He died among strangers, and was buried by them. When the funeral-service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady who stood by stopped them, and said: '*Let me kiss him for his mother.* Who can gild *that* 'refined gold'? - - - SPEAKING of '*Shamus O'Brien's Hanging*,' copied in our last number, a friend, in a letter which *deserves* publication, but which is too long for our purpose, among other comments, has the following: 'Many an 'Irish-American' will thank you for presenting that stirring and most *picturesque* narrative-ballad. No one can fail to notice with what skill almost every line of its description is made to represent an individual picture, whether of scene or of individual aspect and exploit. Can you tell me *who wrote it*? And farther — if you will pardon the liberty — can you, or any of your correspondents, inform me from whose Irish pen proceeded, several years ago, a most solemn, pathetic, and wonderfully-descriptive poem, called '*Abbey Easaroo*?' — and what is of more consequence to me, where can I obtain a copy of it? My memory of *thoughts* is not amiss; but in recalling *words*, it often fails me. I think, however, that I can answer for the correctness of this opening verse:

'GRAY, gray is the Abbey Easaroo, by Ballyshannon town;  
It has neither door nor window — the walls are broken down:  
The carven stones lie scattered in brier and nettle-bed;  
The only feet are those that come at burial of the dead.  
A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide,  
Singing a song of ancient days — in sorrow, not in pride:  
The boor-tree and the lightsome ash across the portal grow,  
And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey Easaroo.'

What says our old friend 'J. C. M.,' of 'Out West,' to the solicitation of our correspondent? 'Old KNICK' desires to 'join in the same request,' and extends the invitation to a large constituency. - - - 'ONE more unfortunate, gone to her death,' we think will hereafter less frequently be written, of the sinning and suffering members of the hapless class toward whom Dr. WILLIAM W. SANGER has lifted and pointed a warning finger, in his '*History of Prostitution*.' He has recorded its extent, causes, and *effects* throughout the world: and of the last, how terrible is the catalogue! It is *these* which must make the depraved in thought and deed pause in their downward course. Think of *this* authentic statement: the aggregate life of these poor creatures, when once fully started upon their career of sin, is scarcely more than four years! It requires only that brief space of wild revelry, champagne-ing and carousing — of drink, degradation and disease — to reduce a beautiful girl of eighteen into a loathsome corse, flung out to the corruption

of a 'Potter's Field.' Facts such as these, and other and kindred expositions, cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence, if not upon the villainous TEMPTERS, at least upon the fearing and trembling TEMPTED. 'Every real philanthropist,' says the '*Christian Intelligencer*,' the staid organ of the Reformed Dutch Church, 'ought to study the sad, suggestive, and solemn pages of Dr. SANGER's book.' Late the other afternoon, hurrying at night-fall for the last boat to the 'Cottage,' in a soft, warm, *clean* snow-storm, we thought of these lines, and wished that we knew who wrote them:

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,  
Filling the sky and the earth below;  
Over the house-tops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet;  
Dancing,  
Flirting,  
Skimming along,  
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.  
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;  
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,  
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,  
Pure as an angel, and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!  
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!  
Whirling about in its maddening fun,  
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,  
Laughing,  
Hurrying by,  
It lights up the face, and it sparkles the eye;  
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
Snap at the crystals that eddy around:  
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,  
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,  
Hailing each other with humor and song!  
How the gay sledges, like meteors flash by,  
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye:

Ringling,  
Swinging,  
Dashing they go  
Over the crust of the beautiful snow:  
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing  
by:

To be trampled and tracked by the thousands  
of feet,  
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible  
street.

Once I was pure as the snow — but I fell:  
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from Heaven — to  
hell:

Fell, to be trampled as filth of the street:  
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.

Pleading,  
Cursing,  
Dreading to die,  
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?  
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its  
glow:

Once I was loved for my innocent grace —  
Flattered and sought for the charm of my  
face.

Father,  
Mother,  
Sister, all,  
God, and myself I have lost by my fall.  
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too  
nigh:  
For of all that is on or about me, I know  
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful  
snow.

*How strange it should be that this beautiful  
snow  
Should fall on a sinner with no where to go!  
How strange it would be, when the night comes  
again,  
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate  
brain!*

Fainting,  
Freezing,  
Dying alone!  
*Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan  
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,  
Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming  
down;  
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,  
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!*

Is n't this a sad, sad picture? - - - AMONG certain original '*Aphorisms*,' in the *Evening Post* daily journal, we find the following: 'A publishing house advertises in the *Post*, '*Parsons on Promissory Notes*.' There are few parsons whose notes, not to speak of their endorsements, are of much account in Wall-street.' This reminds us of a remark once made by the late JOHN SANDERSON, the witty author of '*The American in Paris*,' touching certain unnegotiable clerical 'paper' which he held: 'They will take the minister's *word*, unquestioned, every Sunday, for the eternal future, but won't take his *note*, with only ninety days to run!' 'Come



to look at it,' this *does* seem hard, does n't it? - - - As we never played a card in our life, and do not know one game from another, the following, from a Philadelphia correspondent, is quite lost upon us: other readers, however, may be more fortunate: 'During the last presidential campaign, Governor FLOYD, of Virginia, was addressing a mass-meeting of the 'Unterrified' in Independence Square, Philadelphia: and speaking of the undoubted success of the Democratic party, he said: 'The State of Virginia will give you twenty thousand majority: now, what will you do?' A voice in the crowd: 'Why, see your twenty, and go fifteen better.' Any body who is familiar with the game, where 'four aces' takes the pile,' will appreciate this.' We are n't. - - - We should have been happy to be present at the recent *Eisteddfod* at Llangollen, in Wales, to which we had a ticket. There were some superb pictures, we are glad to know, in the collection. Perhaps the '*Death of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd*' and the '*Hunting of the Torch Trowth from the Mabinogion*,' elicited the most fervent admiration. JONES, of Merther Tyddfil, really excelled himself. His '*Bard*' was a fine specimen of the *apreddfydd*, as it is termed in Wales. '*Estafodd Glyndwr*' was also most lovelily 'handled.' A distinguished Connecticut artist has received a commission from the '*Eisteddfod*' to paint a scene from the touching story of the man who was 'killed in Hartford by a tree:' the *point d'appui* has been seized at the following verse:

'He cut the tree off from a stump,  
The tree being dry, threw'd back a chunk:  
The chunk, it struck him on his head,  
And squashed him, yet he was not dead!'

The *Uprerynfâl*, or expression of the principal figure, has seldom been exceeded, even by the eminent artist himself! - - - In passing down, to pass out, of Mr. GRAY's 'sounding and multitudinous' printing-office, the other day, we had occasion to stop in at one of his many press-rooms, to look at a revised 'form' of the KNICKERBOCKER, just beginning to pass through the press. No matter about *that*: what we desire to speak of, is this: We saw, in that room, in process of execution, the finest specimens of wood-cut printing that we ever beheld in the world — English, French, German — *all*. Mr. J. L. JACKSON's Grate-pieces, screens, etc., admirably drawn, and most carefully and clearly engraved, were being thrown off upon polished white paper; and so far as *execution* goes, our friends, RAWDON, HATCH AND EDSON could not excel it in their bank-notes, for clearness, delicacy, and beauty.

#### Publisher's Notice.

Our thousands of subscribers and readers, in all parts of the country, must have observed that the KNICKERBOCKER has been greatly improved during the last few months. From two to ten dollars per page are now paid for contributions: and although the names of the distinguished contributors are no longer given with the articles, the very best writers in the country are employed upon the work. The coming volumes will be unsurpassed in brilliancy of matter, and all that constitutes a first-class Magazine. During the last six months its circulation has increased several thousands; and before the completion of the Fifty-third Volume, we are determined that it shall be more than doubled. To this end, we ask each of our subscribers to send us an additional name, or what is better, three names for 1859, with six dollars accompanying. Should your neighbors wish to see a specimen-number of the KNICKERBOCKER, the January number (only) will be sent, on the receipt of ten cents in postage-stamps. Who will be the first to respond, and give us a 'Happy New-Year?'







Yours,  
James T. Fields.

tervention : the eagles of Imperial France, already invoked by many voices in Mexico, and poising in mid-air with uncertain eye to some new swoop of conquest and of glory, may take their flight in sober earnest Westward ; and a new power, resting on French bayonets, spring up from the chaos into which the Commonwealth founded by Santa Anna has fallen. This certainly is not a probable alternative : as certainly it is an alternative by no means impossible.

Since the overthrow of Napoleon I., the civilized world has seen two sovereigns of the old stamp, rulers who have really ruled, who have planned their own plans, dealt with the elements of national existence as the mechanician and the chemist deal with the elements of physical nature, and devoted themselves to evolving new combinations from the masses of wealth and life subjected to their sway. Nicholas of Russia gave his genius and his long reign to the reconstruction of the Oriental world. He made up his mind in the first days that followed his strange and sanguinary advent to power, that Europe should become the vassal rather than the ally of Russia, and Turkey surrender to him the mastery of the Mediterranean and the inland Asiatic Seas. He sought his object with more of perseverance than of prudence, and sacrificed it at last, partly through the intemperate haste of an over-confident nature, made audacious by the success of years, and partly through a profound misconception of the personal value of his latest and most formidable adversary.

Napoleon III., after cherishing the chimera of empire with the obstinate devotion of a life-time into full and vigorous reality, has given ten years of a sceptre, such as rests in no other living hand, to remodelling the system of the world's relations. He has determined not only that France shall be first in the councils of Europe, but that she shall make herself in a manner the arbiter of mankind, through her ships, her colonies, and her commerce. The Crimean war gave him the victory over his only competitor for the control of the continent, and broke the heart of Nicholas with the sword of Russia. It reduced England from the preponderance which she had won at Waterloo, to her natural and proportionate rank among European States. It achieved, in a word, for the France of 1858, all, and more than all, that the first Napoleon had madly thrown away from the France of 1814, and annulled in the Palace of the Tuileries, over the signatures of all the Great Powers, the act of abdication signed in the solitary cabinet of Fontainebleau. In the face of all sorts of recriminations, suspicions, prophecies of mischief, and attempted assassinations, Napoleon III. has pursued his world-wide aims as earnestly as his purely European projects.

The peace of 1815 found France absolutely stripped of her external commerce, of her most valuable colonies, and of her men-of-war.

The splendid fleet which had helped America to win her independence, and had disputed with England the dominion of the Eastern seas, disappeared under the paralyzing influences of the Revolution and the misfortunes of Aboukir and Trafalgar. England came out of the great war with seven hundred and forty-three sail of fighting ships; France at the second restoration, hid in her harbors but sixty-nine armed vessels, of which the greater part were small and unseaworthy.

French-India had vanished as utterly as French-America; and the maritime trade of France was inferior both in value and in the number of ships employed, to that of the Ionian Islands and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In 1848 Louis Napoleon found France fairly entered upon the regeneration of her great foreign interests and of her marine force. In the way of Colonies, the France of Louis Philippe bequeathed to the new *régime* the whole of Algiers, some flourishing islands in the Indian Ocean, and the depressed industry of Guadaloupe, Martinique and Cayenne; with the opulent fisheries of the North Eastern Coast of America, and a new nucleus of Polynesian dominion.

In the way of commerce, a movement of imports and exports, amounting to 2,400,000,000 francs per annum, or about \$500,000,000, with a naval tonnage of 584,699, distributed through 5520 ships; the movement of American commerce for the same time, amounting to \$234,000,000, or about one half that of France; while our sea-going tonnage was estimated at 1,500,000 tons, or about thrice the tonnage of France.

In the way of naval force, the government of Louis Philippe, under the wise supervision of the Prince de Joinville and his tutor, Admiral Lalande, had called into being, between 1840 and 1848, a formidable fleet of fifty-four sailing line-of-battle ships and frigates, with five steam-frigates, and ten steam sloops-of-war. Ten years have elapsed since the genius of Napoleon the Third first began to make itself felt in the affairs of France—ten years of varied excitements, in which great crises have been met and conquered, great sacrifices borne, and great expenses incurred, for objects more generous, perhaps, than profitable. Meanwhile, what has the Emperor done with his ships, his commerce, and his colonies?

To begin with the colonies. He has extended the area of Algiers; acquired the whole of the splendid Island of New-Caledonia, in the Australasian seas; made the first steps towards the complete conquest of the still more splendid Island of Madagascar; and opened on the coast of Cochin-China his approaches to an Oriental Empire, hardly less magnificent than the Indian dominions of England. *In the West he has yet his progress to make.*

He has even more than doubled the value of the foreign commerce of France, which reached in 1857 the enormous value of 5,400,000,000

of francs, or \$900,000,000; or but one-third less than the commerce of England in 1848. In five years alone of the reign of this extraordinary monarch, the number of French ships increased fifteen per cent, and their tonnage forty-three per cent, while the value of the merchandise transported by them increased fifty-nine per cent. Not less marked, nor less indicative of great designs not yet fully made apparent, is the stern, steady, systematic development which Napoleon the Third has given to the navy of France.

The first application of the screw to men-of-war belongs to him; and the three-decker 'Napoleon,' which was the first screw line-of-battle ship of the world, still remains one of the finest, although she has been surpassed by such recent models of her class as the 'Algésiras,' whose name commemorates the brilliant victory snatched by Linois from the superior force of Sir James de Saumarez under the very guns of Gibraltar. And it is not less in the perfection, than in the number of his naval force, that the French Emperor has shown his creative energy and skill. At the present moment France, with a naval *matériel* of available ships afloat, fully equal to that of England, possesses an immediately available force of naval seamen decidedly superior to that of her ancient rival. By the latest reports of the two nations, France has four hundred and fifty ships-of-war, with thirty steam gun-boats, against five hundred and forty-six English ships-of-war, with one hundred and sixty-two steam gun-boats. But while France possesses hardly one vessel more than twenty years old, England counts on her list many ships as venerable as the 'Victory,' and superannuated for all purposes of actual warfare; while of her newer men-of-war, a considerable proportion are unhappy experiments, by which the more cautious, economical, and scientific French have carefully profited. For instance, in 1850, England owned twenty paddle-wheel steamers, built to carry thirty-two guns each. Three only of these, the Odin, Sidon, and Terrible — the last a copy from the French steam-ship 'Gomer,' which brought Louis Philippe on his visit to England in 1840 — could carry their armaments. At the same time, France possessed twenty-two similar vessels, perfectly competent to carry their armaments.

Between 1815 and 1857 England spent \$450,000,000 on her navy; reduced in that time from seven hundred and forty-three to five hundred and forty-six vessels. Between 1833 and 1857 France spent only \$180,000,000 on her navy, which she increased during that time from thirty to four hundred and thirty sail. France, in a word, under Louis Napoleon, has developed her navy solely and steadfastly in the sense of immediate efficiency, and has made it what it was under Louis the Fourteenth and again under Louis the Sixteenth, a special and tremendous weapon of offence. With the light which these few



details throw upon the course pursued by Napoleon the Third, and upon the results which he has reached, it would be worse than idle for us to assume that his ultimate designs cannot possibly have any connection with ourselves and our affairs. For nothing can be plainer than that the possession of Mexico would give to France the best basis she could ask for building up a new edifice of Colonial Empire. Nor is there any reason for anticipating that the people of this country would oppose any serious resistance to the establishment of French power in Mexico, were it attempted, as of course it would be, within the forms of international law. The doctrine of 'manifest destiny' has not yet passed into the state of a crystallized policy, but floats vague and vaporous, a mere popular proclivity, in the air of platforms and of caucuses. No American administration would dare act upon it in the face of a formidable antagonist; and we should sit quietly by and see the Mexican mines turned into the cellars of the Bank of France, without a single movement of those restless 'fillibustering' masses which are supposed to be continually menacing the independence of the Spanish Americans, and to be the destined seed of that strong empire which is yet to cover the whole northern continent of the new world.

But a French occupation of Mexico, and reconstruction of the Mexican Government, would not permanently alienate the destinies of Mexico from those of the people of the United States. Texas is steadily growing westward; California as steadily growing eastward. We shall touch the Mexican 'wall of Ucalegon' sooner or later, and the contagion of our neighbors, whether wholesome or deadly, must tell upon our own social and political life. Under whatever conditions the political question of Mexico may now be settled, the enduring matter of importance for us, is the quality of the Mexican race. What are we to expect from the more intimate communion of the millions of Mexico with the already heterogeneous populations of our own country; whether that communion grow more intimate only through increasing relations of commerce, or tend to absolute assimilation under a common government?

Three leading characteristics mark the actual nation of Mexico, and demand the special consideration of every thoughtful American who wishes to comprehend the possible destinies of his country at all more clearly than the orators of Buncombe, or the gentlemen who live by a perpetual saving of the Union, and whose admiration of their own statesmanship as displayed in tinkering that substantial structure, can only be compared to the vanity of the mason who, after putting in a stray stone here and there in the drum of St. Peter's Dome, should proclaim himself the peer of Michael Angelo.

In the first place, the dominant race of Mexico is a vigorous offshoot of the Latin civilization. Nothing can be more erroneous than

the notion so common in this country, that the Spanish race in Mexico has really degenerated from the energy and force of the *Conquistadores*, or that the Mexican Creoles are a people easily to be pushed from their places by invading Europeans or Americans. The history of the struggle which ended in the recognition by Spain of Mexican independence, abundantly proves the fertility of the Creole population in men of unconquerable resolution, military skill, astuteness, ambition, and all the qualities which mark a subtle and domineering race. Our revolutionary war was not more bloody, nor prosecuted with more spirit by the revolutionary leaders than was the revolutionary war of Mexico. The royal Spanish forces, indeed, were on the whole more vigorously handled, and gave the patriots far more trouble than the royal troops of England, so long as the chief command in America was left to the bland but indolent Sir William Howe. This essential difference distinguished the two contests, and secured the future of our own country, that the revolutionary movement which in Mexico depended entirely upon the leaders, was shared in the United Colonies by the majority of the people. We possessed the enormous advantage over Mexico of a homogeneous race, an advantage due, as will be shortly shown, to the great original inferiority of the aboriginal people of the North as compared with those of Mexico.

But, as Mr. Waddy Thompson himself, not a very lenient or liberal observer of the Mexican people, has justly said: 'The annals of the Mexican war of Independence furnish many incidents worthy a place in the pages of Plutarch.' Nor is this only in the battle-field, and against the royal power. When Iturbide raised himself to the imperial throne on the ruins of the old Viceroyal Government, and of the first hastily-established Republican Constitution, the Congress of Mexico showed, as the same writer concedes, 'a firmness, virtue, and constancy in resisting his usurpation, never surpassed by any similar body under like circumstances.' The career of Guadalupe Victoria alone should suffice to command respect for the race to which he belonged.

And the authentic history of our own recent war with Mexico sufficiently establishes the military capacity, under capable leaders, of the mass of the Mexican Creoles. Notwithstanding the almost incredibly vicious organization of the Mexican armies, the successive combats through which our expeditionary forces fought their painful and dangerous way from the sea-coast and the Texan frontier, up to the lofty plateau of Anahuac, and the seat of Mexican empire, was no child's play. More than once the fortune of the invading host wavered in the balance, and the experience of our troops confirmed the verdict passed upon the Creole soldiery thirty years ago by a dispassionate English officer, that 'the Mexican has every quality necessary to form the soldier; and that, as an individual, mounted on his usually high

spirited horse, with his sword and lance, he is as formidable an opponent as any in the world; while the heedless valor of the Mexican officers was conspicuous on every battle-field from Monterey to Chapultepec. The Mexican Spaniard is indeed a positive and ineradicable fact in Mexican society. Had he been a less energetic, less ambitious type of humanity than he is, the history of Mexico, since her independence was proclaimed, would have been much less stormy and chaotic. It is precisely because the Mexican Creole possesses the qualities appropriate to a vigorous political life, that he has availed himself of his position in the midst of a great indigenous population devoted to labor and the necessities of life, in order to foster and keep alive all political passions, with that spirit of local independence and personal importance which reigns in all vigorous races, and unless neutralized by the pressure of practical life, as in the United States and the great countries of Western Europe, tends constantly to explosion, disorder, and anarchy. Associated with American politicians, the Mexican would speedily be found the most indefatigable and formidable of intriguers. Intensely fond of power, he would carry into the great political contests of the Union the same restless energy which has enabled man after man of the middle class in Mexico to work his way up to influence in the state, and to secure his special share in the plunder of the national property. Nothing, in short, can ever make the Creole population of Mexico safe citizens of an organized republic, except such an entire change in their opportunities of political activity, and in their habits of life as would be forced upon them by the constitution of a government strong enough to develop the resources of the nation, and to put more wholesome employment in the way of their faculties. It is impossible that such a government should be called into being and maintained without foreign aid and supervision. The only chance of establishing a purely national Mexican Government really capable of educating the Mexican nationality and giving it consistency, was thrown away by Iturbide in 1823. The author of the imperial plan of Iguala was unequal to the position he had assumed; and Mexico fell wholly into the mercy of the ambitious among her Creole population, with the triumphant march of Santa Anna upon the capital, and his proclamation of the Republic.

The Spanish-Mexicans, however turbulent and difficult to manage, are, however, not the only, nor even the most trying features of the Mexican problem. Latins and Catholics, as they are, they are yet of European origin, and at least as susceptible as the Celtic myriads that have swarmed upon the United States since 1847, of eventual assimilation with Anglo-American society, in circumstances favorable to such a result.

But what are we to say of the vast majority of the Mexican people,

the representatives of that great indigenous civilization which astounded the eyes of Cortez and his followers ; the extent, solidity, and force of which have never been fairly understood, and are now only beginning to be appreciated by the historians of humanity in this western world ?

The experience of the English colonies with the Indian tribes of the North, has seriously misled our public opinion in regard to the native populations of Mexico. The natives, clustered as subjects, allies, or enemies about the Empire of Anahuac, were as different in all that makes the nationality and insures the existence of a people, from the Lenni-Lenape and the Mingoes of the North, as the Mahrattas and the Sikhs of India from the Tartars of Central Asia.

The traveller who climbs the gigantic stair-way of the Cordilleras ; now lost in rapture before the enchanting landscapes that surround the lovely city of Jalapa ; now in amazement, as he passes through the dense forests strewn with monstrous and fantastic heaps of lava that girdle the walls of Perote ; feels, when he ascends the leafy pyramid of Cholula and gazes upon the flashing summits of the twin volcanoes, snow-capped and outlined against a sky of Italian blue, that guard the valley of Anahuac, that he is entering a historic region, populous with great memories and over-brooded by the ghosts of buried empires. The sculptured rocks of Tula recall the Otomic capital Mamhini, whose annals, illuminated by the beautiful episode of the Bathsheba of Acolhuac, vanish in the night of ages anterior to the Norman Conquest of England ; Guadalajara, busy and wealthy to-day, flourishes upon the tomb of Tonalan, whose queen, surrounded with her war-like suite, received the Spaniard Nuño de Guzman with a welcome truly royal ; the magnificent ravine of Mochitiltic murmurs still, with the voice of a hundred torrents falling in cascades of foam, the Aztec exultation over the death of Alvarado, the most cruel of conquerors and of tyrants. The glorious ruins of the fortress of Xochicalco, with its vast dungeons, and its walls once covered with bas-reliefs, now half-destroyed, to build the sugar-houses of modern civilization ; the site of Tezcuco, where Nezahualpillé rivalled Solomon in wisdom and in wives, and the sister of Montezuma out-did the tragedies of the Tour de Nesle and the orgies of Messalina ; all these, and the thousand other memorials which, from Tehuantepec to the frontier of California, whisper the strange stories of a conquered race, bear witness to the vigor of the nationalities which Cortez suppressed without extinguishing them.

The native population of modern Mexico cannot be disposed of as the tribes of Northern America have been. Their ancient traditions survive inextinguishable as those of Wales or Brittany. The names of their fallen nations live in the hearts of the Indian multitudes, their



religions have resisted all the influences of Romanism through three hundred years. The Otomis, those Jews of Mexico, persecuted for a thousand years, but not annihilated, a tribe and people still in their sullen humiliation: the Totonagues, founders of human sacrifice; the Chichémeques, the nomads of old Mexico, who from the sixth to the fifteenth centuries wasted Anahuac as the Normans pillaged Europe, and whose chieftains still keep their race pure as the blue blood of Gothic Spain, and wear their name of 'invaders' as proudly as the Northmen under the Lower Empire bore their title of 'barbarians;' the Toltecs, the 'artists' whose skill and science gave them the supremacy at last over all their native rivals, and astounded even their Spanish conquerors; these are all unforgotten, undestroyed. Their poets, their philosophers, their miners and engineers, their workers in feathers and gold, their weavers in fine cloth, their swift postmen, transmitting the fresh fish of the Gulf and the Pacific daily over distances of one hundred leagues to the Imperial tables at Tenochtitlan, these have passed away. Their *cuisine* and their medicine survive, adopted by the invaders. Their language and their religion live in the hearts of their descendants. On the far frontiers of the Navajo country, our officers find to-day the worship of Montezuma at the core of all the rude faith of the border savage, who holds himself the child of Anahuac, and waits for his 'deliverer from the East.' And throughout the populous regions of Mexico, Nagualism, the ancient ritual of Anahuac, organized after the conquest, to keep alive the recollections of heathen Mexico and hatred of Spain, is still erect and firm. In vain did Mendoza, the 'great Viceroy,' endeavor to destroy it, by adopting the aristocratic feudalism of the Toltecs; and Christianizing their orders of knighthood, confer the title of Teuchli himself, on the last Prince of Acolhuac. The last king of Tehuantepec fell a victim to the discovery, that while outwardly a Christian, he celebrated within his palace all the rites of the old religion; and through three changeful centuries, the Nagualist church has lived within the Church of Rome. The native child has been baptized by the Nagualist priest, before he was carried to the Christian font; the Nagual marriage has preceded the benediction of Rome; the Nagualist has followed the confessor of the dead, careful to wash from the corpse every trace of the extreme unction bestowed by the Christian hand. The native church has its fraternities, like the Church of Rome, making saints of devils, and paying honor to all whom Christendom most abhors; to Satan and to Judas Iscariot in especial, and celebrating the feast of the traitor with savage irony on the day of the Crucifixion itself! Below the surface of Spanish law and Christian order, the undying superstitions cherished by a pride of race unconquered, still move and breathe; still the gods of the Toltec speak in the sigh-

ing of the magnificent ceyba-trees ; still the native child lays his grains of copal on the mountain altar with a beating heart, as he follows his father to the forest or the field in the early morning light.

Again and again these obstinate instincts have taken shape in sanguinary insurrections against the Spanish rule. Strong as the organization of the old Viceroyalty was, it could not wholly crush the fire of the Toltec chivalry ; and New-Spain was harried within by her own subjects, as well as tormented without by the Caribbean fillibusters through long years of the Castilian sway. Chiapas and Oaxaca saw these Indian risings often. In the course of the sixteenth century, Zacatecas rose twice, once with a universal fury which threatened the work of Cortez with demolition, under a prince who assumed the sacred name of Quetsalcohuatl. Our own times have seen the successful renewal of these enterprises in Yucatan, while of the ancient kingdom of Guatemala, no small portion has already reverted to the dominion of the aboriginal race. In this antagonism of the two great divisions of its society lies the true secret of the failure of the republican experiment in Mexico.

Throughout Spanish-America the same difficulty has interfered with the orderly establishment of new governments upon the ruins of the colonial system. Paraguay, which stands alone among the revolted dominions of Spain as an example of regular and orderly, if not of liberal institutions, founded at once, and administered with no serious shock ever since the yoke of the mother-country was thrown off, owes her exceptional position to the practical unity of her population.

Now the Guarani civilization cannot be compared, for vigor and maturity, with the civilization of the Toltecs ; and it lacked altogether that religious element which thoroughly leavened the whole life of aboriginal Mexico, and is still to be encountered, modified, absorbed by the influences of Christianity. To any permanent organization of order and of national activity in Mexico, a thorough fusion of the incongruous passions and tendencies which now ferment among its millions, is the indispensable preliminary. Neither victorious invasion, nor headlong missionary enterprise, can achieve this fusion, which demands time as well as genius ; the subtle influences of material life as well as the supervision of the ripest political experience.

Whoever, then, is called to deal with Mexico — French Viceroy, Spanish Prince, Mexican Dictator, or American Protector — will find his task no light one. It will demand of him a combination of all the vigor which is demanded for the development of enterprise among the energetic scions of the European blood, with all the justice and moderation which can insure the confidence of the indigenous populations and arouse them to something like an amalgamation of their own civilization, sunken as it is, with the civilization of the white race.

## THE HUGUENOTS OF AMERICA.

Who, in our day, can deny the historical fact, that Louis XIV. committed an irreparable and fatal error, when his Majesty signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the noble edict promulgated by his illustrious grand-father Henry IV.? This unwise revocation forced not less than three hundred thousand French Protestants or Huguenots into exile.

The earliest attempt of the Huguenots to settle in America, was made in 1555. Admiral Coligny, with his usual foresight, determined to secure for his persecuted friends a refuge in case of need. Rochelle and other towns in the hands of the Huguenots, though well fortified, he did not think sufficient, but looked to the new world for a safe retreat. He attempted in 1555 a settlement in Brazil, with some French Protestants of Geneva, Garonne, Paris, and Lyons. Fourteen missionaries accompanied them, and the emigrants were received with great joy; but subsequently, through the perfidious conduct of the Chevalier de Villegagnon, who led the expedition, the pious enterprise failed. The few emigrants remaining were massacred by the Portuguese in 1558.

At that period, the whole region of North-America was called Florida, and hither Coligny next directed his attention. Two ships were dispatched under the command of John Ribault, a bold sailor, with a body of veteran troops and some young Huguenotic nobles. They reached our shores in May 1562, and it is supposed landed near where Charleston, (S. C.) now stands. Erecting the standard of France, they built a fort, naming it Charles, in honor of Charles IX., who had just ascended the throne. One hundred and thirty-six men were left, while Captain Ribault returned home for supplies. The situation of the colonists became precarious. Their fort, granary, and dwellings were destroyed by fire, and more than once famine threatened them with its horrors. At last, having lost all hope of establishing themselves permanently, they constructed with their own hands a 'small pinnesse, making its sayles from their owne shirtes and of their sheetes.' In this frail bark the adventurers put out to sea for France, when, provisions failing, they were forced to consume their shoes and leather jackets. These giving out, one of the crew who had destroyed himself, was eaten by his famishing comrades. A short time afterward they were picked up by a small English bark. The feeblest were landed in France, and the others conveyed to England, where they were mercifully relieved by the Queen. Such were the earliest

attempts of the Huguenots to found a Christian colony in America, nearly a century before it was occupied by the English.

Coligny, undismayed, dispatched the next year three ships to Florida. Rene Laudoniere, a man of great intelligence, commanded. In 1564 the fleet reached its destination. The former settlement was avoided, and the emigrants planted themselves on the River May. Soon famine again threatened the adventurers. When on the very eve of reëmbarking for France, they descried strange sails, which proved to be Ribault's vessels with reinforcements and supplies.

Philip II. could not brook the idea of having the heresy of Calvinism planted in his American Provinces; and Pedro Melendez, a man accustomed to scenes of blood in the wars of Holland, was ordered to Florida with a large force of soldiers, priests, and Jesuits. Upon his arrival he proclaimed, 'The Frenchman who is a Catholic I will spare: every heretic shall die.' The carnage was terrible. Nearly two hundred, the aged, the sick, and children, were butchered on the spot. Some of them having escaped to sea with Ribault, their vessels were driven ashore near St. Augustine, when nine hundred more were murdered, not as 'Frenchmen, but as Lutherans.' These horrid atrocities were regarded by the French Court with apathy; but the Huguenots determined to revenge the wrongs of their countrymen. A soldier of Gascony, Dominic de Gourgues, fitted out an armament against the Spanish forts in Florida. He surprised two of these, occupied by eight hundred men, hanging his prisoners upon the trees, with this inscription: 'I do not thus as unto Spaniards, or mariners, but as unto traitors, robbers, and murderers.' Then he hastily returned to Europe; and here terminated the earliest efforts of the persecuted Huguenots to find a home in our western world, where thousands of them might have been saved, under Charles IX. and Louis XIV., had those bigoted monarchs encouraged and protected their persecuted subjects in these distant retreats!

In France, the work of cruel and bitter persecution continued. Desolating civil wars succeeded, and the Huguenots began to emigrate in immense numbers, especially after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their only permanent safety was in flight. France lost over half a million of her most industrious and useful citizens, and the name of Louis XIV. was execrated in a great part of Europe.

In the American colonies, the Huguenots were every where welcomed. As early as 1662 John Touton, a French doctor, petitioned the Court of Massachusetts to permit himself and other French Protestants to settle in New-England. This application was readily granted, and lands were given the Huguenots near the now peaceful town of Worcester. Other Huguenots followed in 1684-5; but the settlement was abandoned, on account of the murderous attacks of



the Indians, and the Frenchmen repaired to Boston in 1696. Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess, herself bearing a Huguenot name, on a visit to this venerable spot, wrote the beautiful lines :

‘SAY, did thy germ e’er drink the fostering dew  
Of beauteous Languedoc ? Didst thou unfold,’ etc.

The allusion is strikingly made to the roses and shubbery still overgrowing the place. At Boston the Huguenots erected a church ; M. Daillé was pastor, and also the Rev. M. Lawrie.

In 1689, M. Pell and wife conveyed to Jacob Leisler eight thousand acres of the Manor of Pelham, for the exiled Huguenots. The grantee, heirs, and assigns were to pay ‘*one fat calf on every four and twentieth day of June, yearly, and every year forever, if demanded.*’ The payment was to be made on the Festival of St. John the Baptist. During the year 1690 Leisler released these lands to the banished French Protestants. They named their settlement ‘New-Rochelle,’ whither they came directly from England, being a part of the fifty thousand who had found a refuge in that generous land four years before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. To aid their escape, English vessels lay off the Island of Rhé, opposite brave Rochelle, their

‘*Own Rochelle, the fair Rochelle,  
Proud city of the waters.*’

Men of stern religious principles, they soon erected a church according to the usage of the Reformed Church in France, and this sacred edifice was built in 1692–3, in the rear of the present Mansion-House. The Rev. David Bonrepos, D.D., was its first pastor, having accompanied the Huguenots in their flight to this country. He preached also to the French Protestants of Staten Island. The next minister was the Rev. Daniel Bondets, A.M. He accompanied the Huguenots to Boston. At first, he used the French prayers ; but subsequently, every third Sunday, the Liturgy of the English Church ; and in 1709, the congregation conformed to the English ritual. At Boston, Mr. Bondet was allowed a salary of twenty-five pounds (£25) a year, which was continued in New-Rochelle, and paid from the public revenue.

In 1709, this congregation petitioned the ‘Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts’ to ‘send over a considerable number of Common Prayer-Books in the French language,’ and an English school-master. The petition was signed by Isaac Guions, Louis Guions, Anthony Lispenav, Pierre Vallean, etc., well-known names among the descendants of the Huguenots. The books were sent them — one hundred small French prayer-books, and twenty of a larger type. In 1714, M. Bondet requested ‘the benefit of an English Bible, with a small quantity of English Common Prayers, because our young people, or some of them, have sufficiently learned

to read English for to join in the public service when read in English.' M. Bondet died in 1772, and was succeeded by the Rev. M. Stouppe, with a salary of fifty pounds (£50) per annum. This good man was somewhat unpopular with his members, who belonged to the old French school, and declared that his 'Church and that of Rome were as like one another as two fishes can be.' He seems to have taken good care of the colored people, stating in one of his reports, (1726) that he 'had baptized six grown negroes and seven negro children.' 'About a dozen of families,' he also says, 'first settled New-Rochelle.' Such was the beginning of this picturesque and beautiful village.

M. Stouppe was the next and the last Huguenot preacher at New-Rochelle. Educated a Franciscan friar, he became Superior in the convent of the Recollects of Montreal; but disgusted with monastic life, left Canada, retired to New-Rochelle, and in 1747 joined the Church of England.

It seems hardly necessary to add, that the family residence of the Jays is near New-Rochelle. They came originally from La Guienne. John Jay was elected to Congress at the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle. Like Henry Laurens, another Huguenot, he enjoyed the honor of representing the young Republic at the Court of Louis XVI. He was also one of the four Commissioners who signed the articles at Versailles in 1782, which recognized our National Independence.

Staten Island, in the magnificent bay of New-York, became a favorite residence of the early Huguenots. It should be called the 'Huguenot Island.' Here a French church was erected, and had a regular pastor. Some of those settlers were Waldenses, who, through the tolerant measures of 'good Queen Anne,' found a peaceful home. Like their brethren in Ulster, the descendants of the French Protestants on Staten Island, in some instances, occupy the very farms and dwellings where their pious forefathers lived more than a century and a half ago. Disosway, Fontaine, La Tourette, Guion, Macereau, Se Guine, Bedell, etc., are still living names. The Rev. Channing Moore, Bishop of Virginia, was for many years Rector of the Episcopal Church on the Island; and by marriage, united with an old Huguenot family, Bedells. The late eloquent Rev. Dr. Bedell of Philadelphia was of the same origin, and a Staten Islander by birth.

In 1690, William the Third sent a body of Huguenots, who had followed him from Holland to England, to the Province of Virginia. They made a settlement, on James River above Richmond, called the 'Manakin Town,' after an Indian tribe. In 1699 it was increased by three hundred families, and the next year one hundred more arrived from Canada. Philip de Richbourg was for a long time their spiritual

counsellor; and afterward conducted part of his flock to the banks of the Trent, in North-Carolina. Thence they were compelled by the Indians to fly, and emigrated to South-Carolina, which became their permanent abode. As early as 1666, the Legislatures of both Maryland and Virginia granted naturalization to the French Protestant emigrants of these provinces. In 1697, the same political privilege was extended to these refugees in the two Carolinas; and in 1703, to the New-York immigrants.

South-Carolina was styled the 'Home of the Huguenots' from becoming their principal retreat in the new world. One thousand emigrants embarked for 'La Carolina' from the ports of Holland alone. These expeditions left Rotterdam, touching in England on the voyage to America; Isaac Masiog came over in one of them. He had long been a merchant in Rhé; and settling in Charleston, amassed a large fortune, which he used for his adopted country. In 1687, the Lord Commissioners of James the Second, by the royal bounty, sent six hundred English and French emigrants to Carolina.

Jean Pierre Pury, of Neufchâtel, emigrated to Carolina in the year 1723, with three hundred and seventy-five Protestant families from Switzerland. To this company the British Government liberally granted forty thousand acres of land, with four pounds sterling, to each adult. The settlements were again strengthened during 1764 by the accession of two hundred and twelve more voluntary exiles. Their pastor, named Pilbert, accompanied them from France; and they named their settlement New-Bordeaux, in remembrance of the capital of Guyenne, their former home. In 1782, there were not less than sixteen thousand foreign Protestants in South-Carolina, and most of them French. One writer says: 'They live like a tribe, like one family. Each one makes it a rule to assist his compatriot in his need, and to watch over his fortune and his reputation with the same care as his own.'

In our glorious struggle for liberty, the French refugees zealously aided the cause of freedom. South-Carolina was the first to adopt an Independent Constitution upon the news of the battle of Lexington; and Henry Laurens, was the President of the Convention, which took this important step. Among her militia and regular troops were many illustrious descendants of the Huguenots, as Francis Marion, Peter Bosquet, Samuel Legaré, and Henry Peronneau.

It is a striking fact, that *three* of the seven Presidents who guided the deliberations of the Continental Congress were descendants of the French Protestants — Henry Laurens, John Jay, and Elias Boudinot. Two of them, Boudinot and Jay, were also the earliest presiding officers of the American Bible Society.

## S P I R E S .

No, Mademoiselle, you are mistaken : *not* architecture ! I have no intention of troubling you with a dissertation on the early English, the Gothic, or the decorated style : I shall not exercise my fancy with regard to mediæval aspirations, nor display my erudition touching pinnacles and gables, finials, turrets, or pointed arches ; neither shall I have a word to say concerning campaniles, minarets, or domes ; but I purpose, with your kind permission, to burnish up some almost faded memories of that pleasant, ancient city in the Rhein Pfalz, which Germany has for ages known as Speyer, but which we of Anglo-Saxondom, with our customary perverseness regarding names, insist on calling by the ambiguous euphonism Spires.

In the year 18—, then, I had been wandering for several months up and down in Germany ; and I was now in the tenth day of my sojourn at Wiesbaden, which was already beginning to fade into its state of wintry dulness and depopulation. Reclining in my easy-chair at an open window of the Quatre-Saisons, while the western breeze brought floating snatches of most sweet music from the Kursaal Gardens, where the noble Austrian band from Mayence was performing for the last time that season, I lazily occupied my mind in ruminating on my movements for the future.

In what manner to spend the three or four remaining months of my self-permitted vacation was the question first to be decided. Should I put myself in the hands of world-pervading Murray, and follow out his Routes, from Number One to Number Five Hundred ; or run down to Göttingen, and attend the famous Professor Stumpfspitze's lecture on the Moral Teachings of Palæontology ; or settle down in some quiet little town, to live once more among that kindly, sterling, honest German people, as I had known them in earlier days, and as they exist unknown to ninety-nine hundredths of the picturesque-hunters who annually sweep up and down the river from Strasburg to Cologne ?

This latter method of passing the remainder of my vacation pleased me more and more upon reflection. I rang the bell, and requested that Rudolf might be sent to me. Rudolf, an old acquaintance of mine, now Ober-Kellner, or head-waiter at the Quatre-Saisons, had been, like most others of his class in Germany, a traveller in his time. He had spent eighteen months at a tavern in London, where he picked up a not despicable acquaintance with the English language, and thence had passed to a similar situation at the Hôtel Bedford, in Paris, where he rendered himself master of some broken French ; so that mine host of the Quatre-Saisons was able proudly to display the boast in



print, 'English is spoke here. Ici on parle Français'—an announcement which the curious may doubtless still see placarded on the walls of that excellent hotel. Rudolf, moreover, (and this was more to my purpose,) had travelled extensively, in the exercise of his profession, through Germany; and I had no doubt that his recollections must extend to some quiet nook of the very description I desired to find.

On his entrance, 'Rudolf,' I began, 'I am tired of Wiesbaden. I wish to make a final remove into some pleasant little city, where I can live *en famille* with a burgher's household, see no Englishry, read a newspaper once a fortnight, and make myself generally jolly in the domestic line.'

'If by that,' answered Rudolf, 'you mean falling in love ——'

'Nothing of the kind. But go on.'

'Mannheim is the place for you, Sir.'

'Yes, I know, *schönbeфраutes* Mannheim! But it is the reverse of what I want: in the beaten track, full of foreigners, and by no means interesting. Think on.'

Rudolf scratched his head, wrinkled his nose contemplatively, and exclaimed: 'Nürnberg!'

'Too dirty,' I replied.

'Magdeburg?'

'I dislike the Prussians.'

'Stuttgart?'

'Too much penny-Royalty!'

'Weimar?'

'The associations are overpowering!'

'Tübingen.'

'That might do.'

'Or Fulda.'

'Ay!'

'Or Spires!'

'What sort of a place is that?'

'Delightful old town, Sir. Three or four thousand years old, I believe; near the Rhine, yet seldom visited by tourists; not an English tongue in the whole Bezirk, when I was there, a year or two ago; plenty of antiquities in the neighborhood, for those who like them, and some of the prettiest girls in Germany, for such as like them. I have an uncle there, a master-baker, who will be only too proud to entertain an English Herrschaft in his house, and ——'

'Enough, Rudolf!' I exclaimed: '*va pour Spire!* Have my bill made out to-morrow morning, and a carriage ready for the first train. I shall certainly pay your uncle a visit: give me his address.'

At an early hour next morning, I was on my way to Mannheim, where I strolled through the town, looked at the noble Park and

Palace, and crossed the river to Ludwigshafen in Bavaria. Thence to Spires is a matter of some fifty minutes' travel by rail.

A single vehicle — evidently one of the antiquities to which Rudolf had alluded — was in waiting at the station as the train drew up. A round-faced boy of eighteen shouldered my baggage, stowed it upon the roof, and asked me whether I wished to go to the Adler or to the Golden Löwe.

I decided in favor of the Golden Lion, and we set off, at a moderate walk, through narrow, dirty, and unpicturesque streets, toward that hostelry. I singled it out from afar. No staring front was there, or sign-board lettered with characters a yard in length; no bravely-sculptured lion keeping watch and ward over a *porte-cochère* wide enough for two if not three carriages to pass abreast; but a dingy, shelving, gabled building, shingle-roofed, with curious bulging windows, and a stoop of last century's construction before the door. Before the door, moreover, was planted, as in duty bound, mine host. None of your burly, red-faced fellows, as the popular notion will have all landlords represented; no fair expanse of double-chin, well swathed in snowy linen, or vest incapable of buttonment, did Anton Hagedorn display. A little man, with a thin but kindly face, whose wrinkled ruddiness was heightened by the frosty whisker that sparsely clothed its sides; with hair of so retiring a disposition, that only after a violent struggle, it was evident, could that solitary lock have been coaxed up over the bald spot on the crown; with a person that had shrunk since the suit of rusty black he wore had been put together, and with a monstrous pair of silver buckles fastening his somewhat dingy shoes. With the ease of a courtier, this strange and almost uncouth figure advanced to meet me as I sprang upon the stoop, welcomed me in a grave little harangue to Spires, and inquired my wishes regarding accommodation.

I replied that I should make some stay in the neighborhood, and intended to be his guest for a day or two at least. He bowed, and motioning to the door, bade Heinrich show the Herrschaft to Number Sixteen.

Through a narrow passage filled with the savory steam of preparing dinner; up a creaking flight of stairs that led round all sorts of corners, and twisted itself generally into the strangest convolutions; into another passage, and to the door of Number Sixteen I followed my silent guide. After a tussle with the rusty lock, he succeeded in gaining admittance, when, softly placing my travelling-bag in a corner, and pulling up the dimity blind, with the information that dinner would be served in fifteen minutes, he left me to myself. After a glance around the dingy chamber into which I had been ushered, I threw open the window, and took my first survey of Spires. Whatever advantages a

city-view, as taken from the house-tops, may possess, (and every one remembers the eloquence of Bulwer on that subject,) the field of vision from a second-story window is decidedly too limited to impart much pleasure or instruction. In front, to the right, and to the left, stretched a sparkling wilderness of roofs, broken at intervals by smoky chimney-stacks, here and there more pleasantly by tufts of tree-tops, the whole surmounted at intervals by tin-covered steeples, blazing-white in the afternoon sun. Below me stretched the street, tolerably broad and straight, but totally modern and uninteresting.

A wonderful disparity, in point of age, was, indeed, apparent between all the surrounding dwellings and the ancient hostelry from which I was gazing; but their newness was not surprising, when one considered that the last destruction of Spires had been consummated little more than half a century before. The stucco-fronted, many-tinted houses appeared to gaze in absolute wonderment upon this strange relic of a by-gone age, which, I verily half-imagined must have dropped asleep in some drowsy century long ago, and have contrived, ever since, to keep its eyes so closely shut, that Time and Ruin, in that joint-campaign of theirs which we entitle the March of Improvement, had passed it by without taking note of its existence.

I turned from the contemplation of the dull, prosaic street, and conjured up a vision of Spires, far down the vista of the ages, as she stood in her days of youth. Beyond a gulf of nineteen hundred years rises Augusta of the Nemetes, a post where mighty Julius rested in his German wars. One can just discern, by peering through the uncertain mist, the outline of a little temple, gleaming white amid the leaf-age of the Vosgian forest, where an altar to the Queen of Love is raised. Mailed legionaries surround the shrine, cracking jests in Latin on the gaping barbarians who gaze in awe and wonder on their shining armor, and the guarded camp, and the ensigns of triumphant Rome. Since then the woods have renewed themselves a score of times, and have shrunk back in affright to their mountains before the ringing of the axe; iron legionary and skin-clad savage have been turned to dust these eighteen hundred years; Venus has given place to Mary, and Pío Nono sits on Cæsar's throne — but still the shrine remains. For when Romo had died, there came a stalwart king, fair-haired and long of beard, and throned upon a shield: in Noviomagus, Dagobert, monarch of Frankenland, takes up his abode. To whom succeeds a second Dagobert, pious founder of a Christian temple on the spot where we lately saw the Queen of Paphos worshipped. Diligent monks from beyond the sea are gathered about the altar, and teach a little settlement of barbarous natives to till the hitherto unbroken soil; mud-walls are thrown up, as a protection against marauders, and Spira begins to glimmer, with ever increasing brightness, through that long

and ghostly night which intervened between the setting of the ancient and the dawn of modern civilization.

My meditations were disturbed by the entrance of Heinrich, who came to inform me that the bell for dinner had been rung. After a hasty toilet, I followed him to the table, where mine host was already presiding over an assemblage of about thirty individuals, with a gravity and scrupulous regard to etiquette, which amused while it interested me. I felt convinced that curious memories must be circled around the strange old man, and I determined to avail myself of the first opportunity for gratifying the curiosity regarding his history with which his appearance had inspired me.

The sun had just disappeared, leaving a tremulous ocean of golden mist above the western house-tops, as I sallied from the inn after our substantial meal, more narrowly to inspect the town. Not far from the Golden Lion, rose in confused outline what must be, I knew, the famous Cathedral, and thitherward I bent my steps. The great portal was roughly barricaded with planks, which, together with the heaps of rubbish piled on either side, proved that the work of restoration was not yet concluded; but after a few moments' search, I discovered a narrow door-way at the side, having entered which, I found myself in the interior of the famous Dom. A wilderness of scaffoldings was all that met my eye at first; but I soon discovered that they occupied only a portion of the space, and that the body of the cathedral was free from encumbrance. No living being was in sight, and my foot-steps echoed drearily on the pavement, as I paced from chapel on to chapel, endeavoring, by aid of the fast-retreating daylight, to examine the richly-ornamented columns, the noble windows, or the elaborate frescoes that covered all the walls. As the darkness increased, I determined to postpone my survey until the morrow, and was hastily retracing my steps, half-expecting to find myself locked in for the night, when an individual stepping from a recess, with a lantern in his hand, suddenly accosted me. He wore a common Rhenish blouse, thickly bedaubed with paint, but his fine and intellectual countenance bespoke him no common workman.

'You are a stranger, Sir,' he commenced, 'if I may judge from the hour at which you enter the Cathedral. It is not a favorable time for visiting the building.'

I replied that I had scarcely been in Spires two hours, and that I could not let the night pass by without visiting so celebrated an edifice.

He smiled, almost mournfully, as he exclaimed: 'Ay, celebrated, indeed, but for its misfortunes! And yet there are many who have lived a life-time in the shadow of its towers, and have never set their feet beyond its threshold. You must see it, however, in the sun-light,



and see it often, if you would know and comprehend our glorious building. It is twenty years since first I laid a brush upon its walls, and I could wish to spend another score in studying the magnificent pile.'

'These frescoes, then,' I answered, 'have been painted by yourself?'

'And by my associates. My name is T——.'

This simple declaration introduced me to a painter whom I had heard described as the Angelo of Bavaria. Observing the momentary embarrassment that had been caused me by the recognition of his illustrious name, yet feigning not to notice it, the artist continued: 'Yes! for twenty years we have been spreading acre after acre of blue and red upon these walls, and yet the work is not concluded. But it goes on; and if you intend to stay in Spires, we must help you to a more critical examination than is possible at present. Indeed, it is time to close the door. Will you follow me?'

He led the way toward the little door by which I had entered, and locked it after we had passed. Twilight had almost faded into night. The artist laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said with a confident smile: 'You are Protestant and English!'

'Both,' I replied, astonished; 'but how is it possible that you should divine it?'

'In the simplest possible manner: by noticing your precision in keeping your head uncovered until you had crossed the threshold of the Cathedral, and from the fact of your having immediately glanced at the vane yonder, I read your nationality: the Protestantism, after that, was easy guess-work. You see, we recluses have, after all, some insight into men and things. What is your name?'

I smiled, partly at the quick perceptions of the artist, and partly at the bluff uncourtliness of his demand, which, having been satisfied, he continued: 'Good! and you intend to stay in Spires, young friend? That is well: we must see more of each other than is possible by the light of this smoky lantern. I am always to be found at the Cathedral, unless when I am at home, yonder, in the house of Dietrich Halberg.'

'The master-baker!' I exclaimed.

'Precisely. But now it is my turn to be astonished. How have you made his acquaintance within two hours?'

I replied that it was with the intention of seeking lodging in his house that I had come to Spires — a fact with which my acquaintance of ten minutes expressed himself highly pleased.

'We shall be house-mates, then,' he exclaimed; 'and well for you, if I do not give you cause to repent of it! But hark! as I live, it is seven o'clock, and supper has been waiting for me half an hour! There's my hand — see you to-morrow — good night.' With which exclamation the eccentric artist left me, and bounded toward his lodging with the lightness of a boy.

I resumed my walk, half-bewildered with the strange rencontre, and wandered from street to street, until the roll of the tattoo arose, to warn all honest citizens that it was time to seek their homes.

In the morning, my earliest care was to visit Herr Dietrich, whom I found already apprised of my arrival, by the painter, and who readily furnished me with satisfactory accommodation in his family. He was a portly, well-to-do burgher, whom Fortune had blessed with the kindest and comeliest helpmate, I am sure, in Spies. Two children, moreover, had been vouchsafed to him, with both of whom I was speedily on intimate terms: Friedrich, a modest, well-taught youth, who, as he soon informed me, had eschewed the paternal kneading-troughs for the more elevated study of juristics; and Louise, a lively, pretty maiden of seventeen — No, mademoiselle, you need smile no insinuation! I assure you, that during our whole acquaintance, Fräulein Louise treated me with the most filial deference and respect; much of which, indeed, I thought rather superfluous, seeing that the difference in our ages was in the ratio of but seventy to one hundred, from which statement, if you possess any arithmetical skill, you will ascertain, without difficulty, the number of my years. Louise, in a word, created Herr Wilhelm, from the first, her confident-general and interceder-extraordinary, by whose exertions not a few harmless indulgences were subsequently extorted from the sagely stringent parent-couple. The sixth, and only other member of Herr Dietrich's household, was the painter T —.

Eh? Is it possible that I have omitted to describe the personal appearance of my illustrious friend? An unpardonable and unbusiness-like mistake! In rectification whereof, let me photograph him as he sits, this cozy evening, by the big wood-fire in Herr Dietrich's parlor. I should say that he is decidedly on the shady side of forty-five; although he has never told me so, the silver that is visibly streaking the dark masses of his hair leaves little doubt upon the subject. He is by no means tall, but thin, perhaps even meagre; and you would undoubtedly pass him over in a crowd as 'a very insignificant-looking fellow,' if it were not for those noble eyes which would have transfixed you in the very thought. Their color is a sort of hazel-brown, of such a depth and warmth as I have scarcely ever seen approached and never equalled, lighting up his rich brown face whenever he becomes excited (which is very often) into a fervor now Satanic, the next moment almost heavenly; bringing sudden terror on whatever luckless individual may incur his wrath — or soothing with womanly softness the grief of some sobbing child, as perchance Louise, when her exuberant spirits give way before a rebuke from father or mother for duties neglected or orders disobeyed. When I add that a thin and grizzled mustache was permitted to adorn his lip, and that his

hands were of artist-like delicacy and smallness — one of them, by the way, is out of sight; if you would know its whereabouts, ask the ringlets of Louise — I shall have drawn such a picture as will enable you, if any thing can do so, to recognize my friend if you chance to meet him in the street.

With my installation in the Halbergs' household commenced a season of tranquil enjoyment, such as seldom falls to the lot of mortals in this hurrying world. The Italian idea of luxurious *idlesse* I appreciated there for the first and only time. All the morning I wandered around Spires, visiting, with Louise or Friedrich for my guide, the spots to which history or tradition attaches an interest; the afternoons I lounged away dreamily as the upward rolling of the smoke from my segar, listening now to earnest dissertations from young Friedrich on Bartolus, and Cujacius, and the Pandects, and the Code of the Ripuarians, and the Golden Bull; now to the prattle of his sister, who delighted in nothing more than in astounding me with fabulous accounts of the frightful tasks in needle-work that her mother compelled her to perform, or the terrible studies of grammar and French, and Heaven knows what beside, with which her little head, 'sunning over with curls,' was racked. All the evening, and the night far into the small hours, was consumed in listening to the genial vagaries of T——.

Dearest of all those kindly, simple people, wert thou, good, venerable Heiliger, Pastor of the Lutheran Communion, who wert so poorly furnished forth with this world's goods, so amply clothed with all the riches of the world to come! Single-minded, virtuous old man! dost thou still expound, thrice on each Sabbath, with Zwinglian earnestness, the Gospel mysteries to thy attentive flock; dost thou occupy still, as of old, that well-worn leathern easy-chair in which reclining thou hast so often triumphantly confuted my doubts and objections, playfully raised, against the system of thine apostle, Luther; or does another fill thy place, and hast thou, full of years and honor, been borne by a sorrowing people to that last quiet domicile in the Gottes-acker which thou didst point out as thine own a score of years ago?

So the pleasant autumn passed; and before it had quite given way to winter, I had an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity with regard to the singular host of the Golden Lion. It was one Saturday afternoon, as I was idly leaning with T—— on the wooden bridge which overhangs the little Speyer-bach, that I bethought myself to ask him whether there was not a history attached to the house and its occupant.

'Indeed there is,' he replied, 'and a curious one. Have you never

heard it? Let us go to Rosenthal to-morrow, then, and I will play the story-teller there.'

'Willingly,' I replied; and on the morrow we went.

Rosenthal was a fanciful name which Louise had bestowed upon a garden and orchard, of considerable size, belonging to her father, and situated without the walls. A holiday afternoon expedition thither had been contemplated with no little eagerness by the young lady for a length of time; and when she heard that *die Herren* had promised to form part of it, her joy was absolutely boundless.

Some time in the golden afternoon, then, we took our seats within the little arbor, blazing externally in its tapestry of Virginian creepers, and situated in the exact centre of the garden, upon an artificial hill-ock from which espalier-bordered walks, and avenues shrouded with arching grape-vines, diverged in every direction. The history which T — was about to narrate was perfectly familiar, indeed, to all present but myself; this circumstance, however, detracted in no wise from the interest with which it was expected.

'Although you are so shamefully ignorant of history,' he began, 'that even this little school-girl, Herr Wilhelm, knows more about kings and kaisers than yourself, you must have heard, at least, of one Louis XIV., King of France, and his minister Louvois. You have? Well then: if it had not been for that precious pair of unhung scoundrels, neither should I, in all probability, have ever laid a brush on yonder walls; nor would you be sitting here; nor would you have the slightest curiosity with regard to my friend Hagedorn; for, to say the truth, that worthy individual would never have existed. What connection there is between a monarch, his Prime Minister, a painter, an inn-keeper, and an inquisitive young Engländer, this history will proceed to show.

'You must know, then, that in the year 1685 the most Christian monarch cast a longing eye on our fair Palatinate, among other slices of German territory he would fain have had. The Elector, who died in that year, had a sister, Charlotte, married to the Duke of Orleans in 1671, in whose right the Palatinate was claimed for France, in despite of the existence of a direct heir in the person of Philip William. The quarrel lasted two or three years without settlement; but at last, in 1688, the haughty Louis yielded in appearance his claim, although the events of a few months later proved that he had resolved at least to solace himself with the sweets of revenge. Being embroiled in another dispute with the Germanic Body, he suddenly, and without declaration of war, poured an army of one hundred thousand men across the frontier. The Dauphin was nominally commander, but Duras was undoubtedly the real chief of the expedition. Heidelberg,



Mannheim, Worms, Oppenheim, Heilbronn, Keyerslautern were besieged, and fell one after the other into the power of the French.

‘Spires stood a siege of six days before she yielded to Melac; but by November resistance was at an end in the Palatinate. Then the work of destruction commenced. The harvests were burned as they stood in the fields or in the granary; the trees were hewn down; the villages depopulated and laid waste; but the crowning act of villainy was held back for a later day. A detachment of the enemy was quartered at Spires, commanded by the Marquis Victor de —. Like many other officers of rank in the French army, he was a courtier who had embraced the profession of arms as a means of ingratiating himself with his ambitious sovereign; he was young, without doubt handsome, and also rich. The house which pleased him most in selecting his head-quarters, was one which had been little injured by the siege, and part of which is still existing under the sign of the Golden Lion. It was owned and inhabited by a worthy citizen who had formerly been burgher-master, and who would gladly have vacated the premises with his family, if he had been permitted to do so by his uninvited guest. The Marquis, however, peremptorily refused a permit of departure to Hermann Ziegler, not that he promised himself much pleasure from the old man’s company, nor even from that of his wife, but from the fact of his having espied at a window a face which he well knew could belong to neither of the worthy couple. It was, indeed, their only daughter, Hermine, on whom his evil eyes had fallen.

‘There is a crayon portrait of her in old Hagedorn’s possession, from which it is easy to guess that she was of surpassing loveliness. A fatal gift, indeed, was that of beauty, in her case!

‘The Marquis soon established himself in the Ziegler’s house. While his duty was discharged by hard-working but plebeian subordinates, he deliberately addressed himself to the pastime of gaining the affections of Hermine. She had remained invisible to him at first, but a significant hint that his presence was not to be shunned, caused her trembling parents to introduce her to their guest. Hermine was eighteen, the Marquis twenty-five; he a *roué* of the first degree, and she as good as she was fair; but she was a woman, susceptible of flattery, pleased with condescension, incapable of suspicion, and, girl-like, a lover of romance. Had she not been a *roturière*, I will do the Marquis so much justice, I do not doubt that he would have seriously loved and married the girl; but for a German-burgher’s daughter it was sufficient honor, he considered, to be his plaything for an hour.

‘He was at no loss how to attach the artless maiden to himself. He lent an obsequious ear to her timidly-preferred requests in favor of certain families whom the ruthless soldiery had despoiled; he joined

with her in lamenting the cruelties of which he was obliged, in discharge of his duty, to suffer the perpetration; he treated her parents with decorum, and herself with scrupulous respect. When their intimacy was a little more advanced, he instructed her in his language, and executed that portrait of which I have already spoken; he told her of Paris and Versailles, of Racine and Moliere, of the Court, and the Palace, and the awe-inspiring King. In short, he filled her brain with visions of unimagined greatness, before he doubly fascinated her with whisperings of love. And when his honeyed words at last were uttered, be sure that none were spoken without effect. The dexterous Marquis, in fact, had all the indolent excitement of an easy courtship, with none of the anxieties that wait upon true love. Her parents, meanwhile, had no inkling of the truth. In her devotion to the Marquis, Hermine had learned imperceptibly to deceive, and she succeeded in lulling the anxieties that her mother occasionally manifested, or laughingly put aside her reproofs of her familiarity with their guest.

‘To make a long story short, by the time the snow lay on the ground Hermine lived only for the Marquis, who, for his part secure of triumph, revelled in the tribute of her unsuspecting love. Toward the end of January he received orders from Duras. They were a copy of the famous mandate of Louvois, *Brûlez le Palatinat !* Burn the Palatinat! Next morning, at break of day, his troops were drawn up before the Dom; and before the town was well awake, it was proclaimed that Spires was to be destroyed, and that its inhabitants must remove within six days into France, under pain of death. Then the pillage began.

‘Imagine, if you are able, the shrieks and wailings that uprose to heaven through that wild day; conceive all the outrages that a brutal and intoxicated soldiery can perpetrate on defenceless beings; conjure up a vision of the haggard train that sadly streamed out from the devoted city—desperate men, and tender maidens who fled to death as a relief from their sudden shame; mothers vainly searching for their offspring, and children whose parents were lying dead in the ashes of what had been their homes—driven out in that bitter February, to die in hundreds by the way-side under a sky rendered lurid by the flames that ravaged the stricken land; picture to yourself the grand Cathedral given up to plunder, its altars desecrated, its silver coffins of emperors and empresses rent open and shared among the frantic pillagers, while the ashes they contained were scattered to the winds. Imagine all this, and you may have a faint conception of the wo that descended upon Spires. When the town was thoroughly pillaged, it was burned to the ground, only a few dwellings being suffered here and there to remain for the convenience of the troops.

‘At last, what remained of Spires was evacuated. The French

drums sounded at break of day, and before it was light the rear guard were defiling between smoking heaps of ashes on the road to join Duras. Victor had coldly bidden farewell to Hermine, with her parents, on the preceding night, and the worthy couple had retired to rest rejoicing in the speedy departure of the French. Next morning, when Hermine was called, there was no reply. Her mother hastened to her room, and presently returned, ghastly pale, with a paper quivering in her hand. The poor woman could not read, nevertheless the truth was legible in her countenance. Her husband, with a wild imprecation, snatched the paper from her hand, and read as follows :

‘ ‘TO MY FATHER: I am writing on my knees. Would to God I dared look in your face and tell you what I dare only write. Father, I am going with Victor: he loves me, oh! so dearly, and he will make me his wife the moment he arrives in Paris. I am doing wrong, father, I know it—pray God to forgive me. God bless you and mother. I may never see you more.

HERMINE.’

‘No mortal knows—no mortal tongue can tell—the grief with which those desolate hearts were wrung, when the simple lines fell from old Hermann’s unsteady grasp. Fortunately, however, the wildest wo—and such must theirs have been—is soonest stilled by physical exhaustion; and, unlike tearless grief, it seldom kills. The bereaved parents withdrew from the desolate city; old Margaret was hospitably received by condoling relatives in a village twenty miles distant, and her husband set out on the errand of his life—to find his child, and to execute vengeance on the betrayer.

‘Summer had passed, and autumn; it was the winter of another year. In a little tavern at Steendorp on the Scheldt sat a company of Flemish boors. Such conversation as passed between them related wholly to the French and to their expected defeat at the hands of William of England; but it was listened to with avidity by a wild-eyed, haggard old man, who had been seated for many minutes at a beer-stained table near the group.

‘“May God’s curse wither them!” exclaimed one of the men, dashing his empty mug upon the board; ‘and above all, the leader of the gang that marched off this morning. By the cross I swear! had that poor pretty one but arrived before the villain was away, he had never drawn his sword again, e’en though I had danced i’ the air for stabbing him!’

‘“What villain? What girl?” shouted Hermann, grasping the peasant by his shoulder. ‘Speak! is it my daughter?’

‘“Your daughter, master? faith I know not; but there came this

morning, a few hours after the French were gone, a woman — nay, a girl — with a baby at her breast. She asked, kind o' wild-like, for the commandant, and when she heard that the troops had gone, she fainted right away, and ——'

'Where is she? For God's sake tell me where?'

'The peasant pointed to the stair-case by the clock. 'Dame Greth carried her up there.' And before his words were cold, old Hermann had darted to the landing. A door stood partly open before him; entering which, with sudden gentleness, the unhappy father stood next moment by the bed-side of Hermine.

'The kindly Flemish hostess, who was watching the death-like slumber in which both mother and child were buried, turned in surprise at the unbidden entrance of a stranger. One glance sufficed for Hermann, who, sobbing, 'Thank God! it is my daughter!' fell with his arms about her neck. She awoke, with the startled cry of Victor! on her lips; a cry to which her infant's wail and the gray-haired wanderer's sobs were the sole response. At last she recognized him; and told him, shuddering, how she had been betrayed. Part of her hapless story you already know; the rest is simple as that part. Her very innocence of evil had helped to consummate her ruin. Fascinated by the wiles of the heartless gallant, she had been induced to conceal from her parents the love she bore him, while he held out the promise of marriage, to be fulfilled before he marched from Spires. At last, on the very eve of departure, he bade her prepare to accompany him unwedded, but renewed his solemn vows of lawful union, which should be consummated he protested, within a month. No time was allowed her for reflection, and love prevailed over the sense of wrong. She fled with him, as you have heard; was petted and caressed for a season; then deserted with her new-born babe. In a state approaching to delirium she had followed for weeks the foot-steps of the army, until found by the father in the little Steendorp tavern, within whose walls the poor crushed violet was doomed to fade away.

'In the green church-yard at Steendorp you may see the grave where Hermine rests. Her stricken parent, abandoning the pursuit of De ——, who perished miserably a few years later, in one of Luxemburg's engagements, bore his infant grandson back to Spires, where, in due time, he grew to man's estate, and inherited the ancient mansion of the parents of Hermine. He also, had an only daughter, whom he saw married, somewhat more than one hundred years ago, to a worthy burgher of the town; and the grandchild of this couple saw the light in April, 1780. His name is Anton Hagedorn.

'When Custine occupied Spires, this lad was in his sixteenth year. The old house had passed into the possession of his parents, and a tra-



dition, pointing it out as the head-quarters of De — in 1689, caused Custine's lieutenant to select it as his own, thus once more securing its exemption from the ruin which again befell the town. What you have heard of the history of Hermine had been handed down from generation to generation, and her remembrance was especially treasured by the singular, melancholic boy who is now her sole remaining representative on earth. The story came to the ears of General d'Auberville, whom it interested deeply, and who offered young Anton a cornetcy in his own regiment. Although physically timid, the boy accepted in despite of his parent's entreaties; for here was an opportunity of fulfilling the cherished wish of his heart — to visit the country of De —, and to stand beside the grave of Hermine. He therefore gladly followed d'Auberville into Flanders, but it soon became evident that he was unsuited for military life. His patron, however, had become strongly attached to the youth; and one day introduced him, with a sketch of his history, to the First Consul, then just rising into power. Napoleon, who discerned at a glance the precise value of the shy young German, made him one of his secretaries, and afterward sent him with Joseph into Spain. When your heaven-born Wellington had driven the French King back across the Pyrenees, Hagedorn was employed by Bonaparte, whom he loved with that unquenchable enthusiasm which the Emperor well knew how to inspire, in a position of distinguished trust at Paris. After 1815, the Bourbons would have retained him in their service, but he preferred to withdraw, with the few thousand francs which he had saved, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, to his native town. The small inheritance bequeathed him by his parents had been narrowed down, he found, in the hands of administrators, to the ancient house around which my story clusters; and in order to eke out his means of livelihood, the ex-Minister of Napoleon converted it into a hotel, to which he gave the name of the little Flemish tavern where Hermine had been found.'

Nothing but the sighing of the wind and the rustling of the fallen leaves as it chased them around the garden, was heard for many minutes after T — had ceased. Even Louise was saddened by the simple story of lost Hermine. At last we rose, and pushed our way through the crackling leaves toward the town.

And now, shall I tell you how Winter gradually drew his snowy mantle over us; how Christmas came, and San' Niklaus; how we had the biggest tree in all the town, and mistletoe — ay, genuine mistletoe, with all its accompanying and hitherto unheard-of privileges, all over the merry room; how T — and I taught Louise to skate upon the Speyerbach; and — eh? you think not now? another time? Very well, another time!

## THE LITTLE STREET-SWEEPER.

Out through the drifted snow,  
Out ere the Day doth glow  
Between his bars of gold, and o'er the earth doth fling  
His amber shafts, or ere the city's voices ring  
Along the paths of trade :  
Out from a wretched shed,  
Out from her strawy bed  
Creepeth a child, with weary look and sad.

Along a squalid street,  
With bare and bruised feet,  
Into a square begirt with dome and parapet,  
And church with fretted towers firm set  
Against the lofty sky :  
With bruised feet and bare,  
Through the dun morning air  
Stealeth that child, with wet and sunken eye.

The Sun now leads the Day  
Upon his orient way,  
And touched with fire are Christian town and fane ;  
And well-fed Life rushes with might and main,  
Joyous and proud and strong :  
Yet still beside the mart,  
With sad and sinking heart,  
Stealeth that child her weary way along.

A path across the street,  
Where roads of traffic meet :  
And Trade and Fashion now do surge and sweep  
Across the jostling path her cold, thin fingers keep  
For horse and coach and dray :  
Pass, pass, pass ; sweep, sweep, sweep :  
How hard it is to keep  
For heedless, thankless Thrift and Pride a way !

A piteous prayer and cry  
To every passer-by !  
And yet the gilded coach goes flashing on  
Flinging rich odors through the hurrying town,  
Hurrying so fast away ;  
And still that cry is there —  
Spare me from hunger, spare,  
And from your gains and pride one moment stay.

There is a path that lies  
 From earth into the skies:  
 Across empyrean heights and pinnacles that glow  
 With endless light that angel fingers sow —  
 With pearl and gold do sow —  
 And yet with garments mean  
 The low-born NAZARENE,  
 Opened that path for us by toil and shame and wo.

Ye, who that path would climb  
 To heavenly gates sublime,  
 To streets unswept whose doméd towers do raise  
 Their lofty heads, where choired anthems praise  
 That CHILD of lowly birth:  
 Think as ye cross the street,  
 Think, as that cry ye meet,  
 The path that ends in heaven begins on earth.

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#### P A D L O C K S   D I S R E G A R D E D .

BOB RIVERS, beside being an intimate friend of mine, is one of the astutest agents in the pay of the United States Post-Office Département. He is one of those diplomatists of civil life who manifest as much interest, and take as much delight, in the concoction of a detective scheme or the unravelment of a mysterious fraud, as a Metternich in the formation of a vast alliance, or a Narbonne in discovering the inmost secrets of some Imperial Cabinet. Rivers, in fact, is a consummate schemer; (he is of Scotch descent;) he revels in intrigue; he rubs his hands and inwardly exults at the prospect of a labyrinthine chase; he sits down to elaborate a plan of discovery with all the gusto of an epicure placed before a dinner prepared under the auspices of a pupil of the late lamented Soyer. He has considerable power of combination, an unfailing memory, a piercing eye, (I have always believed his spectacles to be a subterfuge, but he has never admitted as much,) a sharp, clear, home-thrusting wit; in a word, he is a man who, born under other circumstances, would have become famous as a politician or great as a watchful envoy. Venice would have sent him to Madrid; Richelieu to Vienna; but in these United States, and on the shady side of the nineteenth century, he is simply a detective officer.

His powers are not prodigally wasted by the Department. Only a great robbery, a flagrant embezzlement, calls him forth from his elegant retreat in Roxbury; and I verily believe that he would throw up his office, lucrative as it is, were he called upon to track the purloiner of

a paltry dozen or two of letters only. But when an entire mail is missing, or a thousand-dollar check is snagged on its passage from one city to another, a swift message flashes from Washington down to Bob's abode, and his eyes lighten as he stretches at arm's length the long, thin strip of paper that conveys his story and instructions. In a few moments he is at work. He very rarely fails. Coiling and doubling and burrowing, and disappearing for a brief space, he bursts on a sudden to the surface of publicity, holding up malefactor and mail-bags in triumph to the light. I have a deep respect for Bob Rivers.

Not long since, a great and mysterious robbery was discovered. Not one, but several mail-bags had been abstracted, and the adroit perpetrator had completely covered up his trail. Down came a dispatch from Washington, and next morning Bob was on the scent. It is needless to recount his machinations, which, suffice it to say, resulted, as usual, in the detection and capture of the thief. Part of the rifled mails were also recovered, and these, on the apprehension of the villain, passed provisionally into Rivers' custody, the duty of discovering their addresses devolving upon him.

Now, my friend, although a public official, has the usual amount of inquisitiveness in his phrenological development, and a pile of opened letters is, I have long been aware, a sore temptation to him.—By the way, there are accounts afloat of individuals who have seen and conversed with clerks of the Dead Letter Office. This, I have no hesitation in saying, is a monstrous imposition; the work of the Dead Letter Office is done by machinery; fleshless hands unfold the written sheets; automatic eyes ascertain the direction and contents; iron attendants, superintended by a corps of deaf-mute officers, perform the incrementation of those letters which cannot be returned to the writers; for if it were not so, would not all the secrets of our neighbors be blazoned to the world? A staff of flesh-and-blood examiners, who merely glance at the date and signature of a letter, and leave the rest unread? A living man, who can lay down a perfumed sheet of tiny cream-laid without a glance at the passionate words that are congealed so sadly there — the idea is chimerical, preposterous, absurd. Oh! no: they have automata at work in the Dead Letter Office! — But I was speaking of Bob Rivers. I have always had my suspicions that he did not forbear acquainting himself, occasionally, with the contents of recaptured and opened letters; and I therefore shrewdly guessed at his intention, when I received a note from him, a day or two after the mail-robber's apprehension, inviting me to his official room 'on especial business.' Arriving punctually, as is my wont, I found the radiant detective surrounded by piles of letters, sorted, apparently, according to some system, and, for the most part, open. Such as had contained



money, I learned, had been rifled; the remainder tossed aside as valueless. It was Rivers' business to ascertain the number of letters remaining, as well as to forward them to their addresses: 'And now,' he continued, 'what say you: shall we devote an evening to epistolary literature?'

I was startled at the proposition, although it was not unexpected, and, being rather of a cautious disposition, and given to timidity, I objected.

'Bless me!' exclaimed my friend, 'it is in the way of business: the letters must be examined; and if we read two lines, more or less, what is the difference?'

In short, I was easily persuaded to follow my own inclination; and I sat down, after a faint but decent struggle, to look into other people's hearts. I make the confession in a contrite spirit, and pray that no letter of mine may ever turn up from a missing mail-bag.

Rivers, with his usual business-like tact — what a wonderful head that man has for business! — suggested that we should select one of the piles to commence upon, instead of looking at a dozen letters indiscriminately; and handing me a number of envelopes inclosed in a brown paper wrapper, begged me to open the first, remarking that, as all the letters came from the post-office at —, we should probably obtain, by this plan, a complete miniature of the charming little village. As I took from the heap a somewhat bulky letter, my official friend removed his mild and deceptive spectacles, and lit a fresh segar. His last injunctions were that I should read aloud and distinctly.

I commenced. The letter was dated from a secluded village in Vermont, and appeared to be written by a clergyman settled there, to his class-mate in New-York. I took a copy, and reprint it here, as follows:

'IN the seven years that have elapsed, dear friend, since you and I for the last time joined our hands upon the green at N —, I think only once has either of us departed from our resolve of interchanging twice annually our thoughts and experiences. But is it not strange that a distance which is measurable by hours, should have proved no less effectual a barrier between us than an ocean or a Cordillera? The whizzing murmur, now reaching me across the stream, proceeds from the same swift wheels that will have come to rest, before another dawn, within a few yards of your dwelling. This very letter, which I am about intrusting to that beneficent conspiracy we call the Post-Office, will reach your door while the pavement is yet uncrowded to-morrow morning. The cloud that passes over you at noon, will hang above my dwelling before the sun begins to cover his decline in gorgeousness: and yet that hand-grip, in which our separating hearts em-

braced each other, seven years ago, has never been renewed. All this, you will say, (I doubt not) is in my 'usual idle vein;' and you will blame the impracticality of your friend, in seeing this actual proximity to yourself, while he neglects to avail himself of the advantage. You will be right: yet the consciousness of this fact shall not the more interfere with my blessed privilege of communing with you, unrestrainedly as the forest-smoke, to which you once compared my epistolary dreams!

'Do you know — but you, poor *cittadini*, men of the granite pavement and eddying street, can never know — how rapidly this habit of letting the thoughts unconsciously meander upon paper grows upon one in the noiseless country? With us the very atmosphere is meditative; the sky itself, unbroken in its awful curves, appears to brood unceasingly upon some thought we may not fathom, and all that varied yet so simple panorama we designate as Nature, is wrapped all day, all night, for years, for centuries, in hidden and inscrutable communings with an unseen mind. Man thinks in the country: in the city he only calculates. The salient features that exist here to arrest the eye or the attention are so few, that each is made the subject of study profound as it is unconscious. It becomes a matter of importance to decide whether that tree, far off upon the hill-side, is really a maple or an elm: you are not satisfied, until you have tracked the stealthy brooklet in the hollow, and learned whether it really curves at the foot of that Indian mound with two poplars on its brow, or whether it continues its course without indulging in a bend. You feel dimly uncomfortable until you have studied every granite block in the fence that crenulates the hill-top, and you cannot rest until your own eyes have counted the crimson farm-buildings glowing amid the hazy green of the valley nestled at your feet.

'This concentration of our observant faculties leads, moreover, to a corresponding development of the meditative tendency. We are so much alone! How great a secret is unfolded in those few words! We do not interchange ideas, here in the shadow of these melancholy pine-vaults, we silently evolve them; and they simmer in our brains, or lie quietly hidden, it would be hard to say in what part of our intellectual system, until pen and ink and paper are conjoined, the electrical circuit is complete, and they stream from their lurking-places down to the innocent sheet as a swarm of ants, imprisoned, in my garden yonder, within a magic circle of pitch or tar, will hurry over a straw that some one charitably interposes as a bridge! And truly, now are my thoughts hurrying and scrambling pell-mell from their prison-house! Never was beleaguered garrison of ants more eager; and yet, when the dull and dreary weekly duty of sermonizing returns, how difficult it is to coax an idea from its den!

‘A country clergyman, dear friend, must differ no less widely from his urban brethren than the city from the country mouse! I fancy you — so often! — your natural vivacity rendered keener by perpetual attrition, your duties so manifold and yet so well defined, your means of obtaining information so extended, your interchange of ideas so unceasing, and I look upon you unavoidably as one who, starting from the same point with myself in the race, has girded up his loins to the journey, and steadfastly pursues his course upon the highway, fixing his eye upon no other thing than the passengers upon the dusty path, and the distant beacon-light; while I have strayed into the bordering meadows, and dallied in the pleasant shade of whispering forests, and cooled my feet in the prattling waters of the brooks. *Per aspera ad astra* you sternly pass, while I have followed but circuitously the path from which an impalpable magnetism forbids my wandering too far. But I think I am the happiest! Although my nature is not such as authorizes the choice I made, this sacerdotal office has grown, like a child, insensibly, most dear to me. I see the influences now that have so often converted soldiers into the austere priests; and a little hope begins to glimmer, at the end of a long perspective, that one day I may attain the heart religion, which I should possess, instead of purity of morals only, and religion of the head.

‘It is well that my lot was cast in seclusion such as this. The absence of all excitement, the presence of every influence that turns thought inward to analyze itself, and covers with so deep a rust the more delicate emotions and the terrible because imprisoned passions, have coöperated to sheathe me in an external impassivity that passes with the world for holy calm. The days flow over me like the waves upon the beaches of a deserted shore; their impression is made, but it is unnoticed, and the sound of the retiring waters is unheard as that of the contending billows in their passionate endeavors to rush upon the strand. My weekly round of exercise and duty is such as a dozen times within half as many years I have described to you: the same professional but now not quite so wearisome visits to the ‘members of my flock;’ the same monotonous and vapid pietism with the respectable but tedious females and argumentative farmers who compose my congregation; the same hebdomadal abasement of myself in preaching, with warm lips, but with a heart that no ardor kindles, words which I know, but cannot feel, to contain the wonderful, the overpowering essence of the Christian faith, and the same recurring happiness in resting in the evening, with my eyes fixed upon the fiery West, while the sun’s vague after-glow lights up the broad horizon in purple splendor, and I gather from the glories of the widowed sky material for thought and dreams!

H. R.’

It was with a protracted breath of relief that I concluded this long-drawn epistle, which, I confess, did not please me much; but Rivers compelled me to peruse it thoroughly. I waited for his comments.

'A somewhat curious character,' he said at length, 'for a New-England minister! Evidently one of those men who, although endowed with most delicate and sensitive organizations, adapt themselves unconsciously to the circumstances in which they may be placed. If he had been born a shoemaker, you would find him handling the awl and brads as cleverly as the best workman in Lynn or Natick!'

As I laid aside the confessions of 'H. E.,' I took from the parcel another letter, which was addressed in a dashing yet tremulous hand to a Mrs. —, in New-York. Especial and almost ostentatious care had been used to obtain a perfect impression of the seal, which had been spared by the mail-robber in opening the letter. Yet, on removing the contents from the envelope, I found them to consist in a single slip of note-paper, crumpled and soiled, with a few lines the signature to which was identical with the direction of the envelope. They were evidently being returned without comment. I read as follows:

*'New-York, —, 1858.*

'MY HUSBAND: I dare not call you 'dear,' as once — my pen refuses to write the word which my lips, my sullied lips have so often uttered, which you have so often claimed, which I, when we were happy. . . . Husband! From the depths of unutterable misery and horrible disgrace, I venture still to look up to your forgiving soul. . . . Oh! if there is mercy for me in this world, if there is hope in another, if eternal perdition is not to be anticipated while I live on earth, pardon me, pardon your wife! Dear husband! — yes, as I write, the power to call you so comes back — for the sake of the love that once made life golden to us, that taught us to forget the name of grief; for the sake of our marriage, happier than happiness, of our whispered fancies, of the kisses that sealed our lips and the embrace that drew me to your heart; for the sake of God and His promised mercy, forgive me my transgression! Oh! by the holiest oath — by the awful sanctity of the vow I have outraged — I swear that I knew not how I was beguiled! Beguiled to shame and flight: I, who would have kissed — who would now kiss, — the dust you tread on, who would kneel before your image, who would be your foot-stool, O my husband!

'It was in a horrible, hateful, unnatural dream that I was stolen from myself, that I listened to the tempter's voice, that I construed your unexplained absence into deceit and wrong: and I am here, betrayed, abandoned, wrecked, spurned, trodden under foot, with a brain that is seething and bursting with its wo and wickedness and



wrongful misery, and a heart that lies shrivelled and seared in the bosom that has been all your own! And you, my husband! whom I have so foully abused, so irreparably injured, do I still venture to address you? Yes: for a subtle feeling tells me I am not wholly bad; tells me that the love I bore you, and pledged to you at the altar, is burning still, if dimmed by madness for a moment. Save me, then, save me from the nameless horror that engulfs me: rescue me from the vortex of perdition that gapes so blackly at my feet, clasp me in your arms, my husband, and let my error be forgotten in the wild pulsation of a forgiving kiss! O God! I rave! a kiss upon *my* lips! Mine, that have stamped my husband's woe upon the cheek of another! And those walls . . . how frightfully they stare at me, as I look upon them in my idle searching for comfort or relief! . . . And yet, when I conjure up your features, my anguish lessens, your vision comes upon me, and never without a smile, as in the old time, before you went away. O Heaven! I *know* that this betides forgiveness, and . . . or can the phantom of repentance, of pardon, of love, of happiness, of peace be sent by demons, to torture me, or by Heaven, to mock? No: there is hope: I will hope — and you will forgive!'

With these wild words the letter ended — the letter which an unforgiving husband had returned without reply, but which never reached her to whom it was addressed. What became of her? Ask the lunatic-asylum, or the barren cemetery, or the dark, cold, sullen waters about the piers of New-York. The nameless woman — what was her fate?

These were our reflections: but we said nothing.

A number of letters were next passed in review. Orders from country merchants for sheetings and denims and sugars and fine-cut, speedily thrown aside; greetings from mothers and sisters to brothers and fathers in the city — very precious, doubtless, to the intended recipients, but uninteresting enough to the actual readers; duns from long-suffering creditors, and wheedling, procrastinating notes from backward debtors; ill-spelt love-letters and cautiously-worded legal notices, till at length we once more lit upon something promising. It was addressed to a lady in Providence, R. I., and began:

'MY DEAREST SISTER: You have, I am sure, already more than once accused me of selfishness, in writing you so seldom, and only when I am in need of sympathy or advice; but my duties (I am still the only medical man here) are so extensive, that I have little time for correspondence, even with yourself. But there are times when the heart must share its emotions with another, or burst with the impetuosity of its own pulsations; and to whom, in my solitude, can I recur, when I feel this necessity, if not to the sister who alone can truly share

my joy or my sorrow? Yes, to you, dearest Anna, I must open my heart this night. From you only can I expect, if not relief, at least a ready sympathy.

‘Can you wonder if, in the years of loneliness that I have lived through here, I have sometimes looked forward with exquisite anticipation to the day when, with increasing means, a pure love should come to bear me company, and to sustain me in my conflicts with the world? Hope — the only luxury of the poor man — has enlivened the tangled web of my thoughts with vivid paintings of bliss to come; and now that it is here before me, I find it only misery, because it is so prematurely sweet! Yes! at length I have felt that dread, giganticising intuition which impels the soul, etherealized in one single vast pulsation, far, far beyond the limits of earth and sky, into the most secret, unspeakable abiding-places of the principle of life! To say, I love! To feel the mighty sound reverberating through one’s dazzled heart — this, indeed, is life at length. And yet how coldly, I can fancy, will you read these words! To your perceptions, they will be no more than the pallid night-cloud is to the southern sailor, which yet to him whose eyes are tutored, is a visible and awful flame of constellated suns! Suns! what are their fires to the terrible intensity which can be flashed forth in those two little words; and yet I have transfigured no one with the sound! The trees have heard it, and echoed my burning words in whispers, as they stretched out to one another their mysterious arms; the stream has leapt up in my face, and has snatched the unspoken sentence from my lips; the wind has mingled for a moment with my breath, and then swept by to shout the tidings to the sea; it burns in my veins, it glows upon my forehead; but on *her* ear the declaration has never fallen, nor shall fall.

‘A few words will suffice to tell you of my foolish passion, so incompatible with my duties and my resources. Three months ago the brother of Deacon —, my nearest neighbor, died suddenly, leaving but one daughter, and she scantily provided for. He was a widower, and the Deacon at once brought his orphan niece to his own home, where, as she was rendered unwell by over-watching, I was at once called to visit her. Fancy a girl of eighteen, of a quiet and retiring nature, whom you would call good-looking, but no one beside myself beautiful. I was at once struck by her superior intelligence, and by the modesty of her demeanor. In the midst of that coarse, honest, farming household she sat, like a little thread of gold ennobling a Californian pebble, and toning down rather than saddening by her mourning garb her rustic relatives into a degree of quiet almost approaching refinement. She was introduced to me, and I touched her hand — a slight ceremonial contact which then I scarcely heeded, but the mental repetition of which is now my supremest joy. To be brief,

you know how sedulously I shunned at college the society of women ; studying deeply, I knew nothing of the sex ; and my emulation of St. Anthony, voluntary at that time, has become compulsory since my arrival here. The raw-boned, red-armed, vigorous young women of this region literally disgusted me at the outset, and there are no others for twenty miles around. It was, therefore, with some such feelings as a naturalist experiences on meeting with some novel specimen, that I looked on my new patient. What, I asked myself, are the thoughts, what the occupation, of an intelligent, tolerably-educated, pure-minded girl ? Has she, indeed, thoughts and an intellect, or merely instinct and inspiration ? These, and a hundred other questions I asked myself and determined upon solving. Laying my treatises aside, therefore, I addressed myself to the study of Louise. As a patient, and after her complete recovery of health, as so near a neighbor, I saw her frequently, and frequently alone. Louise ! Louise ! To you, my only sister, I may confess what no other mortal should ever know, that I have kissed those simple letters a hundred times before the ink had ceased to shine ! As I have said, she became my study, and study insensibly led me into wild but governable love. Do not ask me to describe her person, for I should fail, and I have told you she is not beautiful, except to me. Her features, indeed, are regular and delicate, her complexion clear, and her smile — oh ! intoxicating recollection ! — softer and more penetrating in its sweetness than the radiance of an August moon ! With her eyes you would find fault, and criticise their heavy lustrousness, but gaze on them, attempt to fathom them, and you would discover worlds more precious than ever Alexander wept for or Columbus sought. Oh ! I could lie a whole eternity and gaze into those twin oceans of inexhaustible tenderness and unawakened love, whence one's own diminished and spiritualized reflection looks out, as the maidens of Undine are fabled to gleam forth from the surface of the eager river, luring irresistibly on to their intangible embraces and to unheeded death. I only saw them once — a little while ago — as I leant over her chair ostensibly for the purpose of looking at a volume which lay before her, but in reality, to enjoy for a moment the fierce voluptuousness of approaching, almost touching, her cold, still cheek, and the mingling of her breath with mine. She turned suddenly, and our eyes melted for a moment into each other, then dropped, mine blinded by the fiery struggle which rent me inwardly while I stood and calmly answered the trivial question which she asked me at the same moment. But that moment separated me from her. I felt that the muscles of my will had been stretched to their utmost tension in successfully resisting the impulse to throw myself before her, and I knew that in a second trial they would prove unequal to the task ; I therefore trod upon my passion from that mo-

ment, and have fled her presence ever since. But how shall I endure this miserable life — this wretched, crushing poverty? For that it is which bars me from the epitome of all I esteem precious, which binds me to the dull formulas of an arid life, lacerating my soul, and rending my intellect with agony. Cruelty it would be, and not love, to invite another to share that slender pittance which barely leaves a surplus to the support of one, and to condemn her for whom I would willingly sacrifice all things on earth and almost in heaven to the protracted misery of mean and sordid cares for bread. No! I could share a kingdom with her, but not a crust! I could rejoice to starve, that she might be supplied with luxury, but never see her transformed for me into the care-worn housewife and the calculating, wrinkled mother. A mother, and I a father! The very thought has filled me with a strange, impalpable, sad, intoxicating delight. But I can think of her only as she sat in maidenly reserve and quietude, only as the Catholic can think of the Mother of his LORD — so sweetly submissive, so soberly intelligent, so graceful, so beautiful, so pure! But I must dismiss the image from my bosom; she must live in my thoughts no longer. — Pardon me, my sister, these incoherent rhapsodies, but I could not have existed without pouring my tumultuous feelings either into your ear or into hers. Have I not done right in making your calmly-reasoning mind the depositary? Do not, however, be alarmed; I shall see her no more, at least no more alone. Her memory will remain with me, to gild the vague horizon of my life; and while I am left to breathe my whispers to the purple clouds, the sun that I have worshipped passes on to gladden happier eyes. It is fate. L.

The old, old story, love flying from the sordidness of poverty, not vanquished, but discomfited! Rivers said: 'I pity L ——'s patients during the next six months! 'T will be lucky for them if he does n't give his calomel to consumptives, and kill off his fever cases with double doses of quinine. And, very likely, the girl who has set him a-dreaming — pass me a segar, Will — has as little of the genuine about her as this vile imitation has of a true Havana. Go on, however, take the next letter in the pile.'

I obeyed mechanically, and found it addressed in a feminine hand, to a Miss ——, of ——. A hopeful suspicion suddenly darted across my mind, and on opening the letter, I found it completely verified: for the signature was Louise Wentworth! 'Hurra!' I shouted; 'let Miss Louise speak for herself,' and so commenced. The letter ran:\*

'MY DEAREST JANE: Such an age as it is since you have written to me! I do declare I have almost cried with vexation every time I've

\* IN copying this letter for the press, I have taken the liberty of adding occasionally the luxury of punctuation to its periods, and of making one or two orthographic changes.



been down to the post-office for the last three days. A whole week and no letter; but I won't scold you, for want of room, I've so *much* to tell you! I am having such a delightful time here; and I do think it's the prettiest place I ever was in in all the world. You can't imagine! There are hills, and a brook — oh! such a beautiful brook — and trees all about the houses, looking in at the very windows for all the world as if they were alive; and only think if there actually was such things as those metamorphoses we used to read about last winter at the Academy — do n't you remember? — and how glorious it would be for elopements, if any body wanted to elope, because you see the trees would do just as well as a rope-ladder, and quite as romantic, I am sure, only one would be liable to get scratched going down; and then, there are such exquisite woods — oh! I'm sure you never saw any thing like it in all your life. But I do n't like the folks much — of course my uncle's people are excepted — but the rest are so stupid, all except one. Who do you suppose he is? Now you need n't laugh and shake your head, or I shan't tell you a word about him; but he's in love with me! There now! This is the only thing that I ever kept secret from my dearest, dearest Jane; but I have n't told you about it, because I was n't quite certain; however, it's the Doctor! You know when I got here after my poor dear father died, I told you he prescribed for me, and was so very attentive. Well, I thought he was very stiff and disagreeable, and not half so pleasant as Mr. Briggs who used to be over to Little Falls; but he used to come in pretty often after that; and I soon saw he liked to talk to me best. And if you could only hear him talk! He knows three-quarters of every thing, I do believe; and he makes such grand speeches when he talks to me, that really it's quite annoying, you know. He used to see us pretty often for a long while before I suspected that he thought any thing of me; because you see he's such a learned man, and so kind of old-fashioned, you would n't think he would ever want to marry any body, much less a silly girl like you or me. But one day Aunt Abby says to me: 'Louise, the Doctor has got his eye on you — do you know it?' 'No,' said I, 'and I do n't believe it.' But aunt she stuck to it he was dead in love with me, and too bashful to say so. And since then I've noticed, and I do believe she's right. O Jane! if you could see him! He's got such beautiful hair and eyes — oh! they're black as jet — and his eyes so large you can't think; and his mouth so small and pretty, and so are his hands; that's where he beats Mr. Briggs. But do you know who I think he's like? Do n't you know Charley Sanford who was over at the Academy last winter, and took us two girls out for a sleigh-ride down by the Mills, and tipped us over into a snow-bank head over heels, and almost died of laughing, hauling us out again? Well, I do think he's like the Doctor, only not so pretty, and

his voice was n't half so soft ; but I was reminded of him the other day. I never like to say much, you know, when *he* comes to the house, because he knows so much, and I so little ; but I do admire to hear him talk above all things. And he lends me books, and so did Charley Sanford, but I did n't like Charley's, though I read them half-a-dozen times. Do n't you remember that one about the young fellow in England who was supposed to be the son of his father, only he was n't ; no, that was n't it, but he was some body else's son, and he married a girl called Sophy Western ? What was the book's name ? Well, the Doctor lends me all sorts of books, instructive ones, and novels — I like *them* best of course — and I get him to talk about them ; and he makes every thing so plain, and I only have to say yes or no. Well, one day lately I was sitting reading a most beautiful book — I forget what it was now — and *he* was talking to uncle about the influenzy ; and when he got through, he came up behind my chair and read over my shoulder. It was a love-story, and so pretty ; and just as he stooped down, his whiskers ruffled my bandeaux, (you know I do my hair that way now, the same as Amelia Floyd,) and I felt such a thrill go all over me — oh ! it was just like what you feel when you eat ice-cream on a hot day ; and just in the very book I was reading — was n't it funny ? — it said that when people are in love they always thrill that way, and though I was n't in love, I thought he might have thrilled the same ; and so I turned round, pretending I wanted to ask him something, and our eyes met, and he dropped his right away ; but I saw them one moment, and they almost burnt me up ! Oh ! it was like looking at one of those furnaces in Little Falls, or a flash of lightning, and so I knew he loved me. But he said not a word, although there was n't any body in the room ; and would you believe it, he has only been to see us once since, and that was a week ago yesterday. But what he can see in me, I can't think, though Charley Sanford did tell Amelia Floyd I was the best girl he ever clapped eyes on — that's just what he said — and it made Amelia as mad as any thing, but then I can't help it, you know ; and want you to keep this the *profoundest* secret, and not tell *any body any thing* about it, except Amelia and Carrie Jordan, and they must n't say any thing for the world. Oh ! do you suppose he will ask me to marry him ! I should admire to be a doctor's wife — should n't you ? — but then he's so much better and greater than I am ; but if he does propose, I will try and improve, and I am sure I shall love him dearly. But I have got to go away next week, and I do hope he will speak out first ! Now mind you do n't say any thing about it. Won't it make Amelia jealous ! Write *immediately*, or I shall go frantic.

'Yours, dearest, ever,

'LOUISE WENTWORTH.

'Brava!' chuckled Rivers as I concluded; 'just as I expected! I knew the girl's character from that spooney's own description. But she's a good girl, and perhaps would make a better wife than the sentimental pattern of all that's elevated he takes her to be. Go on.'

I continued to examine the packages, and read aloud numerous other letters — rich, greasy missives from favorite pastors, stuffed with mild and appropriate texts, and redolent of disinterested counsel; business-like epistles from forgers and card-sharpers — many, by the way, were gathered by the police department from the opened mail; love-letters from sentimental damsels in Manchester and Lowell; business-orders, reports of agents, letters upon every topic between male and female correspondents; spiritualistic replies to the queries of arrant greenhorns; dispatches from quack-doctor school-boys, Congressmen, lawyers, in a word, epistolary representatives of almost every class and subdivision of society. As the Editor of this Magazine, moreover, has solemnly engaged not to divulge my name, I feel perfectly secure, and, although naturally of a timid disposition, do not hesitate to publish this intercepted correspondence

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MY WIFE.

She lies asleep close at my side,  
Her soft cheek pillowed on her arm;  
And where her raven locks divide,  
I kiss her forehead, smooth and warm.

A flush of roses on her cheek,  
Upon her lips a budding bloom;  
And through them her soft breathings break,  
Like zephyrs laden with perfume.

How still she lies — for scarcely stirs  
The baby-life within her breast:  
Who would not have such peace as hers —  
Sweet slumber, and the heart at rest?

And when she wakes to me again —  
And with that waking mornings rise —  
How eagerly I'll watch, to claim  
The opening splendor of her eyes!

Sleep, O my queen! the lion Fear  
Watches forever at thy side,  
To guard from danger treasures dear,  
And claim from sleep again a bride.

## FIJI AND THE FIJIANS.\*

'Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast.'—HOOD.

'UND Fels und Meer wird fortgerissen  
In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.'—GÖTTE.

READER, these are our old friends the Feejee Islanders, only slightly disguised in new spelling, in whose behalf several years ago we used to hear the most urgent missionary sermons, and to speed the Gospel to whom we used to give our money and our prayers. They are the very hideous savages whom we deemed it disgraceful to have living on the same planet with Christian men, and for whom we felt that the power of God and the courage of His missionaries were specially needed. The South Sea was as bad in our imagination as the British Isles were to old Byzantine historians, what time the transplanted Roman world lived a drooping but splendid life in the city of the Levant. Cloudy darkness hung over that least intellectual and most ferocious of pandemoniums; whirlpools and pirates combined to make the riotous waters of the ocean-archipelago terrible to mariners; and the scattered islets were covered with monsters, greedy for human blood, in whom total depravity raged in all its purity without a hindrance. The Fijians occupy a group of islands near the centre of the 'grand ocean,' and are perhaps the most heroically base of all the descendants of Adam. It may be well for persons who are so exceedingly civilized as ourselves to make a short study of exceeding savagery, and to briefly review the ancient virtues, the modern improvements, and the supposable future destiny of a people who have nothing in common with us but the essential elements of humanity.

The Fiji group, situated more than 15° south of the equator, and in longitude nearly opposite to the meridian of Greenwich, extends over about forty thousand square miles of the Pacific Ocean, and includes at least two hundred and twenty-five islands and islets, of which about eighty are inhabited. They form a labyrinth of coral reefs and lofty volcanic structures, and present beauties of scenery which have gained for them the name of the fairy-land of the Pacific, and which contrast most strikingly with the character of their occupants. Around the basaltic cones and needles, the sites of ancient volcanic action, which form the central summit of many of the islands, are long slopes covered

\* FIJI AND THE FIJIANS. Vol. I. The Islands and their Inhabitants. By THOMAS WILLIAMS, late Missionary in Fiji. Edited by G. S. ROWE. London: 1858. Vol. II. Mission History. By JAMES CALVERT, late Missionary in Fiji. Edited by G. S. ROWE. London: 1858.



with luxuriant foliage, abrupt precipices, fantastic turrets of rocks, native towns on eyrie crags, deep ravines, rich vales, cocoa-nut groves, clumps of chestnuts, palms, and bananas, and a shore of wild irregularity. The vegetation is said to be unsurpassed in diversified beauty in any part of the world, and clothes the islands to their very tops, clinging to every point where a plant may possibly take root. In the ocean-field around the islands extend long lines of coral reefs, dangerous to navigation, against which the rising tide beats in mountainous surges, but which inclose lagoons, like calm lakes, along the shore. Through the transparent waters of the lagoons may be seen subaqueous vegetation, rivalling in magnificence that of the land, and guarded as if in a garden. The reefs, built up by a microscopic animal, the coral insect, and many of them being but sunken rocks, are a chief cause of peril to the navigator; but if ever a chart be made of them, they will cease to be dangerous, and be esteemed as break-waters and the walls of safe harbors. There are also atolls, or lagoon islands, the fairy rings of the ocean, which consist of a chaplet or ring of coral, inclosing a portion of the sea in its centre. They have an opening in their circuit, generally on the leeward side, through which the tide enters, and by which ships may find harbor within. No feature of the land or sea is lacking in richness of tropical beauty. The coral is of various and delicate tint and structure, purple, green, brown, pink, blue, yellow, and dazzling white; and among its branches in the limpid water may be seen fishes of the most gorgeous hues. The air is generally clear, and the climate delightful in our spring and autumn months, but oppressively hot in the months of our winter, which from the heavy gales that are frequent are called 'the hurricane months.' The whole race of fevers is unknown in Fiji.

Amid the constant rising and sinking of continents and islands, of which there is certain proof, the scientific geographer always has a secret preference, and thinks it a better augury for a country, to tend towards being the victor rather than the victim of the ocean. It is human to choose a human destiny to whatsoever prospect 'in the dreamy dells of the hollow sphere of the sea.' We would gladly picture the time,

'WHEN all the banded East at once 'gan rise,  
A wide wild storm, even Nature's self confounding,  
Withering her giant sons with strange, uncouth surprise.  
This pillared earth so firm and wide,  
By winds and inward labors torn,  
In thunders dread was pushed aside,  
And down the shouldering billows borne:  
And see, like gems, her laughing train  
The little isles on every side.'

Yet the best authorities affirm that a continent probably once occu-

pied a great part of the tropical Pacific, and that the islands which now form archipelagoes there were once mountain summits far removed from the sea, and touching the clouds. This theory is made to account for the formation of atolls. The coral animal cannot exist in the water at a greater depth than about twenty-five fathoms, or beyond the penetration of the sun's light. If therefore it began to found its reef on the submerged border of an island, and if the island was sinking, the animal would be obliged constantly to raise its wall to keep within the influence of the sun, till finally the island would have wholly disappeared, and the coral circle of a lagoon would have risen to take its place. The peak of a mountainous island sometimes remains an islet within the atoll. The Fijians have a prospect therefore of being flooded at some future period, but as geologic changes take place very slowly, there is little doubt that they will first have time to play important parts in history.

The population of the Fiji Islands is probably about one hundred and fifty thousand, though it has sometimes been estimated at twice that number. The largest island is Viti Levu, ninety miles in length by fifty in breadth, and which contains at least fifty thousand inhabitants; the second in size is Vanua Levu, more than one hundred miles long, with an average breadth of twenty-five miles, and which has a population estimated at thirty-one thousand.

The natives are physically a superior race. They exceed Europeans in average stature, and resemble them in mould of form. Their complexion is not very lucidly described by a Frenchman: 'So far as I have observed, the color of the skin is black, mixed with one eighth part of yellow, which imparts to it a clear tint of various intensity.' Dr. Pickering discovered a purplish tinge in their hue, 'particularly when contrasted in the sun-light with green foliage,' and proposed to distinguish them in natural history as 'purple men.' Cuvier, in classifying them, confessed himself at a loss whether to refer them to the Mongolian and yellow, or to the Ethiopian and black race. Their anomalous characteristics justified Dr. Pickering in making of them a distinct variety, under the name of Papuan. They are distinguished from their Polynesian neighbors by limbs and features proportioned nearly like those of Europeans; and they are distinguished from white men by their gigantic size, dark color, immense quantity of bushy woolly hair, and a peculiar hardness and harshness of the skin. They are graceful, athletic, with quick, black eyes, keen senses, acute feelings, an aptitude for feigning, cleverness in diplomacy, and a capacity to adjust means to an end, and to steadily prosecute a purpose of interest or revenge through a long concatenation of events. Dulness or imbecility forms no part in their character. Their fierceness likens them to the tiger; but they should not be compared to any

more stupid beast. If morally they almost merit to be thrust outside of the pale of humanity, yet mentally and physically they take no mean rank in the great family of men.

The Fijians are proud of their beautiful country, and refuse to give credence to unwelcome geographical truths. A missionary, who had explained to them the globe, and directed them to contrast Fiji with Asia or America says, that the feeling of humiliation and grief which it caused them was painful even to witness. 'Our land,' they said, 'is not larger than a fly-spot.' They, however, quickly recovered their energy and assurance, and pronounced the globe 'a lying ball;' and though they listen with pleasure to the reports of foreigners concerning their own countries, they receive them only as fairy-stories, comforting themselves by the belief that the white man is of course telling lies. A travelled Fijian, of whom there have recently been a few, is obliged to forget, on his return, that Fiji is not at least a formidable rival to any other national power.

Fijian society recognizes five distinctions of rank: kings, chiefs, (including priests,) distinguished warriors of low birth, common people, and slaves by war. Rank is hereditary, descending through the female, since the wives of chiefs are often of different degrees. The ceremonies of etiquette are always most punctiliously observed between persons of distinction, who therefore are not fond of meeting each other. The clapping of the hands seems to fulfil much the same office as the bow or obeisance in European courtesy. When a person has passed any thing to a chief, or received any thing from him, he completes the act by clapping his hands. The same form is observed to applaud what has been said or done; and perhaps a metaphysical antiquarian would trace back our fashion of clapping public performers, to some instinctive principle common to ourselves and the Fijians. The wringing of the hands has always and every where been one way of expressing strong emotion, and the transition is easy from wringing to clapping.

There are some contradictions between Fijian and European manners; and a philosopher might be puzzled in discussing their comparative merits. For instance, the Fijian attitude of respect is a sitting posture; the European a standing posture. While the chief is eating, every body present must sit; and when he has finished, they must clap their hands several times. There is an opportunity here for a careful analysis. The Fijian implies by sitting that he has only to keep himself quietly out of the way, and be ready to applaud the gastro-nomic or other achievements of a superior, who has no need of any service; the European implies by standing that the person to whom he shows respect is not omnipotent, and may possibly need to have a right hand put forth in his behalf. The Fijian custom belongs to a

more absolute *régime* and passive public spirit; for is not the main thought of the attendants centred upon the fact that the chief is doing something, and that when he has done it, it will be their turn to applaud? It recognizes only one person in the circle as proper either to do, to enjoy, or to suffer. The European custom, on the contrary, shows the readiness of every attendant to obey speedily the behest of the master. It recognizes one commanding will, in obedience to which every person is to act with quick devotion. As the one custom betrays the despotism of a barbarian sensualist, so the other reveals the nice organization of a society founded on the fine principles of chivalry.

Again, in Fiji the person who would cross the path of a superior, or the place where he is sitting or standing, must always pass before him, and never behind. Seamen are obliged to be especially cautious not to pass by a chief's canoe on the out-rigger side. Europeans are not thus accustomed to allow the right of precedence to the inferior. Possibly another Fiji vice may be hinted in this peculiar fashion. According to all accounts, they are remarkable for masterly duplicity and treachery. It is natural that a chief should rather have persons of such character under his eye than behind his back, and that possessing the power, he should therefore force all who approach him to keep well to the front.

One of their most curious customs is that of 'follow in falling,' the inferior always imitating his master in stumbling, falling, or any other similar accident. This is a genuine phase of the etiquette of despotism, it being implied that no mortal can resist any casualty that may befall a chief. The artificial view of the event is more important than the real, since it does not occur to the attendant to pull his master out of the quagmire, but only to pitch himself in, and thereby to prove the omnipotence of quagmires.

In architecture, in a taste for the fine arts, and in the building and management of canoes, the Fijians probably excel any other people classed by Europeans as 'savages.' Their houses have sills of the cocoa-nut, walls from four to ten feet high intertwined with reeds, and rafters of the palm-tree supporting a thatched roof which terminates in a long cocoa-nut log as a ridge-pole. Their canoes are built double, with a platform extending from one to the other, and are furnished with sails which seem to be out of all proportion to the craft. They will often carry fifty men. The native sailors, though deficient in boldness, and though abounding in superstitions concerning the 'green sea-foam,' passing over in silence certain parts of the ocean which are the haunts of spirits, are yet very expert in managing their vessels, and sail with great swiftness, interchanging jests, raileries, and merry shouts.

Perhaps few persons ever reflected that sitting in a chair, or on

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any thing resembling a chair, is one of the refinements of high civilization. An elevated seat, far from being a natural and essential appendage to man, is just as artificial an institute as a cane: it is a sort of third leg, available in sitting as a cane is in walking. The Fijians have not attained to this refinement. Indeed, with their slight costume, a posture of the body marked by two well-defined right angles, would hardly be graceful. Nor do they sit in the Turkish position, with their legs crossed. Their style is probably precisely that which would be adopted by any young citizen of New-York who should go into the woods on a summer holiday, to enjoy an hour of listless Arcadian musing. They either curl their legs in front of them, toes inward and knees outward, or turn both of their bended legs a little to one side, and slightly recline on their hand, which touches the ground on the other side. A person in all the luxuriance of flowing garments fills a chair admirably, and without appearing to be stilted; but an artist would prefer to sketch a Fijian in his native posture, with his solid bust rising as if autochthonically from the soil.

A wreath-like zone, several inches wide, and scrupulously drawn about the body, is almost the only article of dress. Yet notwithstanding this simplicity in their wardrobe, they contrive to spend a great deal of time about their toilet. Their abundant hair claims the first attention of all classes, and the barbers are among the most important personages on the islands. The barber's office is one of the highest dignity, and his hands are sacred: he is not permitted to use them in any other employment, or even to feed himself. Heaths and forests do not present greater diversities than the various styles in which the Fijian bushy heads are done up. All the force and versatility of their genius is expended upon their *coiffures*, which are expanded till they often measure four or five feet in circumference. They are painted black, blue, white, or bright red; the last being the favorite color of young persons, and they generally assume regular and almost geometrical outlines. They are spherical, pyramidal, conical, or square, or present these figures in manifold combinations. Twisted cords and braids of different colors are intertwined; and locks, curls, tassels, flowers, and the gay feathers of the paroquet are appended. If the attire of the head is an index, the Fijians must certainly have some instincts in common with the nobles and ladies who in periwigs and lofty *coiffures* adorned the court of Louis XV.

The costume is completed by chaplets, ear-rings, necklaces, and wreaths made of vines and flowers, or of tortoise-shell, dogs' teeth, bats' jaws, or snake vertebrae. Painting and tattooing are, moreover, almost universal practices. The latter is a religious custom, imperative only on women, and is performed with an instrument consisting of several bone-teeth fixed to a light handle, which are dipped into a



pigment made of charcoal and candle-nut oil, and then driven violently through the skin. The operation is a painful one, and occupies several weeks, or even months. Concentric circles on the arms, barbed lines on the hands and fingers, and patches of blue at the corners of the mouth, are common displays of tattooing. The face is painted daily in fantastic styles, in scattered spots, and diagonal lines of different colors, vermilion being the favorite hue for the nose.

The Fijians are early risers, and begin their day with washing, and with drinking an infusion of the *ava*, a native narcotic plant. They then go to their work, gathering bananas or yams, fishing, canoe-building, or the manufacture of clubs and spears for war, till about eleven o'clock, when they return to their houses, bathe, anoint themselves with cocoa-nut oil, and partake of a slight repast. They pass the afternoon in sleeping or lounging, or in the pleasing labor of the toilet, sometimes strolling about and paying visits. In the evening, they take the principal meal at leisure, and their bill of fare includes a dozen varieties of bread, nearly thirty kinds of pudding, twelve sorts of soup, and almost every thing found living on the sea-reef, whether molluscos, articulate, or radiate. Tobacco has been known to them not more than thirty years, but is already a universal favorite of adults and children. They always smoke in the social way in which the North-American Indians used to smoke the calumet of peace, passing the pipe or segar from person to person, and each taking a whiff in succession.

If it be true that all men are either Platonists or Aristotelians, the Fijians indisputably belong to the latter class. Their intellect is ingenious, but their sentiment is unrefined. They delight in dancing and verse-making, but have few pleasing and poetical traditions, and seem to judge of poetry only by the metre and the rhyme. A couplet or triplet they can understand; but they have little pleasure in musical sounds, and visitors relate that they will walk off insensible to the sweetest notes of the flute or violin. They amuse themselves with punning, to which they give the remarkable name of *vakaribamalamala*; they tell grotesque stories, with little of the fairy element in them; and they entertain religious conceptions which are the farthest possible from being transcendental.

Rarely does humanity appear at once so base and so vigorous as in Fiji. When all the ideas as well as actions of an individual or a people become vicious, the divine breath usually languishes, and the tenement of clay hardly rises in force or dignity above the sod. The criminals of desperate wickedness who infest civilized countries, derive their energy from contact with the community around them: they are a sort of parasites, and the same sap which nourishes the flourishing institutes of order and social refinement, passing into them, makes

them swell into ugly and gnarly vigor. There is perhaps no extreme without its opposite, and the fairest attainments of Christianity and the darkest practices of hate and malice may exist, like palaces and hovels, side by side, each deriving strength from the vision of the other. But an isolated community, whose moralities are all blackest sins, it would seem, must soon lapse into imbecility from lack of high motives. Vice has its strength as an opposition to goodness; but vice unreined, and left to its own promptings without a check, is the weakest of earthly things, and lies close to ruin.

To account for Fijian vigor, it must therefore be admitted that, even morally, they are not quite as bad as possible, while stress should be laid upon the fact, that careful observers speak well of their exhibitions of uncult intellect.

In general, they are adroit liars and thieves: they are in the highest degree covetous, envious, suspicious, deceitful, vengeful, malignant, ungrateful, cruel, treacherous, cowardly, and sensual. Full of demon-like passions and purposes, they yet pride themselves on restraining any manifestation of emotion. But if once surprised into wrath, or if provoked beyond endurance, they lay no check on their rage, and exhibit the savage in a state of development of which the civilized man can form no adequate conception. 'The forehead,' says the missionary, 'is suddenly filled with wrinkles; the large nostrils distend and smoke; the staring eye-balls grow red, and gleam with terrible flashings; the mouth is stretched into a murderous and disdainful grin; the whole body quivers with excitement; every muscle is strained, and the clenched fist seems eager to bathe itself in the blood of him who has roused this demon of fury.' When a person is offended, he rarely says any thing, but immediately arranges some stick or stone, or other sign, by which he shall be constantly reminded of the grudge, till he is able to avenge it. There are various ways of indicating sworn vengeance — as dispensing with some favorite article of food, renouncing the pleasures of the dance, wearing half of the head closely cropped, refusing to speak at all, or suspending from the ridge-pole of the house a roll of tobacco, where it must hang till taken down to be smoked over the dead body of the offender.

Their atrocity is especially displayed in the little value which they set upon human life. Death by the club, the noose, or the musket is the punishment for all crimes except theft, which is hardly esteemed a crime at all. Young men are usually deputed to be the executors of justice, and perform their task suddenly, and with the utmost *nonchalance*. Infanticide, especially the murder of deformed and female children, is reduced to a system, professors of it being found in every village. A swift-pursuing grave haunts all the unfortunate. The aged and infirm are strangled; friendless sick persons are left to perish; the

process of laying out is often begun before decease ; and persons are not infrequently buried alive. This chapter of horrors relates only **Fijian** common-places. The abominations are not so much diabolical as brutish, proceeding from insensibility rather than from a daring defiance of noble conceptions. Religion is not there to shed a savor of holiness around life, its sacraments being supplanted by juggleries, and its ideas by a pantheon of monsters ; refined love is not there, woman being in no esteem, but often employed as a beast of burden, and even forbidden to enter any temple ; neither culture nor art, knowledge nor discipline, is there ; and the garden of the soul, which always requires to be so carefully kept, is therefore over-run with rankest weeds in tropical luxuriance.

Worthy of their character in other respects is the climax of their degradation — cannibalism. Suffice it to say, that they bake their captured enemies, and eat them. A cannibal dinner-party is always a ceremonious affair, and shows how fierce may be the amenities of life.

Thus briefly we have sketched one of the realms and one of the peoples in the island-world of the Pacific — a sunny, labyrinthine realm, smiling with natural beauty — a hideous people, largely built, unrivalled for the towering proportions and blooming vigor of their vices. This contrast between the landscape and the human life which figures on it, may have existed for thousands of ages ; for of Fiji prior to the present century nothing is known. The Fijians themselves believe that they occupy the centre of the universe, and have a tradition that the first man and woman were created on their isles. The shores of the neighboring continent, China and India, have old epics and philosophies, and other records and monuments of ancient civilizations. The opposite and more distant country of Mexico, contains scattered remnants of temples and other structures of art — the memorials of an unknown history. But in Fiji nothing is found to indicate that the occupants were ever higher in the scale of being than they are now.

The Dutch navigator, Tasman, discovered these islands in 1643. Captain Cook lay-to off one of them in his voyage of circumnavigation. Several mariners sailed by them or through them in the latter part of the last century. They were first brought into connection with Europeans by the escape of twenty-seven convicts from New South-Wales in 1804, who settled on them. The desperadoes of the West rivalled the native monsters in ferocity, and having the advantage of fire-arms, were able to maintain themselves for several years. Some of them became leaders in native wars ; but, with one exception, they never forced the respect of the Fijians, or were admitted into their friendship. The two toughest nations of Europe are the Swedish and Irish, if we may judge from the experience of these convicts ; for the last survivor but one of them was a Swede, who was murdered

and eaten in 1813. The last of them was an Irishman named Connor, who became thoroughly Fijianized, and was esteemed, even by the natives, as more than their match in inhuman passions and cruelties. He became a sort of prime minister and favorite of the king of Rewa, and died a natural death, only regretting in his last moments that the number of his children was not fifty instead of forty-eight.

The depravity of Fiji was hardly known in Christendom, before it became a theatre of Christian missionary effort. Converts from the neighboring Friendly Islands first preached to them in 1835 in Lakemba, one of the outlying islands, in which the Tongan population was larger than the Fijian. A station was here established, many Tonga converts were made, two white missionaries with their families were added to the corps of laborers, and the morality of the island, if it did not become Christian, became somewhat less heinous than it had formerly been. It was quite another thing, however, to evangelize genuine Fijians, as the missionaries discovered when, in 1837, they advanced their station into the group to the island of Somosomo, whither they had been invited by a novelty-seeking chief. When after a conversation concerning Christianity with this chief, they asked him if he believed the statements to be true, he answered: 'True every thing that comes from the white man's country is true: musket and gunpowder are true, and your religion must be true.' After ten years of labor with this promising people, the missionaries decided to abandon the field, and narrowly escaped with their lives to another island.

The first remarkable missionary success was in Ono. That island was afflicted with an epidemic disease which threatened its depopulation. All means of propitiating the native gods had been tried but no relief came. A visitor to Lakemba had witnessed the Tongan movement there, and remembered that JEHOVAH was the name of the God whose worship had been introduced, and who was said to be the only true God. In their present calamity, he recommended to his Ono countrymen to abandon their own gods, and to pray only to JEHOVAH: and it is a most curious fact, that with this scanty stock of information, they decided to follow his advice. They assembled together with this design, but were at a loss how to conduct a religious service. Finally a Fiji priest was waited on, and informed of the purpose and perplexity of the people. He did not approve of the plan, but consented to become their chaplain; and when all were seated, he offered up the following wonderful prayer: 'LORD JEHOVAH! here are THY people: they worship THEE. I turn my back on THEE for the present, and am on another tack, worshipping another god. But do THOU bless THY people; keep them from harm and do them good.' This was the first step in the evangelization of the whole island.

Missions are now established in several of the largest islands, and there are in all about seven thousand church members. But the Fijian finds it hard to eradicate the vices which have been in all time the glory of his fathers. The motives for which Christianity is embraced, are often of a politic character; Christian ideas are often most tortuously apprehended; and the Christian profession is both lightly made and renounced. The missionaries themselves, who have labored, and still labor there, are not men of the commanding ability and sternly romantic devotion which gave to Xavier his triumphs in Asia; but to them belongs at least the more than worldly honor of having risked their lives daily in efforts to do good to the heathen.

Passing from the present, and conceiving the time when civilization marching westward shall have built up a chain of empires along the coasts of the Pacific; when electric wires shall have brought the whole world within speaking distance; when improved arts of locomotion shall have reduced ocean-travel from days to hours, then we can hardly err in fancying these islands will rise into great worldly importance. They will have the charm of beauty and the convenience of loneliness. They may be winter residences for merchants doing business on either continent; they may be solitary retreats for scholars elaborating theories and prosecuting studies; they may be haunts of fashion and pleasure. Civilization will yet surely claim them, for they are designed to answer some of its finest purposes.

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SONG FROM GOETHE.

CASTLES with lofty  
Ramparts and towers,  
Maidens disdainful  
In Beauty's array,  
All shall be ours!  
Bold is the venture,  
Splendid the pay!

Lads, let the trumpets  
For us be sueing,  
Calling to pleasure,  
Enticing to ruin:  
Stormy our life is,  
Such is its boon —  
Maidens and castles  
Capitulate soon!  
Bold is the venture,  
Splendid the pay!  
And the soldiers go marching,  
Marching away.



## S T R E E T - S O N G S .

THE extremely vain gentleman in the British House of Commons who declared that if they would let him make the songs of the people he would not care who made their laws, expressed his readiness to undertake rather more than he was aware of. On the principle that it is much more difficult to write a page than a paragraph, it may be presumed that it is easier to write an epic than a sonnet, and everybody who has ever tried it knows how very much more ready of accomplishment is a bad sonnet than a good one.

Indeed, if song-writing is any thing, it is a science, and the ballad is its most abstruse form; because ballads require a great deal of pith, and an immense amount of condensation. Mere flowing rhythm and good verse are not enough. These may yield readable poetry, and may even, if at all sentimental, serve as pegs on which to hang crotchets and quavers, and so supply hooped beauty with a pretext for warbling. But for ballads, you want something that will inspire the singer and move the hearer. You want a condensed narrative, a touching description, a thrilling recital, all artistically blended and combined. Speaking only, then, of the English language, we must make a distinction between ordinary verse, set to music, and songs; and an equally marked distinction between songs and ballads.

In the languages of exclusively Latin origin these distinctions do not so vividly exist. Indeed it would be scarcely proper to admit that those languages have any ballads at all. The Italians, for example, admire a *ballata* more for its style of versification and the character of its music than for any particular meaning in the words. An Italian *ballata* may sing of wine or woman, Venus or the gods, and may treat the subject in any way the writer pleases. So also with the Spaniards; they have no ballads. They have *canciones de amor*, and *canciones de guerra*, and *canciones* of various other kinds; but the ballad proper they know not. The French possess ballads, though they call them *chansons* or *chansonnettes*. Béranger's *Croix d'or* and '*Les Petits vont être grands*,' are ballads — ballads — decided ballads, let the Frenchman call them what he will; and so is the '*Fou de Tolède*' an exquisite ballad. But the English is, after all, the ballad language, *par excellence*.

We trust it will be considered proper if we originate here the very defensible observation that, in addition to the recognized qualifications of the ballad, it must be a song that can be bawled. For the tender passages, we readily admit any quantity and extent of modulation that may suit the taste and fancy of the singer. But the allusions to 'the

norn,' and 'the jocund heart,' and 'never shall the brave old  
etc., must be bawled, or, to say the least, sung out very loud.  
re remark without any reference to the duties of the singer,  
belong to another subject entirely. What we desire to estab-  
that the man who permits himself to believe that he can write  
id, must be prepared to indite words that will bear to be called  
oud, and very much aloud, in the market-places: else he will

must therefore discriminate between street-songs and street-  
a. The street-song may be short, but it must be condensed and  
It may treat of love, and may be sentimental; but it must be  
ophical rather than descriptive. The ballad, on the other hand,  
e as long as you please, but its parts and incidents must be even  
condensed than is necessary to a song. If it be short, so much  
tter for some hearers, so much the worse in the view of others.  
must recite the various links of its story, and a great deal of  
or it must express its variety of sentiment — and the livelier the  
ent the better — in few words. If it be long, its every verse  
re a history or a narrative, or a section of a narrative, not alto-  
distinct and apart from what precedes or succeeds it, but com-  
er so. There must be an especial 'nub' for every stanza. Take,  
ample, the ballad of 'Chevy Chase,' or better still, because more  
natory of our position, take the ballad of 'Lord Bateman,'  
compresses into a few — some fifty — verses, occupying scarcely  
n hour in the singing, the biographies of Lord Bateman, a  
sh young lady, and an English gentlewoman and her daughter;  
its the travels of Lord Bateman, who

'SAIL-ED heast and he sail-ed vest,  
Till he comed to famed Turkee;'

he peregrinations of the Mohammedan young lady aforesaid;  
ons incidentally the maiden's Turkish father from whose girdle

'SHE stole away the key,  
Lord BATEMAN for to set free;'

also makes honorable mention of an extraordinary page, an  
e but accomplished servitor of the nobleman. This, if you  
is a ballad — a street-ballad. Bawl? you can bellow it, if you  
ave the necessary quality and quantity of voice. So, likewise,  
pect to the ballad which was the enduring favorite of the late  
raham, and which tells of a gallant ship

'How she lay  
All the day  
In the Bay  
Of Biscay O!'

You can never be too loud in this ballad, which admonition we offer, reader, in case you should ever be minded to try it.

Street-ballads, however, have vastly degenerated in our day, and especially in our country. They have been rudely jostled by street-songs, and insulted with that lowest kind of all literary productions, parodies. The stream of ballad poetry itself runs smooth no longer. Our ballad bards of to-day are not — shall we confess the humiliating fact? — scholars writing under the afflatus of inspiration, like Béranger, or geniuses pouring out native melody in words, like Burns. They are ignoramuses scribbling for mere shillings under the influence of beer. In place of the 'Lord Bateman' ballad of the olden time, we have the 'Villikins and Dinah' song of to-day. In place of good old Cockney Saxon, or broad Scotch, or genuine frolicsome Irish, we have low Cockney or Yankee slang, without either point or moral. Everybody knows, too, where the current street literature in the musical way is sold, and how it is sold. Not as ballads used to be, by the gentleman who obligingly sang them as he went, giving you an idea of the literature which he offered you in long printed strips by the yard, and affording you at the same time some useful hints about the correct manner of singing the same. No: in our age ballads are printed on little square dabs of paper, the verses surmounted by cautious titles in big type, and surrounded by flashy borders; and then oh! wo is me! fastened up against the Park railings by strings of wire. No note of melody proceeds from the lips of the vendor, who, in nine cases out of ten, cannot sing, if even he could read, which, to our certain knowledge in one case at least, he cannot.

We have a few of the ballads of the day now on the table before us, and a sorry collection they are. We bought them of an individual who 'had on him,' as our Hibernian friends express it, the most unmusical face ever owned or beheld by man. There was not a minim of melody nor the smallest demi-semi-quaver of harmony in any line of it. It was hard and grubby, and not at all gentle or ethereal. He remarked that they were 'the foinest songs that ever was writ, Sir,' and in answer to an interrogatory touching the airs, replied that the 'chunes' was all printed on the top ov 'em. We bought them, and retired from the presence.

The one which lies uppermost in the collection is entitled 'Mrs. Cunningham's Darling Baby;' and the 'chune' is said to be that of the 'Fine Old English Gentleman,' or 'The Cork Leg.' This is therefore one of the few musical examples of genius capable of producing words which can be sung to either of two different measures; for having the honor of a thorough acquaintance with both 'The Fine Old English Gentleman' and 'The Cork Leg,' we are prepared to assert that these airs differ in every possible respect from each other. We judge, how-

ever, from the extreme irregularity of the verse — as an example of which we beg to extract the following remark on this especial baby's

‘ECLIPSING far the glory of others,—  
In that it was born the babe of two mothers’—

that it was intended to be sung to a combination of the two airs, or that that of the ‘Cork Leg’ might be used where the words admitted it, and that of ‘The Fine Old English Gentleman’ where the metre seemed to call for such a change. The thing, however, is not a ballad; it does not state, for the information of posterity, who Mrs. Cunningham was; it leaves in doubt the momentous question as to the real maternity of the babe. It mystifies without interesting the hearer. There is no romance in it, but there is abundance of slang. The pen recoils from any further review of ‘Mrs. Cunningham’s Darling Baby,’ and only recommends the reader not to try it.

The next is entitled ‘Morrissey and Heenan fight,’ the suppression of the usual introductory definite article being due, we imagine, to a want of space, and a consequent sacrifice of literary propriety on the altar of expedient conspicuousness. When we remark that this production commences with —

‘Oh! was not that a glorious sight  
To see those two heroes in a fight?’

that it goes on to state that —

‘This manly tug was ended fair,  
Every thing being on the square;’

and ends with the pious aspiration —

‘That they may live to see the day  
To participate in another fray;’

we believe we have done enough to show the disgusting character of the production in question. It must therefore be almost unnecessary to extract the assertion that

‘To the end it was give and take,  
The blows making both men quake,  
And stagger, as if on a drunk;  
’T was hard to tell who would be hunk,  
Until, in less than one half-hour,  
MORRISSEY showed the right bower.’

The third paper, entitled ‘Twenty Years Ago,’ stands out in quite a poetical light from the rubbish just quoted. If we were to be called upon to express its peculiarity, we certainly should not say sublimity, especially in view of the following stanza:

‘THE spring that bubbled ’neath the hill close by the spreading beech,  
Is very high — ’t was once so low that we could almost reach;  
But in kneeling down to get a drink, dear TOM, I started so,  
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.’

This song (it is not a ballad, mind!) being free from slang, and pretty full of sentiment, we commend, strictly as a street-song; and if any body objects to the gentleman's wanting to 'get a drink,' after having gone through so many verses of this quality, that critic must be hypercritical. If, on the other hand, any anxious mind should inquire, 'How?' on learning that the party 'started so,' the answer is obvious — it was just *so* as to afford a rhyme with the word 'ago,' in the general burthen.

The next is an Irish (an extremely Irish) song, whereof the title is 'Saint Patrick's Day in New-York,' and the subject, 'a glorious turn-out' of Irish militia on that glorious day — in what year, is not stated, which it ought to have been; for, seeing that the weather on the seventeenth day of March is usually very unpropitious in this city, it is important to learn that, on the special occasion in question,

'THE sun, it brightly shone that day, and gave an extra shine,  
As the line of march commenced to move *exactly half-past nine.*'

This nicety in regard to the hour, and total indifference with respect to the year, is decidedly Irish: a remark which we make with all respect for the gentlemen in whose honor the sun 'gave an extra shine,' at the precise moment (half-past nine) when they began to march 'through East-Broadway and Chatham-street;' for we learn that their course lay in that direction, from the following dim and misty couplet, the terrible grammar of which *will* force itself upon the mind, in spite of the admiration inspired by the unforgotten homage of the sun:

'To see the military appearance of the troops, marching rank and file  
Through East-Broadway and Chatham-street; to the Park they drew in line,  
Their military tactics they went through, reviewed by the Mayor,  
And well may Erin's sons adore the land whose name they bear.'

Nobody has a right to form a judgment on the aforesaid 'tactics' from the grammar or the versification of the poet, who, however, must be a genius, or he would never dare to leave his nominative without a verb, or to introduce 'line' and 'bear' to rhyme with 'file' and Mr. Tiemann. History, biography, and blarney are beautifully mingled in the following verse, with which we must close our review of 'St. Patrick's Day in New-York,' the only effusion really approaching the ballad style proper, that we have met so far:

'SUCCESS to Marshall KEELAN, that day did laurels win,  
Likewise to Colonel RYAN, his officers and men:  
The way that day they marched their men filled their hearts with joy,  
As it done before, in days of yore, on the plains of Fontenoy.'

The exceptions already taken to the grammar of this ballad, apply with equal force to the stanza just quoted; but if it be borne in mind



that the Hibernian pronunciation of 'men' is usually 'min,' the critic will look with less disfavor on the rhyme. The construction, we admit, is faulty; but the worst feature of the verse is its non-adherence to strict truth, since the gallant 'min' alluded to could not have marched at Fontenoy; and even had they done so, neither Marshal Keelan nor Colonel Ryan, whom *we know* to have been absent from that classic field, could possibly have been pleased with the way they 'done' it.

'The 'Belle of the Mohawk Vale' is chiefly interesting, as supplying the information that there is a 'blue-eyed bonny' young lady in that locality. The composition is a maudlin affair, on the not very original principle of recounting every thing delightful that you can remember, and expressing great satisfaction with it, but winding up every verse by declaring that what has gone before may be all very well, but 'the Belle of the Mohawk Vale' is *the cheese*, over and above all. Making allowances for this old style of lyrical comparison, the song is not bad; but it is only a song — not a ballad.

'The Fireman's Boy' is, though; and a very good one, with just the right quantity of bombast and strained verse; as when the mother, describing to the boy what sort of a person his father was, says proudly:

'He was a fireman, gallant, brave,  
As ever grasped a rope:  
A nobler heart ne'er beat to save  
The sufferer void of hope.'

This production is in the form of a dialogue between the widow and her child; but it has all the attributes of a ballad, and is well done.

'The Irish Girl' is a miserably low thing, and withal too absurd for comment. When a gentleman who wishes that he were 'in Monaghan, and sitting on the grass, and in my hand a bottle, and on my knee a lass,' describes his lady-love ('the Irish Girl') in such language as the following —

'So red and rosy were her cheeks, and yellow was her hair,  
And costly were the robes which my Irish girl did wear;'

he ventures so palpably into the region of hyperbole as to become ridiculous.

The 'Execution of Rodgers,' which is given out as the production of 'the Saugerties Bard,' is slightly — very slightly — in the ballad style; but there is neither that rhyme nor that reason which one would look for from a 'Bard' all the way down in Saugerties. The last verse, in particular, is of very doubtful acceptance:

'FAREWELL, reckless youth; we bid you adieu:  
Let the fate of young RODGERS be a warning to you,'

would seem to be an apostrophe to the reader or passer-by, which it

would require all the fire of the Bard himself to construe in a complimentary sense.

'My Love, she was a Radish-Girl, only Sixteen Years Old,' is as stupid and lame a production as its immense title would prepare the reader to anticipate. Nay, it is disgusting, as witness the following:

'I TAKED her to a ball vonce, in SCHUDDERHOECK's Deutsch cellar,  
Un I getted mad, un I volloped her, for she danced mit a vellar,  
Her valtzing was so pewtifool, un nice to pehold:  
She's so graceful ash an elephant, shus sixteen years old.'

'John Dean and his own Mary Ann,' to the air of 'Villikins and his Dinah,' is of course founded on a well-known matrimonial occurrence of a couple of years ago, and is a mere parody, badly executed. This, and a host of others, which are simply stupid songs, we must pass over: we cannot quite afford space for all the trash which we purchased of the man with the unmusical face. So also in regard to the Ethiopian songs, a pile of which is on the table before us, and which we shall perhaps treat at a future day. Only one other of the street-songs claims our attention, because it is stated to be the production of 'the highly popular author,' so-and-so, whom we never had the pleasure of hearing of before. It is called 'Gentle Annie,' and it is further stated, that 'the music of this beautiful song can be had of Messrs. So-and-so, in Broadway.' This chaunt, if it is 'beautiful,' which we very much doubt, is frightfully sentimental. It opens with a painful regret, which is only explained in the penultimate verse, where we learn that the gentle Annie in question is in her tomb! The introductory stanza apostrophizes the apotheosis of the gentle Annie with the following wailing mixture of affectionate agony and gratuitous candor:

'Thou wilt come no more, gentle ANNIE;  
Like a flower thy spirit did depart:  
Thou art gone, alas! like the many  
That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.'

Oh! the rogue! The man who could suffer so many gentle Annies general to bloom in his heart, and who does not scruple to confess the fact to the shade of the gentle Annie in particular, deserves to have them all go from him. Indeed, who shall say if a knowledge of the gentleman's depravity, prior to her posthumous acquaintance with through his own confession, might not have led to the departure of his spirit like the flower? The chorus, too, is faulty. It is all very well at the end of the first verse, when the real cause of the gentleman's grief has not been declared, for his friends, the tenor and base alto, to ask:

'SHALL we never more behold thee,  
Never hear thy winning voice again?'

ter the young lady's tomb has been mentioned, the question quoted is a piece of evident supererogation which calls the gentleman's veracity into question, or hints at a sham funeral. 'Ah!'

'Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder:'

we have not the smallest doubt of; and, indeed, it is fearful to what a ponderous song we should have had if he had pondered longer.

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I D L E W O R D S .

I.

O IDLE words!

Why will ye never die,  
But float forever in the sky,  
Dimming the stars that shine in memory,  
Destroying hope and causing love from earth to flee,  
Ill-omened birds.

II.

O idle words!

Preying upon the heart,  
Leaving with wounds a deadly smart;  
Expiring breath that taints the very air,  
Will ye forever leave your victims to despair?  
Ill-omened birds.

III.

O idle words!

How many are the tears  
That ye have caused to flow: the fears  
Ye have begot and made to mountains grow,  
Crushing the innocent beneath a weight of wo,  
Ill-omened birds.

IV.

O idle words!

Your flight is ever on,  
In heaven darkening the sun;  
By weary journeyings without delay,  
To wend your dreary way unto the judgment-day,  
Ill-omened birds.

## SEAMANSHIP OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for January contains an article headed 'Men of the Sea,' which assumes that the seamen of to-day are a degraded class, compared with the seamen of 1808, and that their degradation may in part be attributed to 'science,' but does not give the proof. Now, we contend that the seamen of to-day are superior to the seamen of any other period of the world's history, and that science, so far from degrading them, has been instrumental in their elevation. Because the writer of the article in question may have seen men bundled 'dead drunk' on board of outward-bound ships, it does not prove that these men were inferior in seamanship to their predecessors, for every person acquainted with the history of seamen is aware that a parting spree has been one of their habits for more than a century. Smollett's description of seamen in 'Roderick Random' is authority upon this point. But there is less drunkenness among seamen now than there ever was before, for the simple reason that no merchantman carries liquor to sea for the use of her crew; whereas, in the 'good old times' rum was part of every sailor's 'allowance' on board of every ship. Therefore, the sailor of to-day is less of a drunkard than his predecessor of 1808, and more of a man at sea.

The writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* has fallen into the common error of confounding the men who man ships in years of speculation with seamen. He does not seem to have taken into consideration the rapid development of the commerce of the world, particularly that of our own commerce, and the want of trained men to man that commerce. The tonnage owned in the port of New-York in 1854 was one million two hundred and sixty-two thousand eight hundred and one, an amount greater by twenty or thirty thousand tons than the whole tonnage owned by the several States in the year 1808. Now it is well known that no preparation is ever made to train men to man new ships; and when vessels are ready for sea, if seamen cannot be procured, landsmen must take their place, for ships were never yet known to lie long in port for want of men. To sea they must go, without reference to the qualifications of their crews. But would it not be a libel upon seamen to charge the incompetency of the crews of such ships upon them, and then denounce them as inferior to their predecessors?

In 1855 there were five hundred and eighty-three thousand four hundred and fifty tons of shipping built in the United States, and these required over twenty thousand men to man them. Where were they to come from? England, from whom we draw part of our seamen,

was increasing her shipping almost as rapidly at the time as ourselves, and, like us, had to send untrained men to sea. These landmen carried on board the irregularity and bad habits of the shore, and forthwith a parcel of superficial writers, on both sides of the Atlantic, moaned over the degeneracy of seamen. Many intelligent shipmasters, with whom we have conversed upon this subject, have stated that never within their experience has the character of seamen been more exemplary than during the years of speculation which have just closed. Frequently half-a-dozen men have cheerfully performed duties which double their number would have considered hard in years when commerce was not affected by speculation. Captain Warner, of the ship 'Donald M'Kay,' a vessel of over two thousand tons, unable to procure a crew of any kind in Boston, had to send to New-York for one; and out of eighty men, he had only four who could steer the ship, and only twelve who could go aloft; and with this crew he crossed the Atlantic in the dead of winter. He spoke of the seamen on board in the highest terms; they sustained him and his officers in preserving a show of discipline, and were ever prompt in the discharge of every duty. We could cite many cases of like devotion to duty by seamen. How unjust, then, to charge the shortcomings of untrained men upon seamen! Yet this is what the *Atlantic* has done, without proper consideration. Now that the fever of speculation has passed, and many of our ships laid up for want of employment, fair crews can be procured; and if the present lull continues two or three years, the greenhorns who are at sea will be trained into good seamen — as good, perhaps, as any that have preceded them. There are yet seamen enough afloat to impress their habits of order and discipline upon the new-comers, for no man is more thoroughly sensible of the utility of discipline than a thorough-bred sailor.

Having shown that seamen are not justly chargeable with some of the irregularities attributed to them, we will take a brief glance at the effect of 'science' upon them. Since 1808 the size of our ships has been increased from three and four hundred tons to from eight to twelve hundred. There are a few of two thousand tons and over, but not many. Chain-cables, chain topsail-sheets, ties, bowsprit shrouds, bobstays, martingale stays and guys, patent trusses, iron futtock-rigging, patent steering apparatuses, improved windlasses and capstans, and half-a-dozen kinds of new rigs, besides various improvements in blocks and cordage, have been applied to ships. All these changes have been learned by seamen, in addition to what was known before. These improvements have not superseded the necessity of knowing the old modes of rigging, for, in the event of disaster, the seaman is compelled to fall back upon the experience of the past. His ship, when dismasted, cannot be jury-rigged at sea with the iron-work



with which she left port. It must be done with such spare spars ropes as may be found on board.

The improvements in navigation have also entailed upon the master the necessity of increased intellectual cultivation to render it available. The hydrography of the world, with a fair knowledge of astronomy, mathematics, maritime law, and port regulations, must be among his attainments, and, in addition, he must understand navigation as it was practised before these improvements were introduced. In a fog, or in cloudy weather, when there is no chance for celestial observations to determine the position of his ship, he is compelled to fall back upon dead-reckoning, and also, like the mariners of old times, to rely upon his own judgment, unaided by science, to navigate his ship. Do these incontrovertible facts prove that the ship-master of to-day is inferior to his predecessor of 1808? Do they not prove the reverse, and, at the same time, that the *Atlantic's* assertion, that science in any degree tended to degrade the ship-master, is not true?

The *Atlantic* writer, in proof of the superiority of the seamen of the past, cites an instance of a dismasted, leaky ship having been jugged and carried safely into port, as if such feats were not performed now. He does not read the newspapers very attentively, or he cannot fail to notice many accounts of vessels leaky and dismasted having been brought into port successfully under very trying circumstances. The ship 'Sovereign of the Seas,' over two thousand tons, with her lower masts and yards than a forty-gun frigate, lost her lower yards and masts off Valparaiso, and in eight days was refitted, without going into port, and beat the whole fleet which sailed from the Atlantic ports about the same time, in her passage to San Francisco. This ship was navigated from Honolulu to New-York with thirty men, and these there were only eight seamen. The rest were men who had been less than six months at sea. How frequently, during the past summer, have vessels been brought from Cuba and our Southern ports by two or three men each, all the others having died of yellow fever. A brig, with a valuable cargo, was brought from Havana to Hampton Roads by a single sailor. The first or second day out, all hands died but himself. Without understanding navigation, he knew the coast along our coast, and steered for Charleston. Off the Bar he spoke a pilot-boat, and reported his condition. The pilots wished to come aboard and claim salvage, but he repulsed them, and shaped his course for Hampton Roads, where he made a regular agreement with a pilot to take the vessel into port. An English ship-master, not long since, shortly after leaving Vera Cruz, lost all his crew, and being unable to make any of the West-India Islands, boldly headed her for England and actually anchored her himself in the British Channel.

Numerous other cases might be cited to show that in every element

of skill and gallant bearing, the seamen of our day have not degenerated. How can they degenerate? The elements are as fierce and fickle now as they ever were. The vast increase in the size of our ships requires a corresponding increase of intelligence to manage them. Captain Nickels, of the ship 'Flying Fish,' a sailor who has few equals, after his first voyage in her said that it required a man to be at least a year in such a vessel, to learn to sail her properly.

In conversation with the captain of one of the Cunard steamers about the loss of the steamer 'Austria,' he remarked that Hamburg sailors had yet to learn how to sail steamers. A man, to manage a steamer properly, must not only be a good ship-sailor, but an engineer, so that in cases of emergency he may feel himself competent to assume the entire command of the vessel, without dependence upon his engineer. In accordance with these views, every naval officer is compelled to study the marine steam-engine, and pass an examination by practical engineers before he receives an appointment to a vessel. Surely this scientific knowledge cannot degrade the officer or make him less efficient than his predecessor of 1808. The common seamen who serve in steamers, soon become familiar with their engines; and we can state, from personal observation, that this increase of scientific knowledge has not affected injuriously the crews of the Cunard steamers. The discipline on board of these vessels is good, and the men are as fine, hearty, powerful fellows, as ever trod a ship's deck.

Never was there a period in the history of the sea, when so much was required of seamen as the present. In 'old times' ships were often laid up in winter; now, winter is the most trying season of the year, and increasing competition compels seamen to be ever on the alert. The man who commands a fast ship, and is beaten in a race to a distant market, will soon find himself without employment. The common seamen, too, take pride in the sailing qualities of their ships, and never spare themselves to make them do their best.

Captain Cressey, in the famous clipper 'Flying Cloud,' fell in with a rival clipper on one of his passages from New-York to San Francisco, and a side-by-side race took place. He said that he had no occasion to tell his crew to move quickly in making or taking in sail; they moved like one man, and that man a hero. The 'Flying Cloud' triumphed, and every man felt that the triumph was his own. Yet read what the *Atlantic* says of New-York seamen:

'Out of the past looks a bronzed and manly face; along the deck of a phantom-ship swings a square and well-knit form. . . . I know him for the man of the sea, who was with Hull in the 'Constitution,' and Porter in the 'Essex.' I look for him now upon the broad decks of the magnificent merchantmen that lie along the slips of New-York, and in his place is a lame and stunted, bloated and diseased wretch,

spiritless, hopeless, reckless. Has he knowledge of a seaman's duty? The dull, sodden brain can carry the customary orders of a ship's duty, but more than that it cannot. Has he hopes of advancement? His horizon is bounded by the bar and the brothel. A dog's life, a dog's berth, and a dog's death are his heritage. . . . We have the Spartan on the quarter-deck, the Helot in the fore-castle.'

This is caricature, not fact, so far as the officers and seamen who man our ships are concerned. Never were men of the sea better berthed, better fed, or less the victims of vice, than at present. What are the crimes of the sea compared to the crimes of the land? There are more men afloat under our flag than the entire population of Boston, yet we have no hesitation in asserting, that there are more crimes committed in Boston—the model, moral city of the Union—in any three months of the year, than can be truly charged against all our men afloat, in twenty-one months. It may be said that this is the effect of restraint, but such an assumption places the conduct of seamen in a still more exemplary light, for it is well known that they have the power to rule as supremely as a Vigilance Committee. If our seamen are the miserable creatures described in the *Atlantic Monthly*, how is it that they are honest? Frequently during the past ten years, more than three hundred million dollars of property have been intrusted to their care, and, even to-day, they have under their control a couple of hundred millions of dollars, yet how rarely do we hear of embezzlement afloat. There is a moral cause for the proverbial honor of seamen, which those who only know them superficially cannot comprehend. The sailor in the discharge of every duty at sea, is a truth-speaker; and truth is the basis of honor. In the blackest night, exposed to the fury of the elements, a captain may send a sailor aloft to ascertain the condition of a sail, a spar, or any thing else, and the report made will receive his implicit confidence; he would as soon doubt his own identity as the truth of the sailor. Truth, and nothing but the truth, can be tolerated at sea. Men thus trained to truth, may take a glass of grog too much on shore, but they cannot stoop to steal. The effect of the grog, however, attracts notice and forms the subject of a homily, but honor is such a common quality, especially among financiers, that it is not esteemed of any consequence in seamen, and therefore they receive no credit for it.

In relation to the men who stood by Hull or Porter, we believe the men who man our ships-of-war at present are as brave and more skilful; and this belief is based upon the condition of the ships. We have inspected many of our ships-of-war, and among them the magnificent steam-frigates recently added to the navy. We saw the *Merrimac* as she left the hands of the riggers, and again when she returned from her European and West-Indian cruise, and the contrast in her condi-

tion demonstrated to our satisfaction, that the officers and men had performed their duty faithfully. She was a model of nautical perfection in all her details. If her officers and crew were incompetent, how could they produce such effects? But they were not incompetent; they knew their duty and performed it, and we have no doubt, would uphold as gallantly the honor of our flag amid the 'blaze of battle,' as any men that ever lived. The heroic element is as much a part of a sailor's being now as it ever was.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is very partial to the celebrated navigators of the past, such as Blake, Raleigh, Frobisher, Dampier, etc., for the purpose of belittling the seamen of the present; but it is only necessary to say in reply, that the adventures of our whalers, if prepared with a tithe of the ability displayed in the narratives of early navigators, would exhibit scenes of individual daring, endurance, and intelligence, surpassing in interest all that has been recorded of the past. We do not believe that we are blundering into sloth or stupidity, either ashore or afloat. There are unquestionably many evils, both on the land and on the sea, and probably there will be, until some bright and shining light, like the nautical writer of the *Atlantic Monthly*, shall discover a process by which to remodel the human heart, for in that, we apprehend is the active agent of evil.

The rows afloat, which attract notice ashore, we are well assured, arise principally from breaking in greenhorns. A landsman cannot be converted into a sailor without training, and the training of the sea is not always conducted upon humanitarian principles. But there is a good time coming. When the greenhorns become sailors, they will not suffer themselves to be knocked about. Have patience for a year or two more, gentlemen of the land, and the 'men of the sea' will bring order out of confusion, virtue out of vice, and show to the world that they understand their own business best.

To compare our honest, truth-loving ship-masters to the avowed thieves and liars of Sparta, who had nothing to recommend them to posterity but the physical training of a modern prize-fighter, or our seamen to their slaves, betrays both ignorance and injustice. Examine the records of our Courts of Insolvency, and you will hardly find the name of a master-mariner; and how rarely do the names of our common sailors appear on the records of Criminal Courts! Men like these are neither Spartans nor Helots.

But the nautical writers of the *Atlantic Monthly* are not practical seamen, and consequently their ignorance of the 'Men of the Sea' leads them into the most ridiculous errors. One of them, describing reefing topsails in a merchant-ship, says:

'Captain Cope calls out to reef topsails — double reef fore and mizzen — one reef in the main. The mates are in the weather-rigging

before the words are out of the Captain's lips, to take the earings on their respective topsails.'

Before reefing topsails, it is, we believe, necessary to lower the top sail yards, lay them so as to spill the sails, and then haul the reef tackles out. All this should be done before a man goes aloft. This ship must have been remarkably well manned to have had her three topsails reefed at the same time. The men are on the yards, and the *Atlantic* makes them sing out: 'Light up the sail to windward. A mistake. The usual cry is: 'Light out to windward.' Next he says: 'Haul away to leeward!' Another slip of the pen. 'Haul on to leeward!' is the phrase in general use. While the men were reefing our hero had 'one arm round a mizzen back-stay.' There is no such rope in a ship as a 'mizzen back-stay.'

Upon another occasion, our hero, in company with a Swiss soldier (no doubt soldiers both, so far as seamanship is concerned,) was on a raft from a wreck in the Mediterranean, looking anxiously for deliverance, as any man would have done under the circumstances. At last a frigate heaves in sight. Our hero says: 'On she came, till we could see the guns in her bow-ports, and almost count the *meshes* in her hammock-nettings.'

A frigate does not carry guns in her bow-ports. When in chase guns, according to their range, are taken from any part of the ship and used through the bow-ports; but the chase over, the guns are returned. Frigates do not carry guns in their bow-ports, therefore our hero did not see any there, under the circumstances which he describes. But he could 'almost count the meshes in her hammock-nettings.' How wonderful! A hammock-netting is made of wood, and has a cover of painted canvas, to be spread over the hammocks in wet weather: there is no net-work about it, and consequently no meshes. Our hero might with as much propriety have said that he could 'almost count the cloths in her topsail-sheets.' The word *netting* suggested the idea of *meshes*, just as the word *sheets* might suggest the idea of *cloths*!

Our hero speaks in one place of a sailor 'awlin' haft the main tack and in another, of 'hauling out the main sheet.' Both blunders. 'Board the main tack,' or 'haul aboard the main tack,' is the language of the sea: never, 'haul aft the main tack.' It does not lead aft, but forward. 'Haul out the main sheet,' if it were the only nautical blunder in the sea-articles of the *Atlantic Monthly*, might be set down as a misprint — the word *out* having been used for *aft* — but as there are many other blunders, too glaring to be attributed to mis-printing the phrase, 'Haul out the main sheet' is, doubtless, like the others, the offspring of ignorance. 'Haul *aft* the main sheet' is correct, no 'haul *out*,' etc.



We would not have noticed these nautical blunders, but for the arrogant pretensions of the writers. They try to make landmen believe that they are of the sea, and speak of it and its men from actual experience, when, in fact, they do not even know the common phraseology of the sea. But their articles are amusing, and so are those of the great S. C., Jr., though they frequently sneer at writers of his stamp, for the purpose, we suppose, of showing their own superiority.

In his last wonderful 'sea-story,' hear how Sylvanus wears a brig: 'Stand by for wearing!' cried Harry, as he walked aft. 'Mr. Adams, you may bring her up to the wind.' And then, he adds, 'the helm was put up.' Well done, Sylvanus! The nautical writers of the *Atlantic Monthly* could not blunder more 'scientifically.' 'Put the helm up,' or 'Up with the helm,' are the orders to the helmsman in wearing; and in order to 'bring her up to the wind,' the phrase is, 'Put the helm down,' or 'Let her come to,' not 'Put the helm up.' In another scene, Sylvanus says: 'We must let her up a little, to keep the head-sails on a shiver as much as possible.' Now when the 'head-sails' of a square-rigged vessel 'shiver' by the wind, the topsails will be aback, and consequently stop her way; but Sylvanus keeps her ranging ahead, with her head-sails shivering. A skilful sailor! But Sylvanus, in reply, may say: 'My sea-stories are as good as those published in the classical *Atlantic Monthly*; and if I do blunder, you may attribute it to science!'

Sylvanus writes to amuse; he knows some of the slang of the sea, and out of this, like the writers in the *Atlantic*, manufactures 'sea-stories;' but he is not dogmatical. He does not put himself forward as a reformer, nor write nonsense about scare-crow evils which he does not comprehend. His blunders in manœuvring ships do not impair the interest of his yarns in the estimation of landmen; and seamen will only smile at them; for they are as harmless as they are stupid, and will probably be forgotten in a week.

It is not so with the articles which appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*. That periodical assumes to be 'an authority' on all matters which it admits to its pages, and is supposed to have much influence upon thinking men: it is important, therefore, when it publishes statements at variance with fact, that it should be set right. We have shown that its nautical writers are not practical seamen; that their estimate of a sailor is not the result of experience, but of ignorance; and therefore we hope that their opinions will not have an unfavorable influence upon the minds of those who still admire and respect 'the Men of the Sea.'

## THE WORLD WATCHMAN'S SONG.

THE clock strikes ten ! The Devil has drawn  
 His curtain above, from sun-set to dawn :  
 And the night is here ; but a night of wo  
 And crime, that a flood shall overflow —  
     That the Flood doth overflow.  
     As I walk earth's floor  
 Its billows around my footsteps roar.

The clock strikes eleven ! Dismal the night !  
 But a star arises ; and it hangs in light  
 O'er the Holy City, till she totters and falls,  
 And the red flames flutter on temple and walls —  
     On Zion's temple and walls.  
     As I walk earth's floor  
 A nation is scattered — a nation no more.

The clock strikes twelve ! 'T is a mid-night drear !  
 The hour when the ghosts of the dead appear :  
 Now the Queen of the World her red cup fills,  
 And, crownless, falls from her reeling hills —  
     Rome from her seven proud hills.  
     As I walk earth's floor  
 With a trembling foot, it is dark before !

The clock strikes one ! The knights are awake :  
 The mountains nod, and the valleys quake  
 To the clang of arms and the thundering tread  
 Of the bannered armies eastward led —  
     In Holy Crusade eastward led.  
     As I walk earth's floor  
 The pace of the hours seems slower and slower.

The clock strikes two ! And my weary eyes  
 A vision behold from the ocean rise :  
 A world unknown from the gulf of waves  
 Comes up ; and I hear afar the laugh of slaves —  
     The smothered laugh of patient slaves,  
     As I walk earth's floor,  
 And hasten still toward the Western shore.

The clock strikes three ! And my watch is done :  
 Ye sleeping nations, awake with the sun :  
 From the East have I walked, not fast, but far ;  
 And have seen arise but a single star —  
     In all this night but the Morning Star,  
     As I walked earth's floor :  
 And the sun now stands in the morning door.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**COSMOLOGY: OR THE ETERNAL PRINCIPLES AND THE NECESSARY LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE.** By LAURENS P. HICKOK, D.D., Union College. New-York: D. APPLETON COMPANY.

According to the author's definition, a rational cosmology is the interpretation of the facts and laws of nature in the light of the pure principles which include these principles, it is argued, must have existed in the mind of the CREATOR before their concretion in a single fact; and inasmuch as man is a rational being, to some extent, possible to be attained by the exercise of the reason aided by their laws, and by pure rational insight. This way of seeking after the truth is the only possible method, it is claimed, of rising to any science of the universe and attaining a rational cosmology, as distinguished from a mere summary of facts of experience and arithmetical reckonings. To use more carefully the words of the author—believing that there must somewhere be a position from which it may be clearly seen that the physical universe has laws which are not discoverable by the processes of induction, but which may be shown to have necessarily determined by immutable and eternal principles of reason, Dr. Hickok first endeavors to apprehend a clear idea of an absolute CREATOR and of God, who, though incomprehensible to the finite understanding, is yet cognizable by the rational insight: so likewise of the great plan of nature, which must have proceeded from certain archetypal ideas of the Divine mind. Thus, he says, by the aid of reason, and the study of the facts and the laws of nature, we may discover laws, not as mere arbitrary facts, but as the necessary result of a logically begun and wisely accomplished by God, to and for His own sole glory and the virtue of the imperatives of His spiritual excellence. So much as has been given of these superior and necessary principles are then applied to the actual facts of the universe.

Without entering more into detail in the description of the author's argument, it has been said to indicate its general scope, and to afford a basis for what is to say in very brief and general criticism of its contents. The gist of the work is the attempt to construct a theory of the universe, *à priori*. A difficult task. The observed facts of nature and the human mind, together with the principles which include and classify them, attained by induction or deduction, are the points on which the reason can find a foot-hold in its search after the immutable

principles of the universe. It may say, when it has reached the last analysis possible to its insight, that this or that is an eternal and necessary principle, existing in the uncreated mind of God, and therefore that the facts must be thus, and not otherwise; but the only logical proof which it can offer for the statement is, that thus the facts are, and not otherwise. A demonstration of the absolute from the relative is logically absurd. Existence is revealed to us only under specific modifications, and these are known only under the condition of our faculties of knowledge. The relative is all we have, as finite beings, from which to proceed, and with the relative it is perfectly plain that we can never attain the absolute. More is distributed in the conclusion than can be collected in the premises.

Again, it is clear that Dr. HICKOK's argument stands or falls with his success in failure in getting the standing-point from which these necessary, immutable and eternal principles are visible. That standing-point is, to use his own words, the absolute as given in reason. Dr. HICKOK justly concedes that to both the functions of the sense and the discursive understanding, all attempts toward the conception of an absolute involve an absurdity. The reason, however, he asserts, is direct competent to state and expound the whole problem, and this by an immediate insight. The proof that we have such a supernatural faculty, the author considers sufficiently clear in the consciousness of its own working. That we have *not* such a faculty we consider to be sufficiently clear from the accepted facts and laws of the human mind, and the consciousness of its working. Illustrating this so-called consciousness Dr. HICKOK says: 'In pure diagrams, we see universal truths without any process of logical deduction,' etc. We think it to be the common-sense of all men, that, being as we are, made up of matter and spirit, 'pure diagrams' or 'pure thinking' is impossible. That is to say, so long as we are in the flesh, we can never construct a diagram, can never think, without the intervention of some language written, spoken, or imagined: what may be possible for us as pure spirits, it is impossible to say. The attempt to escape all figure and symbol in our apprehensions of philosophical truth, will result no better than past attempts so to apprehend divine truth. Behind every baldest metaphor and word, lies an infinity which the soul confesses its impotency to grasp in the fetters of any speech. But we can no more reject *all* forms and modes of speech, than the earth can leap above the clouds which surround it, and which are by turns the veil and the vehicle of the splendors of the sky beyond.

That there are certain necessary and absolute truths, which, when suggested to the mind from without, it receives as indisputable, we do not deny; but it is a step beyond even the extravagances of DESCARTES, to say that either they or our feeble reflections upon them will ever disclose the secrets of the universe, or help us know the mind of God 'from before the foundation of the world.' Whether this novel and illegal faculty be called the Intuition of PLOTINUS, the Intellectuelle Anschauung of SCHELLING, the Intuitive Reason, the Source of Ideas and Absolute Truths, or the Rational Insight of HICKOK, we challenge it to produce a single fact or law of nature, a single law of the finite or the INFINITE mind which it has unaidedly discovered. Its methods are as unphilosophical as the vision of ASMODEUS, and its results as dangerous as the dim and dizzy visions of the fourteenth century Mystics.

Whatever of truth there is in Dr. HICKOK's eloquent descriptions or analyses of the facts and laws of the physical Cosmos, has been otherwise discovered than by 'rational insight.' Nature has been closely observed, her facts gathered, grouped, and tortured by tentative and crucial hypotheses; and thus men have arisen to the general laws and the grand plan of the Cosmos, as it actually is, not as it necessarily must have been. It is thus that the world has been led 'from Nature up to Nature's God.' Has Dr. HICKOK, by reversing the process, attained a clearer conception of the DEITY, or of the universe which is His garment?

Again, the author defines the absolute for which he is seeking, as not excluded from all relations and conditions. To this we reply, that it then ceases to be the absolute. That its conditionings are subjective, is no evasion of the logical result: conditioned by any 'must,' or in whatever way, it is the absolute no longer. To call it the absolute, is to call it that which, by its very definition, it has ceased to be.

It will be universally conceded that of the Divine causation, in its essential nature, we can as finite beings know nothing. We can have to do only with second causes; and of these, first as laws, second as facts. But *a priori* principles are only discovered *a posteriori*, from facts. We perceive the fact, and then by reflective analysis or synthesis, discover the *a priori* principle on which the Creative thinking turned. The principle of the uniformity of nature, on which is based every conclusion of Dr. HICKOK's work, is, itself, as a known truth, only an empirical generalization.

The fact is, the learned and able author appears not to recognize the difference, to use BACON's fine phrase, between 'the idols of the human mind and the ideas of the Divine mind. The former are mere arbitrary distinctions; the latter, the true marks of the CREATOR on His creatures, as they are imprinted on and defined in matter, by true and exquisite touches.' We may, doubtless, by an appropriate exercise of the reason in classification, bestow upon contingent and isolated phenomena an empirical generality; but it behooves the boldest thinker, in his definition of eternal principles and necessary laws, to recognize with humility that most fundamental canon of metaphysics, that the capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence.

We could wish to notice more particularly, and at length, some parts of the chapters of Dr. HICKOK's work, especially that on space and time; but such a discussion would take us beyond the limits appropriate to these pages. Nor do we, by silence, mean to give in our adhesion to the doctrine that matter is force; indeed, on this point, we must be permitted to say, that a competent physicist would have no difficulty in detecting and exposing many errors of assumption and argument throughout the second and third chapters.

It is only right to say, in conclusion, that the positions which Dr. HICKOK maintains, were seldom if ever argued with more ability; and for the philosophical student, the 'Rational Cosmology' will constitute the best introduction to a study of the Continental rationalists. If his style is not graceful, it is at least as flexible as the nature of the subject will allow, perspicuous, and rising here and there into dignity, and even sublimity. If, in the plan and purpose of his book, the author has failed, it has been where have failed those *fortes ante Agamemnon*, SCHELLING, HEGEL, and OKEN, not to mention the Greek who was greater than either.



THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL, and other Poems. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. New-York : RUDD AND CARLETON.

THE readers of 'Maga' will be glad to have in a permanent form the collected verses of a young poet, who has so often contributed to their entertainment in these pages. Beginning with the charming ballad of 'BABIE BELL,' and ending with 'The Set of Turquoise,' which we published a few months ago, this tasteful volume preserves for us also, upon the whitest page, and in the neatest type, about fifty shorter poems, among them 'The Blue Bells of New-England,' which were tied up in one of our last year's monthly bouquets, and which have lent their fragrance to the 'poets' corner' in half the newspapers of the land ever since.

Of the numerous young poets whose verses are beginning to have currency, Mr. ALDRICH is perhaps the most popular, and has his future position most assured. Less than half-a-dozen poems in this volume, however, we venture to say, will be long remembered, when it is out of print; that is, less than half-a-dozen are such as nobody but Mr. ALDRICH could have written, bearing his peculiar mark, and crystallized so clearly as to be sure of permanence and admiration. And lest this may be thought to be 'damning him with faint praise,' let us say, that one such poem would prove him *poeta natus*, and that hardly any page in the volume is not agreeable in the reading. Having the concern of an *alma mater*, we desire that he may not be spoiled by undue praise, discouraged by unjust dispraise, (both which he has had plenty of,) and that he may be, to use the transcendental phrase which sounds so oddly in the sweet and Puritanical lips of PRISCILLA MULLEN, 'true to the best that is in him.'

There is some slight injustice in the method of a criticism which should assume, in remarking upon Mr. ALDRICH's poetry, those high standards which are imperative in the judgment of verses from the hands of acknowledged masters in the art of verse. Yet to make use of any lower criteria, is a greater evil, not complimentary to the object of criticism, and which, while it might prolong the life of one or two KEATSES in a century, would help out of their newspaper swaddling-sheets a legion of verse-drulers who ought to be strangled at the second breath.

Clipping the last stanza from 'The Cloth of Gold,' (page 19) let us make it the text of a little plain preaching to our poet:

'WITH art and patience thus is made  
The poet's perfect Cloth of Gold,  
When woven so, nor moth nor mould  
Nor time can make its colors fade.'

More of this 'art and patience' Mr. ALDRICH needs. With an abundance of poetical imagery, and perhaps a superfluity of fanciful conceits, he is deficient in the power of conceiving, or at least of presenting in fitly-ordered verse that rounded perfect whole of beauty which single beauties are subordinate to, and conspire to enhance. Therefore he gives us many polished stones, but rarely a *facade* in which they stand fitly joined together. The ballad of 'BABIE BELL,' and the Dramatic Sketch, are in some degree exceptions to this statement. The exquisite delicacy and pathos which pervade the former poem like an atmosphere, are far superior to any single line or stanza in it, beautiful as some of them are. The application of this rule does not and should not exclude the poet from making, or us

from admiring, those little 'studies' of verse, of which the present volume is mainly made up, and where a single effect is worked out, not a complex and proportioned whole. They are indispensable to his art and our pleasure, fitting those relaxed moods of mind, when passive enjoyment is more agreeable than active and tentative admiration. But the ambitious poet will aim at something higher and more worthy of his art. He will not be contented with singing snatches of melody, if it is in his power to create a symphony. To make use of his own figure, Mr. ALDRICH must not rest with giving us 'here a thistle, there a rose,' but with art and patience weave his cloth of gold. We must find fault with him also, for writing over-much, and with not enough laborious revision. It is better to be patient than prolific — better to write with labor one perfect poem, than a hundred imperfect ones. The hundred die, but the one lives.

Evidences of carelessness or of defective art, the reader will find scattered not infrequently along these pages. The ending of 'My North and South' is clumsy. The meaning is obvious enough. Why should he say: 'You understand?' Does he suspect himself of an ambiguity? In 'The Ghost's Lady,' a fine effect would be produced, but for the ruinous repetition of the refrain at the end of the third stanza. The real climax is in the three lines:

'Ho! thou art lost —  
Thou lovest a ghost,  
Lady of mine!'

What kind of art is that which then adds, because it has been the refrain of the two preceding stanzas,

'WHILE the nightingales are in tune,  
And the quaint little snakes in the grass  
Lift their silver heads to the moon?'

The weakness of the word 'quaint' in its connection, is too obvious to need mention, except, indeed, it was used to signify subtle and artful, meanings obsolete since CHAUCER.

In the next poem, 'We knew it would Rain,' the fantastic conceit in the last two lines,

—— 'THE lightning now  
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain,'

not only by its change of time gives the preceding stanzas the air of an 'I told you so,' but diverts the mind from the imagery in the first, which is really, or should be, the burden of the poem. 'After the Rain' is an exquisite gem, only marred by a trifling confusion of color, which a modicum of art and patience might have avoided:

The poems, 'Little Maud,' 'Nameless Pain,' and 'I sat beside you while you slept,' (pages 85, 87, and 43,) have merit, but exhibit an arbitrary caprice in their metrical construction, which Mr. ALDRICH is in danger of suffering to become habitual, and which is due again to a plentiful lack of art and patience. The last is also marred by an exclamation for which it is possible to plead neither rhyme nor reason. It occurs in the second line:

'And CHRIST! but it was wo.'

So in 'BABIE BELL' occurs the same inapposite interjection, in still worse taste:

'We said, sweet CHRIST! our hearts bent down,' etc., (page 13.)  
'She was CHRIST's self in purity,' (page 14.)

The second-named poem, 'Little MAUD,' affords us occasion to remark on Mr. ALDRICH's use of pet words and phrases. These are mostly diminutives, and from their usual associations not very poetical ones. 'Little,' 'dainty,' 'daintiest,' 'darling,' are reiterated, as if he had lived all his life in Lilliput. In 'BABIE BELL,' which, by the way, is needlessly called 'The Poem of a *Little Life that was but Three Aprils (?) Long*,' the epithet 'dainty' is well managed. But why must those representative maidens, North and South, be called 'Little Girls?' Of his betrothed he sings as

'Or the sweetest little  
Lady in the land;'

and bids the lady passing by not to brush her rich brocade

'Against this little maid of mine.'

Moreover, it is a 'little girl' who twines the blue bells of New-England in her hair. With her size we have no business to find any fault. That is her matter; but we object to having diminutive epithets indiscriminately and uselessly applied. We have both daintiest darlings and daintiest palates, little MAUDS and little MARYS, little birds, little snakes, and little towns in multitudes. We hope Mr. ALDRICH will outgrow this peculiarity. The fault, however, is generic as well as specific. He has a habit of satisfying himself with the assertion, that this or that action or natural object is beautiful, without describing it so graphically or poetically as to make us confess that it is so, thus avoiding both the statement of his subjective mood, or the description of its objective beauty. In one stanza of 'Autumnalia,' (page 47,) there is both care and carelessness in avoiding this defect:

'But when I see stretched through the desolate night  
The *menacing hand* of the weird Northern Light;  
When the leaves have turned sere and the tulips are dead,  
And the *beautiful sumacs* are *burning with red*,' etc.

Let us end this verbal criticism by objecting to the word 'touching' in the eighth stanza of the 'Ballad of Nantucket,' as an example of the fault last mentioned, and as a word inappropriate to the straightforward simplicity and objective descriptions of the genuine ballad. There is a painful striving after a wild effect in the fifth stanza of 'A Poet's Grave,' (page 71,) which would be incongruous (even if successful) with the sufficient and admirable characterization in the preceding stanza. Our fault-finding also shall be ended with the mention of Mr. ALDRICH's most obvious weakness—his disposition to impose inappropriately upon descriptions of nature and of character the language and symbols of a single passion, and that the one to which most of his poems of sentiment or passion are limited.

It is apparent on any page of this volume, that Mr. ALDRICH has out-grown, or is out-growing the imitative phase of his poetic life—necessary measles to the *irritable genus*—in which his earliest book of poems left him. That was mainly a book of echoes. Here he sings his own song. To be sure there are traces of color taken on from those with whom he has been associated or whom he has admired. There are single lines reminding us of TENNYSON and COVENTRY PATMORE, and studies which almost seem to have been abstracted from STODDARD's portfolio; but more often his poems exhibit a touch peculiarly his own, a delicacy and wit and fine flavor not often found outside of KEATS or HERRICK. The 'Faded Violet' is

room which neither LONGFELLOW nor STODDARD would be ashamed to have taken. The picture in 'After the Rain,' concluding with,

'And in the belfry sits a dove  
With purple ripples on her neck,'

like a sunset by SHAYER, to say nothing of its exquisite symbolism. 'Tiger lilies' is a chapter in spiritual botany. It is little praise to a poet, who is also a d artist, to pick out single phrases and striking metaphors here and there; but must be permitted to admire these couplets in the 'Moorland,' (the first, in view of the fact that lightning never appears in curves :)

'In yonder yawning cave of cloud  
The snake lightning writhes with pain.'

'No more the robin breaks its heart  
Of music in the pathless woods.'

In the Woods' has several fine lines; but they are well subordinated to the general effect. 'BARBARA' and the 'Set of Turquoise' are proofs of a dramatic talent of which we had not supposed Mr. ALDRICH possessed. That is a fine metaphor in the 'Legend of Elsinore, which compares a ship with furled sails in the desert of land to a weary bird with folded wings.

We have spoken more of Mr. ALDRICH's faults as a poet than his merits, and for reason that the former are, in the main, as easy to be corrected as the latter to be perceived. He is not, and never will be, a creative poet of the higher class, nor are his epics be longer than the

TINY epics one might hide  
In the hearts of roses;'

We over-rate the promise of his youth, if he does not yet fashion some such exquisite poem as the 'Eve of St. AGNES,' gathering into a few sweet verses happy thoughts, which will pass from lip to heart long after the epic has gone into a peaceful oblivion.

WITCHES OF NEW-YORK, as encountered by Q. K. PHILANDER DOMESTICKS, P.B. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON.

IN the first paragraph of the first chapter of this series of sketches, originally published in the New-York *Tribune*, the author disclaims any overstrained effort to make fun where none naturally existed, asserting that 'whatever of humorous description may be found in his book, has grown legitimately out of certain features of his theme.' This disclaimer discloses DOMESTICKS' greatest fault as a humorist. Instead of giving his wit and humor (for he has considerable of both) free vent in natural channels, and never forcing it where it does not flow, all his later writings have the air of a laborious pumping from an exhausted reservoir. These touches, however, are a decided improvement upon the drunken nonsense of 'Elephant Club,' and the wit and water of 'Nothing to Say' and 'Pluristah.' They have some value, moreover, as a thorough exposure of one of the ugliest classes of male and female swindlers in the metropolis.

**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF KIT CARSON, the NESTOR of the Rocky Mountains, from Facts narrated by himself. By DR WITT C. PETERS, M.D., late Asst. Surgeon, U.S.A. With original illustrations drawn by LUMLEY. New-York: W. R. C. CLARK AND Co.**

It has been the lot of the famous KIT CARSON to serve as the standard hero of many novels of American border and trapper life. At last we have, from authentic hands, and in great part from his own lips, the story of his life and adventures, which, as if to verify the stale adage, that 'truth is stranger than fiction,' surpasses by an easy stride the fictitious and wonder-vending tales which have preceded it. And this, too, although it is not difficult to discern upon almost any page a something unsaid, for the omission of which we can account, by remembering his modesty in speaking of his own performances.

Dr. PETERS portrays in KIT CARSON one of the last of the American trappers, a noble and rough race peculiar to the growing civilization of the American continent, yet lacking in none of those chivalric qualities which so appeal to the general heart, whether exhibited in the knightly tournaments of the middle age and a far East, or at a later day among the prairies and mountains of our own far West. Our history as a nation would lack one of its greatest charms, and subside to the level of commonest prose, if it did not keep a niche for such American heroes as this.

CHRISTOPHER CARSON is a man of small stature, but of that sinewy and compact make which more than compensates for deficient size. His muscles are hardened by a long life in the open air, labor, and endurance such as would have broken down the frame of a man whose constitution had less resilient strength. He has a large and finely-developed head, a keen gray eye, quick and nervous in its movements, as it has learned to be from long watching of the heavens for smoke from hostile camps, or crows flying from deserted bodies, and of the earth for trail of Indian or foot-prints of deer. His hair is of a sandy color, and worn combed back of his ears. His movements are rapid, but having that combined gracefulness and dignity which comes of perfect self-possession and strength exactly adjusted to action, neither lacking nor superfluous.

Without the advantages of early education or training, an adventurer from his very boyhood, and living for the greater part of fifty years among wild Indian tribes or half-civilized whites, his name has, nevertheless, become with those who know him the synonym of integrity and honor. His character is of the finest sort: he is firm, active, self-reliant, with a will that nerves itself to the pitch of any occasion, generous and chivalric, patient, far-seeing, and brave.

From Kentucky to Oregon, and from Missouri to California, all over the broad prairies, and through the passes of high mountains, even upon their summits, has been left the print of his moccasin and has been heard the crack of his rifle. From the Three Parks to Taos he has trapped for beaver, and fought the Apaches and Camanches. Three of the most notable of our exploring expeditions he has guided, and the lives of hundreds of Americans saved. Indisposed to the restraints and the artificial life of crowded cities, he resides at Fernandez de Taos, New-Mexico, our Indian agent there, still in the vigor of manhood, and preserving a fame with which that of the GORDON CUMMINGSES and JULES GERARDS of the old world is not to be compared.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'MEMOIRS OF A NULLIFIER': A STORY OF THE PAST. — We accidentally obtained a little inkling, the other day, of the *Keeness of the Nullification Spirit in South Carolina*, in the 'times that tried men's souls' upon that subject, and in that region, over a quarter of a century ago. We came across, in rummaging a rare and curious literary *omnium-gatherum* of a neighbor and friend, '*The Memoirs of a Nullifier, written by Himself*,' and published in Columbia, (S. C.,) in 1832: a thin, coarse-typed little book, but as full of fun and satire 'as an egg is of meal.' It is dedicated to Governor HAMILTON, the BAYARD of the Palmetto State, and most strikingly displays the 'signs of the times,' at the period when it was written. We shall try to present a *resumé* of some of its principal and most amusing incidents; premising, that *we* never saw nor heard of the work before, and have yet to meet the first person who in this respect has been more fortunate than ourselves.

The author begins by a brief description of his childhood and youth. He was born in a remote district of a Southern State, of rich but honest parents, where the face of the country was wild, and the manners of the inhabitants primitive. He had a very vivid imagination, but knew nothing whatever of human nature. Every human creature seemed his friend — every pretty woman an angel — all the earth in his neighborhood a paradise. He was well educated, had an abundant estate, and an honorable name: also, a gay heart and sanguine spirit. He fell in love with Miss CYNTHIA ANGELA SIMPSON. She was seventeen, and bewitchingly handsome: 'she was indeed:' with soft blue eyes, auburn hair, the fairest vermeil complexion, and lips as red and pulp — But no matter: he 'went to see her every third hour; beside which, several times a day they exchanged letters long and passionate.' Such love, he says, was considered by good judges, in those days, to be very rare. They were to be married in the fall: and 'it almost seemed as if he could n't really wait.' He was rich, but 'for ANGELA's dear sake,' he wanted to make himself much richer. To this end, he 'went to the chief merchant of the place,' who for several years had been carrying on a flourishing trade in the various wares and fabrics which New-England manufactures so much cheaper than Britain and France: such as Peruvian bark, Irish linen, indigo, segars, etc., all the pure growth of the happy soil of Connecticut.

MR. INCREASE HOOKER, the merchant referred to, a saint-like man in countenance  
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and demeanor, when he waited upon him for the purpose of investing, for profitable return, certain unemployed moneys which he possessed, invited him into his most secret apartment, and cautiously closed the door: 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'you have come at a fortunate moment. For some time I have had a plan by me, by which an immense fortune can soon be made; but I have hitherto been unable to carry it into execution, for the want of a little additional capital. I have invented a FRYING-PAN,' said he, pushing his spectacles up on his forehead, leaning back in his chair, and looking very level at me, 'upon a new and wonderful principle. The mechanism is such, that the slices of bacon, when exactly half done, turn themselves over on the other side, simultaneously.\* I call it *'Hooker's Patent Self-Animated Philanthropic Frying-Pan.'* We will set up a manufactory of them, which will operate not less to our own personal emolument, than to the general advantage of mankind. I cal'late, that in about three years their use will become universal over the globe; increasing greatly the comfort of polished nations, and extending civilization and refinement into regions upon which their light never before dawned. An advance of twenty thousand dollars by you will be sufficient: and I assure you, there is not another man in the State whom I would allow to participate with me in such a money-making concern.'

Knowing that every body was fond of bacon-and-eggs, and believing that the popularity and success of the scheme were certain, the required money was advanced, and the manufacturing operations commenced. Our 'investor' next proceeds to build a fine house; sells, through PELEG PHIPPS, Esq., 'a Yankee lawyer, of great skill in drawing deeds, and suing for people's character,' a large plantation for sixty thousand dollars, in order to buy another, which he liked much better. Meantime, he indorses the paper of a friend, (they had 'almost been raised together,') one JOHN RAMSEY, who, in 'a speculation,' was to double his twelve thousand dollars in two months. His frying-pan manufactory, with immense profits was also about starting; and 'political consequence' was all that he now desired: so his friends persuaded him to run for the Legislature, with positive assurances of his election. When the day for voting came, he made a speech forty minutes long, 'composed according to the rules of CICERO,' which 'pleased him very much;' but his opponent spoke three hours and a half; and 'promised, if he were elected, that every man in the district should have a gold mine on his land, and a rail-road by his door, and that constables and sheriffs should be totally abolished.' The consequence was, that when the votes were counted, he was seven hundred behind!

'Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.' As he leaves the court-house, he passes the 'ware-house' of his friend and partner, Mr. HOOKER. That sleek worthy has disappeared; a vociferous auctioneer is selling his property for his debts, amidst the ridicule of the assembly, who declare themselves 'resolved to stick to the good old frying-pan of their fore-fathers;' and the twenty thousand dollars are 'gone to the winds:' while, to crown all, it transpires that RAMSEY has utterly failed, and that PELEG PHIPPS, Esq., with the proceeds of his confiding employer's old plantation, 'under pretence of attending court in another district,' has taken

\* This principle is somewhat like one specification of our 'Patent Back-Action Self-Adjusting Hammer-sunder;' but Mr. Hooker's patent is now dead.

the road to New-England, bearing with him not only our victim's sixty thousand dollars, but various other smaller sums with which he had been intrusted.

He is horror-struck at first, thus suddenly to be reduced to poverty; but his 'hardy temper and sanguine spirit' enable him to overcome the feeling: he has his new house; he has youth, health, and he believes, talent: and more than all, had he not, in the love and constancy of the dear CYNTHIA ANGELA SIMPSON, that which was worth a thousand fold more than all which he had lost? He 'had n't nothing else!'—and he resolves to go at once and solace himself with her affection: but while the reflection is passing through his mind, a neatly-penned note is placed in his hand, signed with the full name of his inamorata, and bearing these cruel, heartless words: 'FATE has decided that we must part. Take my last adieu, and spare my sensibility the pain of seeing you more.'

'Sech wo!' *She*, whom he had so fondly worshipped, as the personification of loveliness and truth; *she*, for whom he 'would at any moment have accounted it but *too* much happiness to die;' *she*, to whose love he looked for consolation for the loss of wealth, the treachery of friendship, and the wrongs of fortune—*she* too had betrayed and forsaken him! *This* was more than his soul could endure. He wandered in the obscurity of the night, he scarcely knew whither. Rage and despair took possession of his heart. He threw himself upon the bare earth, and poured forth bitter imprecations against heaven, his beloved, and all mankind.

'What a pity,' he says to himself at length, 'that there is no such thing, in these times, as selling one's self to THE DEVIL! If he were now to appear, he should have *my* soul at a bargain!'

'WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR IT?' exclaimed a strange, low voice at his side.

Then there fell upon him a deep terror; an undefinable sensation of shuddering and dread: his hair stood upright; cold drops gathered upon his forehead, while a curdling thrill ran through his veins, and seized upon his heart. In short, the poor Nullifier was awfully frightened, and with good reason; for two wild eyes, of terrible intensesness, were gleaming upon him through the 'darkness visible;' also, features of supernatural size; a gloomy brow; cheeks furrowed with care, and scarred by violence; lips compressed with mingled pride and malice; while over the high, pale forehead clustered long disordered ringlets of shining black hair, that deepened with its snaky curls the strange shadows of the countenance.

'WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR YOUR SOUL?' again asked the VOICE: 'I will give you a good price. Speak your desire, and it shall be granted.'

On closer scrutiny, our Nullifier notices a singular and ludicrous incongruity between the upper part of the speaker's figure and the rest: 'The body was large and corpulent, and the legs diminutive, like those of an old gourmand. He had on a blue coat, fair-topped boots, and a pair of greasy, corduroy breeches, through a hole in the hind part of which emerged a long black tail, that dangled and curled about as he spoke.\* Upon the borders of his jaws grew a pair of tremendous

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\* PRETTY much as he appeared to old PORSON, when dressed for 'a walk:

'PRAY tell me, how was the DEVIL dressed?'  
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:  
His coat was black, and his trowsers blue,  
With a hole behind, where his tail came through.'

whiskers, blackened with smoke and singed by fire, that hung down almost to his waist.

This horrid personage renews his offer: says that he never failed yet to fulfil a contract; never 'repudiated' an obligation; and finally makes this 'open proposition': 'I will give you as much money (or any thing else) as you may desire, merely on condition that you sign a paper binding yourself never to be married.'

This was a tempting offer, for there was no risk whatever: 'Not *marry!*' why, after his recent experience, *that* would be an act of folly which he was certain that nothing in mortal shape could possibly beguile him to commit: and as to taking the DEVIL's money, provided he made a good use of it afterward, he saw no objection to *that*: so the conditions were accepted; the bargain concluded; the bonds signed; the 'PARTY of the first part' using an ink-horn, 'which he always carried tied to a button-hole.' The Nullifier was to have as much money as he wanted: but if, at the end of thirty years, he was found with a wife, the 'forfeit' was to be paid. Assigning to him a servant, KALOUF by name, to 'attend upon the gentleman, supply him with as much gold as he should ask for, and execute all his orders,' the DEVIL disappears, and KALOUF, in human form, follows his new master into the town.

In possession of exhaustless wealth and supernatural power, (on the cheapest possible terms,) attended by KALOUF, he removes to the city, explores the gay world, and satiates himself with its pleasures. The splendor of his appearance, and the reputation of vast wealth which he soon acquired, made him exceedingly conspicuous; and for months he 'filled a space in the eyes of the fine world which would have satisfied any ordinary vanity.' Through the manoeuvres of his diabolical attendant, he meets with various remarkable adventures, but we must 'give them the go-by;' coming at once to *one*, however, which had a more immediate effect in determining his destiny.

Early habits had made him exceedingly fond of hunting. One day, in a secluded valley, surrounded by stupendous mountains, and amidst forms and colors of nature that CLAUDE or SALVATOR ROSA might in vain have attempted to rival, he fires three times, with a rifle that never failed him before, at a noble stag, standing less than thirty yards off. The deer vanishes, and is nowhere to be found, dead or alive! Astonished and disappointed at this strange occurrence, he seats himself upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and is soon absorbed in the contemplation of the lovely natural objects around him, when his attention is arrested by a young lady, 'beautiful beyond imagination,' walking on the opposite bank of a narrow stream, as if desirous to cross it. She essays to do so, over scattered rocks; an 'insecure footing betrays one of her steps;' she sinks in the deep waters; from which she is at once rescued by our unseen deliverer; and, full of gratitude, invites him to her father's house, which is not distant, being hidden from view only by a lovely screen of forest. Here he 'remains for some time, delighted with the kindness of the father of LAURA DOUGLAS, and entranced with *her* beauty and grace.' Of course, he is soon head and ears in love; and presently calls upon KALOUF, (who is 'quite a young devil, and had only been married five times,') to write some verses in praise of his mistress. His attendant submits a couple of specimens; but they

'won't do:' he is ordered to 'strike out something between the two:' the result is the following, which, for diabolical poetry, is 'not so bad:'

'THINE eyes do *not* the sun eclipse,  
Thy breast no mountain snow discloses:  
Nor are thy red and dewy lips  
Made out of rubies or of roses.

'Thy brow is not the full-orbed moon,  
Thy voice is not the zephyr's sigh:  
Thy smile is not the blaze of noon,  
Illumining the earth and sky.

'Thy form is not composed of dreams,  
Such as wild Fancy oft displays,  
Compounded of the sun's bright beams,  
Or woven of the moon's pale rays.

'Girls who are formed of dreams and flowers,  
Such as the idle poet fancies,  
Walk not upon this earth of ours,  
But only glitter in romances.

'I would not give one smile of thine,  
Or slightest touch of thy soft hand,  
For all the shapes, bright and divine,  
That fill the realms of fairy land.

'Thy charms, thank heaven, are true and real,  
And therefore is it I adore thee:  
Ten thousand goddesses ideal,  
Would all to nothing fade before thee!'

'This is rather better, KALOUF,' says our hero: 'you've stolen a little of it, but I suppose it will have to do.' Two or three days after this, his attendant comes to him, and asks leave of absence for a short time, that he may visit the Lower Regions 'on a matter of business;' not to 'put too fine a point upon it,' a wedding. He invites his master to accompany him, promising to bring him back in safety: and they set off for the 'place aforesaid.'

The road to the infernal 'Locality' was found to lie through 'a very large cave in Kentucky; that is to say, the one appropriated to the United States;' for each considerable district of the earth had belonging to it a separate road, for the convenience of its own citizens alone. The cave was formed of a multitude of different passages, which, after turning and twisting about in a most labyrinthine manner for twenty or thirty miles, at length all met together, and became one exceedingly broad and well-trodden road, brilliantly illuminated with gas, and smooth as a turn-pike. 'Our traveller' and his attendant are passing at a 'right smart' pace down its rather steep declivity, when suddenly they hear behind them a most prodigious clatter. It is caused by the ghost of a Yankee peddler, who is journeying to the new region with his red-and-yellow wagon of tin-ware and other notions. The 'spirit'-peddler soon overtakes the travellers, and shows himself characteristically impudent and inquisitive, as will 'more fully appear' from the subjoined brief dialogue:

'This is a sort o' slantindicular road, stranger, aint it?' said he.

'Yes: rather so.'

'Jes' so — yes. I guess, Mister, you've come a consid'able long ways?'

'Not very many hundred miles.'

'Expect maybe you're from the North?'

'No, I am not.'

'Did yeõu come by the Paint Meõuntain', or 'cross the Ohio?'

'Neither.' (He wanted to trace my route by these land-marks.)

'Hogs and beef-cattle sell tol'ably low now, I 'xpect?' (This was to ascertain whether I was a western man.)

'I think it quite probable.'

'I guess, Mister, you've had a good cotton crop this year?'

'I understand that the cotton crop was abundant in Carolina and Georgia.'

'I reckon, maybe, they raise tobacco in the parts yeõu hail from?' (This was to track me to Virginia.)



'They are fond of tobacco there.'

'Be they? I guess, strangers,' continued the exhaustless 'pump,' 'yeōu have n't none on ye never been in this country we 're goin' to, afore, hev yeōu? I'd like to know what kind of a place 't is for tradin'.'

But reader, we have condensed to the middle of 'our hero's history : and having, as we hope, thus far *stimulated* your curiosity, we shall wait until our next number to *satisfy* it: leaving our peddler looking continually along the way for the spirit of old NEHEMIAH PETTIBONES, who'd 'been owin' him ninepence for more 'n eighteen years!' There is 'no offence' in the farther developments of the 'Regions' toward which the 'spiritual' trio are journeying, but a most amusing exhibition of political economists and high protectionists; while the adventures which ensue, after the travellers trace their way back to 'the States,' through the Mammoth Cave, are equally 'wild and wonderful.' 'Bide for a little,' therefore, reader; for while you are perusing the first part of this veritable history, the second, and 'conclusion of the whole matter,' will be on its way to you in the post-bags of our common 'Uncle,' SAMUEL.

EDITORIAL NARRATIVE-HISTORY OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER TWO. — Now let us begin at *our* beginning: and the reader must excuse us, if we 'branch off' occasionally; for, to tell the honest truth, it is quite impossible for us to avoid a course so erratic, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, so generally unsatisfactory. But, like the Georgia witness on the stand, recording the deeds of 'Capt. RICE, who 'gin a treat,' we must tell our story in our own way, else, like him and many another, we may 'come out of the same hole which we went in at.'

The first 'pen-scratch' of ours which appeared in this Magazine, was published in the number for April, 1834. It was entitled '*A Contrasted Picture*,' and was really what it purported to be, a story founded in the main upon actual fact and 'some' personal observation. When we left the manuscript with the publisher at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER, then at the corner of Vesey-street and Broadway, (for then the Astor-House was not, but gentlemen's dwellings, among them, if we rightly remember, the late PHILIP HONE's, occupied the 'block' to Barclay-street,) the proprietor said he would hand it to the editors, and if we would call in a day or two, after they should have had an opportunity to peruse it, we should be favored with an answer. He added, that there was a 'constant struggle, from the best writers in the ked'ntry, to obtain admission to the pages of the Magazine; and that, 'of course, you know,' very many persons, who 'write good,' are yet obliged, in consequence of the 'rush,' to be turned away.' 'Very well,' we said, 'let the little sketch take its chance: it is pretty *good*, though!'

'Come to look at it' *now*, though, it does not seem to us as it seemed *then*: and yet we recognize so readily and forcibly the scenes and events recorded in it, that beyond the fact of its circulation in the newspapers of the time, we are led to the conclusion that there must have 'been something in it.' Suffice it here to say,

that it was received, accepted, printed, and commended: and doubtless the memory of the pleasure which the reception of our first article for the KNICKERBOCKER gave us, may have led us to regard with undue leniency, and admit into our Magazine articles quite as indifferent as our own *coup d'essai* in these pages. An appeal from a young writer, that 'there *must* be a first-time trying,' always 'touched us nearly.'

But this aside: we doubt if we could now, with all our experience, better describe the tyranny of a village school-master, or the feelings arising in a young man's heart on his first voyage down the Hudson, and his approach to, and arrival at, the even *then* 'Great Metropolis of New-York.' As we saw it then, in 'our mind's eye' we can see it now. And we can raise our right hand, and without swearing, 'affirm,' that the scene at the old blue-stone Bridewell, then ranging with the north side of Murray-street, back in the Park, is as true as can be.

And here let us *episodize* for about a minute, a minute and a half, or two minutes: for 'things is working,' in the mind of 'your reminiscent.'

A little way from the old blue-stone Bridewell (where we used to drop in, of a Sunday morning, on our way back from our barber's JIM GRANT's, to have a chat, and leave the Sunday paper with old Sheriff PARKINS, of London, then and there in duress) was the 'Court of Sessions,' held in the end-room, toward Broadway: one RIKER presiding. Walking that way one day, our friend DAVID GRAHAM, Jr., said: 'Come, LOUIS: I want to show you the LAW's doings: come and see RIKER.'

This seemed irreverent, yet we went. RIKER ('dear DICK RIKER!') was on the bench, with two aldermen, one on each side of him. THOMPSON, for burglary, in the dock, to be sentenced: a spread-head, big ears, eyes red, mouth satyr-ical. RIKER, whose bald head shone like a greased ostrich-egg, phrenologically developed, turning to each of his associates, and smiling upon the prisoner, said:

'THOMPSON! — it appears from the evidence, THOMPSON, and also THOMPSON, from the verdict of the jury, that you, THOMPSON, have been a bad man: you have been faulty, THOMPSON, on evidence. The Court must make an example of you for your own benefit, THOMPSON, and *also* for the benefit of the public out o' jail. THOMPSON, the COURT has had your case under serious consideration; and have come to the conclusion, that you *must* suffer some. The Court *could* inflict upon you the highest penalty known to the law — fifteen years in the State-prison: but we have come to the decision, that the great ends of public justice (which are as important in *your* case as in *ours*) will be maintained by the sentence which it now becomes the duty of the Court to pronounce. THOMPSON, it is the sentence of this Court, that you be taken hence, to be confined in the State-prison at hard-labor, for the term of fourteen years and ten months: be a good, *willing* man, THOMPSON, while in prison, and when you come out, THOMPSON, take your mother's name, by which you will not be known, and become a useful member and an ornament to society. *Next case:*' and THOMPSON is taken away.

But '*Revenons à nous* KNICKERBOCKER.

One morning, after the publication of the little sketch called '*A Contrasted Picture,*' (it had been printed in that Magazine!) we dropped in, to see the publisher. 'Community,' we had no doubt was excited in relation to the article.

Upon inquiry, the publisher said that it was even so: community *was* excited, and had asked for the name of the author.

'Did you inform the inquirers from whose pen proceeded the article in question?'

'I did not: but simply said: 'It is from the pen of a person who will make his mark by-and-by.'

He was right: 'the mark' was made, in the shape of a signature—a *joint* signature—whereby LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK and CLEMENT M. EDSON became the owners and possessors of *The Knickerbocker Magazine*. The payment of certain moneys was rendered necessary: and these 'moneys' were advanced, for both of us, by the truest, most genial, warm-hearted friends in the world. Gone, some of them, now: but surely, 'their reward is with them.'

Well: we commenced the KNICKERBOCKER. There was something in the very name of the work which made us *proud*: and that pride, we are not ashamed to say, lingers with us even until now.

We went to our artist-friend, Mr. F. W. EDMONDS, of the Mechanics' Bank, in Wall-street, to prepare for us a design—the head of an authentic KNICKERBOCKER. He did it: pipe, round-crowned hat; cat sleeping under an old-fashioned arm-chair, with a wide look-out for the old Dutch gentleman toward ancient Pavonia, or Communipaw: the 'House of the Four Chimneys,' belonging to VAN HORN, the First Oysterman, occupying all the visible back-ground.

We are getting a little before our story. Before consummating the purchase of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine from Mr. PEABODY—a parched pea, always on a hot shovel—we took counsel from prudent and considerate friends. We went to see Col. WILLIAM L. STONE, at the office of the '*Commercial Advertiser*,' in William-street, near the corner of Pine. We remember now the sun shining on the backs of a bound copy of Mr. HEZEKIAH NILES' Register.

We presented a letter to Mr. STONE, from a gentleman in 'old Onondaga,' who had taken the '*New-York Spectator*' for many years. We stated, in very brief and simple words, our business. Mr. CLEMENT M. EDSON was with us.

Colonel STONE knew us, and had a regard for us, especially for our twin-brother WILLIS, who had written several pieces of poetry for the '*Commercial Advertiser*,' which had the newness and freshness—'the dew of his youth'—and which had proved widely popular.

We opened our business to Colonel STONE, after the delivery of the letter:

'Colonel STONE, you have much experience in literature; and we young men, with great confidence in your mature judgment, have come to ask you for your counsel and advice. We have bought the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine; and propose to publish it, and try to make it a good work, which will afford us a living, and perhaps do honor to our periodical literature.'

'Ah!' said the Colonel, putting his long, thin, white fingers to his chin, and then brushing back the 'cow-lick' of stiff black hair on his forehead; 'you have *bought* it, eh? Then what do you want *advice* about? The deed is *done*, is n't it?'

We nodded assent. 'I am sorry for it,' said the Colonel: 'it is a very precarious dependence. From the very first, there has never been a Magazine published in America, which has paid its expenses, from the old *Port-Folio*, down to the

present time. 'I wish you well, *boys*,' added the Colonel, (and Mr. FRANCIS HALL raised his big eye-brows, and gave forth a smile from his thin lips,) 'but I think you have missed it. But be certain of *one thing*, however: whatever *I* can do for you, in the columns of the Commercial, or in your own pages, I will do. Do n't let me *detain* you: (sly dog!) These are business hours, and 'The Commercial' is an evening paper.'

We left—and Mr. HALL smiled again.

Well, the deed was done: and from that hour the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine became a fixed fact in our existence.

It was a great pleasure for us to see the name of our periodical inscribed high up on the gable of Messrs. WILEY AND LONG'S, number one hundred and sixty-one, Broadway. Many and many a time it gave us a thrill of delight, when we had n't twenty-five cents in our pocket. But who *knew* it?

There had been so much puffing; such an enormous cry, with a limited amount of wool, on the part of the proprietor of the KNICKERBOCKER; that we determined, at the outset, that we would at least avoid an imitation of *that* style of literature. So when we commenced, we said the following words, to wit:

'It will be seen, by reference to the imprint of this Magazine, that it has passed into other hands, and will hereafter be issued under different auspices than heretofore.

'A brief outline of the course intended to be pursued in the future management of the work, will be pardoned, the more readily, it may be, that our readers are assured that we shall seldom trouble them with mere promises.

'No exertions will be left unemployed, to render the work honorable to American Periodical Literature, and acceptable to the Public, whose patronage is only so far solicited, as it shall seem to be deserved.

'The ORIGINAL PAPERS, which it is designed shall be so varied as to form a combination of the SOLID and the USEFUL, with the ENTERTAINING and the AGREEABLE, will be from literary pens of established reputation in different cities and portions of the United States.

'Acceptable Original Articles will be paid for, at such rates as the encouragement of the enterprise shall seem to warrant.

'In addition to the *Original Papers*, liberal space will be devoted, under the head of 'Literary Notices,' to brief and candid reviews of new works, of proper distinction, with such extracts as may be necessary to add interest, or to evince the justice of the accompanying criticism.'

Now this PROSPECTUS was extremely well considered. It agitated our whole thimble-full of brains for over a whole night: we woke up on the morning of April first—'auspicious morn,' of 1834—and on the following day it was expanded before the public. A *feature*—it was a 'feature,' as it turned out—was a '*Monthly Compendium*,' comprising, in a succinct form, all events of importance which might occur during the month, '*with such remarks, or illustrative comments, as they might demand.*'

In the very first number of the KNICKERBOCKER which we ever had the honor to

publish, in the account of the election for Mayor and Common Council of this city, held in April 1834, we wrote as follows :

'THE journals in the interest of both parties were for some weeks beating to arms, and when the period arrived, the city was in a state of the most violent excitement. The contest was attended by riot and bloodshed. On the evening of the second day of the election, it was alleged in the meetings holden in different parts of the city, that members of the party in the minority had been driven from the polls by the presence of foreigners, employed by their opponents to prevent the free exercise of the right of suffrage. Intimations were also received at these meetings, that a riot was intended the next day, in the ward which had been the most turbulent during the day ; and that threats had been made that non-residents who should visit the ward would be attacked.

'In consequence of this information, application was made to the Mayor for an additional police, which was answered by an assurance that the tranquillity of the city should be preserved. At ten o'clock, however, on the following day, the passage of the ship 'Constitution,' drawn through the streets on wheels, flaming with inscriptions, and manned by sailors in uniform, was the signal for the commencement of hostilities. Persons with bludgeons suddenly appeared among the crowd, and an affray ensued, in which a number of citizens were knocked down, and severely injured. The Mayor himself, in endeavoring to suppress the tumult, received a severe blow from a club. . . . (Again the frigate 'Constitution' was attacked, and it was threatened to be destroyed.) 'The Mayor now arrived upon the ground, attended by policemen, constables, and about forty watchmen.

'A scene of violence ensued, which beggars description. The peace-officers, without respect to their authority, watchmen, and citizens, to the number of fifty or more, were knocked down, and some of them dreadfully beaten. Broadway, for nearly a mile, was a surging sea of heads. The shouting, the throwing of stones, and other missiles, and the rattling of clubs, as blows were given, returned, and warding off, the rushing of the immense crowd, and the sudden closing of the stores, altogether formed a scene not soon to be forgotten.'

This, and somewhat more, was penned by an 'eye-witness,' for we saw the whole scene from our boarding-house in Broadway, opposite what is now 'STEWART'S, but which was then the old 'WASHINGTON Hotel.'

And how do you think, reader, it was received? Why, the journals of both parties, while they were not at all stinted in their praise of the *literary* character of the Magazine, suggested to us that we had 'better let politics alone, if we could not be a little less *one-sided* !'

We took their advice, from that time forth : and we think now, as we have thought ever since, that we might safely leave party-squabbles to party-organs, and occupy a broad neutral literary ground, on which all parties in politics, and men of all creeds in religion, might meet like brothers.

And how we began to go on, from this the first number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* under our supervision, we propose to proceed to inform the reader in our next 'issuo,' in a narrative less discursive and necessarily 'scrappy' than the present.



Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — There is a world of truth and sound philosophy in an elaborate article from a late English journal, '*Concerning Tidiness*,' as an over-looked source of human content. Various pictures are drawn, and eminent illustrative examples cited, *pro* and *con*, with strong and even artistic effect: and the corollary deduced therefrom is, that even those 'who are the most common-place in understanding and in feeling; who are not very clever, nor extraordinarily excitable, nor extremely unlucky,' may become equally content, and even cheerful, (in subordination to more serious requisites, of course,) by the maintenance of a constant, pervading, active, all-reaching, energetic TIDINESS. The writer, one branch of whose subject, by segregation and condensation, we present, among other things, says:

'*ORDER* is heaven's first law: ' and there is a sensible pleasure attending the carrying of it faithfully out to the very smallest things. Tidiness is nothing else than the carrying into the hundreds of little matters which meet us and touch us hour by hour, the same grand principle which directs the sublimest magnitudes and affairs of the universe. Tidiness is, in short, the being right in thousands of small concerns in which most men are slovenly satisfied to be wrong. And though a hair's breadth may make the difference between right and wrong, the difference between right and wrong is not a little difference. Tidiness is a great source of cheerfulness; and the more certainly will this cheerfulness result, when the tidiness is the reward of our own exertions. And so I counsel you, my friend, if you become, from whatever real or fancied cause, vexed, and worried, and depressed, do n't sit over your library-fire and brood and bother about it: there is a drawer of yours containing papers, which has for weeks been in great confusion; there is a division of your book-case, where the books might be better arranged: see to these things forthwith. It will occupy you, interest you, perhaps dirty you; but in the end you will find your worry and your depression gone; that you are once more hopeful and cheerful. You have sacrificed to the good genius of TIDINESS, and you are rewarded accordingly. To put things *right*, and to *know* that they are put right, has this effect. I can't tell *why* it is so, but so it most assuredly is. Therefore, take this as a maxim: *A disposition toward energetic Tidiness is a perpetual source of quiet satisfaction.* It always provides us with something to think of and to do: it affords scope for a little ingenuity and contrivance: it carries us out of ourselves: and prevents our leading an unhealthy, subjective life. It gratifies the instinctive love of seeing things *right*, which is in the healthy human being. And it is founded upon the philosophical fact, that there is a peculiar satisfaction in having a thing, great or small, which was wrong, put right. You have greater pleasure in such a thing, when it has been fairly set to rights, than if it never *had been* wrong.'

Now this is advice which is not only worthy of being heeded, but of being acted upon. What is true of your library, of your private apartment, your sanctum, is true of your person. Suppose you are in the habit of shaving your chin: do you *feel* right, to sit down to your work with it unshaven? Does it *feel* well to yourself — would it *look* well, to a friend? Even a woman, with so many countervailing charms, disarming animadversion, is not pleasantly regarded under such circumstances: 'I like not,' says one of SHAKESPEARE'S most 'observant' critics,

'when a 'oman has a big peard: I did spy a big *peard* under her muffler.' So of your habiliments: does the dame say to you: 'Are you going to put on clean linen such a dismal, dirty day as this?' 'Certainly, my cauliflower, for the simple reason that it *is* a 'nasty day,' as the London cockneys term it: would you have *me* 'dirty,' because every thing *else* about me is dirty? 'Cleanliness is godliness,' my sun-flower.' All the while, you do n't exactly *like* to take the trouble; but on that very account, *do it*: just as you may reluct at your accustomed walk, on a deep-snowy winter's day: but your inertia is the very reason why you *should* draw your long boots to the 'junction,' and with legs and thighs warmly housed in 'Russia' or rubber, go forth, 'conquering and to conquer,' through the drifted snow. It is hard getting up, 'when the pale morning chills the eye,' in this wintry weather: but if you have a little boy, as *we* have, and you hear him say, from his warm nest, 'Sol-jeer—*yup!*' obey the mandate as if you were a soldier: cold water, a Turkish towel, and goose-pimple friction, are terrorless, after the first bound upon the bed-room carpet. We appeal to our friend Dr. HALL, of the '*Journal of Health*,' who always talks and writes sensibly on such subjects, if our 'premises' are not well laid. - - - 'STOPPING at the 'Washington Hotel,' (where, 'S. F'?—there are a good many WASHINGTON hotels,) one hot night last summer, and having been ushered into a room for a trial of 'Nature's sweet restorer,' I was soon casting about for certain means and appliances, should a retreat become necessary before morning, and was horrified to find in the wash-stand 'drawer,' instead of matches, the following highly 'suggestive,' if not altogether poetical lines:

'STRANGER, beware! or here unnumbered bugs  
Will suck your substance, like so many Thugs:  
Flee for your life! nor trust your tender skin  
Where bugs and fleas would drive a saint to sin!'

No sleep there: the 'pote' had 'murdered sleep' by his 'insinuations.' He is liable, even now, to an action for libel. - - - PERHAPS many of our readers may remember a sketch, unmistakably from the pen of DICKENS, in *Household Words*, describing an inebriated young man, 'overcome with last night,' who came before the police-department as a 'complainant' for the loss of a watch. 'Where do you live, Sir?' asked the official. 'Lamber.'... 'Oh! you live in Lambeth?' 'Ye-es—Lamber.'... 'What is your profession?' 'Wha—wha's 'fession?' 'Yes: what is your business?' 'Solirrer.' 'Solicitor; ay: and you've lost your watch, you say?' 'N-o-o; 'tznotmywar'—'tz'afrezomi.' 'Ah: it's not *your* watch, but a friend o' yours? Very well: you come here to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, and we'll have your friend's repeater or you.' (It had already been found, but he was not in a proper state to receive it.) 'T'morrermornin'?' 'Yes, to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock.' 'Wha'-wha'-wha' is it o'clock *now*?—is it to-morrowmornin' or yes-s-terdaymornin'?' He was told that it was '*this morning*,' and was bowed out with: 'There, go away now:' and he zig-zagged from the premises. The following, from a familiar note of an old friend and fellow-Gothamite, reminds us very forcibly of the foregoing scene: 'I was sitting in my slippers the other night, before a good sea-coal fire, (none of your hard, sulphurous anthracite,) reading the '*Narrative-History of the Knickerbocker*;' and when I came to your

remarks upon poor CHARLES HOFFMAN, and ran over that verse of '*Sparkling and Bright*,' which you have quoted, a little occurrence came to me suddenly, out of one of the calls of Memory, which I do n't suppose I have thought of for seventeen years. This was it: there were four young men of us — you know them all but one, at this moment — who were partaking of one of BUNKER's beautiful, quiet, *recherché* dinners, at the blessed old Mansion-House in Broadway, on New-Year's Eve. The viands were of the best; the wines, which were of the finest vintages, cheered but did not inebriate, and were 'discussed without fuss or pretence, or want, or waste.' H —, one of our little party, in a clear, ringing voice, sang '*Sparkling and Bright*,' as, with goblets in hand, we awaited the toast with which he was to conclude. It was given, honored, and our glasses set down; when a clapping of hands was heard in an adjoining apartment, and presently a faint, timid rap 'spiritualized' at our door. It was opened: and there entered a young gentleman, hat in hand, and evidently in the state in which WALLACK represents 'DICK DASHALL' to be, when he shows the 'old woman' the 'min-min-iat-shure.' Looking apparently at some dozen more guests than were present, he said: 'Gen'lemen, 'xcuse me, 'f you please: I heard that *ex-quis-ite* song, *bea-ew-t'f'ly* sung: and I wish *pus-pus*sonally, to thank you, on behalf of my-my-self' and friend in nex' room: 'S'be-ew-tiful sentiment:

'LIKE the swubbles that him  
On the beaker's swim,  
And bake on the ribs while eating!'

'Gen'lemen, do n't let me intrude: I only wanted to say, I *thank* you, gen'lemen: sincerely THANK you, on behalf of my-my-self and friend in nex' room. Good evenin', gentlemen!' — and the grateful fellow bowed himself out.' This is quite as maudlin, and *almost* as well presented, as the sketch by DICKENS, to which we have alluded. Our friend adds, that 'the young gentleman was subsequently so extremely mortified at the ridiculous exhibition which he had made of himself, that from that time forth he was never known, even by his most intimate friends, to be overcome by wine.' - - - Our friendly and gratifyingly-commendful correspondent 'Saw-Dust,' of Pass Christian, (Miss,) must pardon us for presenting a somewhat reduced copy of his clever sketch, wherein we have endeavored to preserve the spirit of the original: In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveller, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being, or seeing a human habitation, came at length, by a sudden turn of the wood-road, to a miserable 'shanty,' the centre of a small clearing, in what had originally been a 'Black-jack-thicket,' whence the only sound that proceeds is the discordant music of a broken-winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as '*The Arkansas, or Rackensack Traveller*.' Our traveller rides up to within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed-frame of a cart-body, now covered with bear-skins, and hung upon two big wooden hinges. After much shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently 'wrathy' at being interrupted in the exercise of his art. The following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of '*The Arkansas Traveller*,' which in fact he continues, at sudden intervals, until the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to an unexpected conclusion. If this be not 'seeking

lodgings under difficulties,' we should like to know what might be legitimately so considered :

'TRAVELLER : 'Friend, can I obtain accommodations for the night with you?'

'ARKANSAW 'ARTIST : 'No, Sir — 'nary 'commodation.'

'TRAVELLER : 'My dear Sir, I have already travelled thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse has had a mouthful to eat : *why* can't you accommodate me far to-night?'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : 'Just 'case it *can't be did*. We 're plum out of every thing to eat in the house : BILL 's gone to mill with the last nubbin of corn on these premises, and it 'll be nigh onto the shank of to-morrow evenin' afore he cums home, unless suthin oncommon happens.'

'TRAVELLER : 'You surely have *something* that I can feed to my horse : even a few potatoes would be better than *no* food.'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : 'Stranger, our eatin'-roots 'gin out about a week ago : so your chance is slim *thar*.'

'TRAVELLER : 'But, my friend, I *must* remain with you, any way. I can't go any farther, whether I obtain any thing to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof?'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : 'It can't be did, old hoss. You see, we 've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the ole woman allus occupies *that* : so *whar* 's your chance?'

'TRAVELLER : 'Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon-tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence-corner.'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : 'Hitch your hoss to that 'simmon-tree?—'in a horn!' Why, you must be a nat'ral fool, stranger! Do n't you see that 's me and the ole woman's only chance for 'simmon-beer, in the fall of the year? If your hoss is so tarnal hungry as you say he is, he 'd girdle it as high up as he could reach, afore mornin'. Hitch your hoss to that tree! I 'spect *not* : no, no, stranger, you can't come 'nary sich a dodge as *that*!'

Our traveller, seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics, and draw his determined not-to-be 'host' out a little, before informing him of the fact, that *he* too could play the 'Arkansas Traveller : ' which once being known, he rightly conjectured, would be a passport to his better graces :

'TRAVELLER : 'Well, friend, if I *can't* stay, how far is it to the next house?'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : 'Ten miles ; and you 'll think they 're mighty long ones, too, afore you get *thar*. I came nigh onto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up ; the bridge is carried off ; there 's 'nary yearthly chance to ford it ; and if yer bound to cross it, yer 'll have to go about seven miles up stream, to ole DAVE LODY 's puncheon-bridge, through one of the darndest bamboo-swamps ever *you* see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet—'t was yesterday mornin' : though one eend had started down stream about fifteen feet, or sich a matter.'

'TRAVELLER : 'Friend, you seem communicative : and if it 's no offence, I 'd like to know what you do for a living here?'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : 'No offence on yearth, stranger : we just keep a grocery.'

'TRAVELLER: 'A grocery! Where in the name of all that is mercantile do your customers come from? Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant!'

'ARK. 'ARTIST: 'The fact is, me and the ole woman is the best customers *yet*; but we 'spect these diggins will improve, and in course business will improve too. Hows'ever, we do suthin *now*, even. Me and the ole woman took the cart t' other day, and went to town: we bort a bar'l of whiskey; and arter we come home, and 'gin to count the balance on hand, we found thar want but jist one solitary picayune left, and as the ole woman allus carries the *pus*, in course she had it. Well, I sot the bar'l agin one side of the room, and shortly arter, the ole woman sez: "'Supposin' you tap your eend of the bar'l," and I did; and she bought a drink, and paid me the pickayune. Pretty soon, I begun to get dry, and says I: "Ole woman, spozin' you tap *your* eend of the bar'l?"—and she did; and then she sells me a drink: and the way that pickayune has travelled back'ards and for'ards over the bung of that bar'l, is a caution to them as loves 'red-eye.' But, stranger, losses is apt to come with every business; and me and the ole woman has lost some in the grocery line: and I'll tell you how 't was. That boy BILL, our oldest son, he see how the licker was goin', and he did n't have 'nary red to jine in the retail business; so one night he crawls under the house, and taps the bar'l atwixt the cracks in the puncheon-floor: and I r'ally believe he's got more than me or the ole woman either: the good-for-nothin' vagabond, to come the 'giraff' over his nateral-born parents: it's enuff to make a man sour agin all creation: that boy'll be the ruination of us yet. He takes to trickery jist as nateral as a hungry 'possum takes to a hen-roost. Now, stranger, what on yearth am I to do? He beats me and the ole woman entirely.'

'TRAVELLER: 'It would be difficult for me to advise in regard to your son, as I have no family of my own. You say it's ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up; the bridge carried away; no possibility of fording it, and seven miles through a swamp to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is just about down: still, my curiosity is excited, and as you have been playing only one part of the 'Arkansas Traveller' ever since my arrival, I would like to know, before I leave, why you do n't play the tune *through*?''

'ARK. 'ARTIST: 'For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss—I can't do it. I haint larnt the *turn* of that tchune, and drat me if I believe I ever shall.'

'TRAVELLER: 'Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can't play the *turn* for you.'

'ARK. 'ARTIST: 'Look o' here, *my friend*, do you play the *turn* of that tchune?'

'TRAVELLER: 'I believe I can.'

'ARK. 'ARTIST: ' 'Lite, 'lite, old hoss!—*we'll* find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Ole woman! ole woman! (a 'hallo!' within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the '*premisses*') the stranger plays the *turn* of the '*Rackensack Traveller*.' My friend, hitch your hoss to the 'simmon-tree, or any where else you please. BILL'll be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call SAL and NANCE up from the spring: tell NANCE to go into the spring-house, and cut off a good large piece ov bar-steak, to brile for the stranger's supper: tell SAL to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour-doin's and chicken-fixin's for the stranger. (BILL just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than he was expected a half-hour before.) BILL, O BILL! there's a stranger here, and he plays the *turn* of the '*Rackensack Traveller*:' go to the corn-crib and get a big punkin, and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suthin to sit on and skin a 'tater 'long with me and the ole woman, while the gals is



gettin' supper: and BILL, take the hoss, and give him plenty of corn: no nubbins, BILL: then rub him down well: and then, when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar-skin, for the stranger to sleep on: and *then*, BILL, I reckon he'll play the *turn* of the 'Rackensack Traveller,' for us.'

The 'punkin' was brought; the 'taters' were 'skinned' and eaten; the 'turn' of 'The Rackensack Traveller' was repeatedly played, to abundant edification; and the 'gals' finally announced that 'supper was ready:' and although instead of 'store-tea,' they only had 'saxifax tea-doin's, without milk, yet the repast was one to be long and gratefully remembered. The traveller remained all night, and was piloted safely over the 'big creek' early the next morning. Of a truth, 'music *has* charms to soothe the savage breast!' - - - AND speaking of MUSIC's power in charming savage breasts: PICCOLOMINI *is* a charming little creature: as fascinating as can be: as natural as a child: as pretty as a poppet: sings sweetly, too, though we have heard much better *artistes*. Upon the orchestra, at the ACADEMY, it behooves us, with the requisite 'deference,' to offer a few remarks. Its 'Skins,' light and heavy, are too *prononcé* to our ear: to those opera-goers who are blessed with longer ones, they must prove a bore: the 'Reeds' were of marked excellence, and there was a noble body of 'Strings'—and 'Sticks.' There is an abundance of 'Brass' in the orchestra, and it needs to be subdued. However, the music of the '*Traviata*' is 'thin, and somewhat obese:' so that the 'Winds' might not have been so much at fault. They blow where they list, and you hear the sound thereof, 'plainty.' - - - We hope *many* of our readers have had as happy an hour as *we* have had this morning, *Sliding down Hill with the Children*. The way of it was this: we were returning from our never-neglected morning walk: and when arrived, by a path across the light snow-covered fields, at the top of the gentle ascent, where the Telescope was planted, and the tent of Professor HYATT pitched, last summer, close by the little one-horse church, (skirted by the belt of cedars,) which does n't 'go' now; when arrived there, we found a 'numerous company' of little boys and girls, with their small sleighs, 'rushing like mad' down the declivity, or toiling slowly back with their various vehicles. 'EXCELSIOR' was there, under the command of our little 'SIX-YEAR-OLD,' for whom it was brought from 'the late' Crystal Palace, where it had taken the premium; with its elaborately-japanned surface, its gorgeously-painted scroll-work and central vignette; and more than all, its well-studied form, shaped for mingled grace and speed. It was the 'KING-SLEIGH' of the crowd: we speak advisedly, for we tried them all: and our verdict was universally acknowledged to be 'the thing.' While we were having our several 'rides' on the several little sleighs, and always with a selection of at least one from each of that bright-eyed, red-checked throng, a couple of sage professional friends 'happened along,' and audibly laughed at the spectacle. Let 'em laugh!—so did the children: but *theirs* was the right *kind* of cachinnation—the real SIMON 'PUKE.' They enjoyed the sport fully as much as we did. Likely as not they may think of it hereafter, too, when

'Some morn they miss us from the accustomed hill'

in winter, when the snow is favorable, and all their little vehicles are in requisition.

But 'speaking of children: ' *some* of the little folk may now take their places at our side-table: those who wait now, shall be served soon after:

'WE, also, my dear Mr. CLARK, have a 'Four-year-old' prodigy, in the shape of a bud-sister, who, it seems to us at least, occasionally makes a quaint and original remark. We shall only note her 'last' just now, which occurred at breakfast this morning; and if it strike you as it did us, we are sure you will place it among the curiosities of infant-wisdom and infant-wit, in the KNICKERBOCKER.

'Our *petite* JULIE had on a pair of new *bottines*, one of which pinched her somewhat, and she requested that it might be taken off.

'Which foot is it, JULIE?' asked her mother: 'the right or the left?'

'I can't tell,' replied JULIE.

'Why,' said 'mother,' 'have I not taught you which was the right and which the left foot? Have you forgotten already?'

'Yes, mamma,' said she naively: '*I can't remember, because they both look so much alike!*'

'Now, every one round our breakfast-table thought that answer quite 'smart' for a 'four-year-old.'

'ONE night not long ago, our little JOHN (we have four children in our family, and there is no one of them who has not a 'scripture-name') was listening to the 'gab of a neighbor, a young man who had a 'gift' in that kind, while our country fire-side folk were eating green, yellow, russet and red-striped apples from a brown scalloped willow-basket by the fire, and now-and-then taking a moderate glass of crab-apple cider, from a big pitcher, standing over against the stone 'jamb,' in the rear of which roared up the broad-backed chimney such a flaming fire of beech, maple, and hickory wood, as would have done your heart good to see, and your body good to feel, especially on that occasion, for it was 'bitter cold' without. Quoth our young neighbor-man: 'I *know*, as you say, that 'we have more advantages, now-a-days, than they used to have;' and that's what makes me say that we *know* more than folks used to know in those times. And it's kept going on so: for there was my grand-father—he did n't know as much as my *father* did: and there's my father, he don't know as much as *I* do, 'cause he has n't had the *opportunities*.' And he held a peeled 'quarter-section' of a Newtown pippin on the point of his jack-knife, before his mouth, while he waited for a response to this 'solid chunk of wisdom.' Quo' JOHNNY, in a half-whisper: 'Mother, was his grand-pa a *fool*, like 'Scotch JIMMIE?'—a harmless 'daft' mendicant, who sometimes asked alms through the place. There was a world of satire in the question: but how the little boy 'got at it' is the wonder: only that he knew that the 'speaker' was regarded as 'soft,' and thought that if he really knew more than his grand-father and his father, the former must certainly have been a *fool!*'

'I CANNOT help thinking that children are intensely imaginative, and live sometimes really ideal lives. I know a little dark-eyed, dark-haired 'WILLIE,' who, instead of playing in the streets, has his haunts on the hall-stairs, and talks and sings gayly with three ideal girls. 'I tell you, ma,' he says, 'I've got three 'maginary girls. They live on the stairs. I call the one with black curls ALABAMA. O ma! I curl her hair on my fingers. You do n't know how pretty we play!' His mother hears him talk and laugh with the 'maginary girls' every day. He has a tiny baby-sister now, and he has named her 'ALABAMA.'

'I HAVE a laughing cherub, a little three-year-wise cousin, who was here with his mother from Wisconsin last summer. The first morning, he explored every room in the house; and every thing available for a boy's play-thing was dragged into the parlor: and any little boy's mother can imagine what a collection it was. But he most delighted in a huge wash-tub. 'Mamma' returned the things. Regarding her with rosy mouth as stern as a general's, he approached her, and tugged away at her sleeve until he pulled her unawares into the adjoining room. 'Now, ma,' he said energetically. 'I want those things. That tub is my boat, and that broom is my 'pusher.' I want that girl's doll to go a-ride with me. Now, ma, if *she* says I may have them, do n't you carry them off again! If *she* lets me have them, do n't you get up and take them away!' It is needless to say, my little cousin had a free loan of all our household machinery. Look out for little Cousin FRANKIE in your diplomatic circles by-and-by!'

'I REJOICE in a 'brace' of nephews of eight and six years, in whom the 'Young American' element occasionally protrudes, 'oncommon.' The 'parients' of the aforesaid, with a view to a proper bending of the twig in a moral direction, had put into the hands of the youngsters an illustrated copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' They had arrived at the 'affair' of CHRISTIAN and APOLLYON, reading and re-reading the Dreamer's account of it with intense interest; but were unable to understand how CHRISTIAN, with the little 'training' he had, and appearances so decidedly against him, could vanquish his formidable adversary. The paternal explanation of the *causes* leading to the triumph and success of the saint, appeared to be satisfactory to CHARLEY, the elder, but the six-year-old, 'WINTY,' after grave reflection, and a fresh look at the picture: 'Well, father, I should like to see him try the 'BENICIA BOY' once!''

'OUR little 'DAISY,' as we call her, though her name is FLORENCE, has a singular idea of the meaning of great names: and not having as yet learned to spell, we are at a loss about her rules of orthography. We had purchased from a Hebrew gentleman a poor farm-horse, that was afflicted with some of the ills that horse-flesh is heir to. In ridicule he was named BUCEPHALUS; a hard name for 'DAISY' to pronounce: and for reasons best known to herself, she called the old horse 'JEW-S'NUFFLEUS!' As Mr. SPARROWGRASS says: 'He's got the *Heaves* — got 'em BAD!''

'CHILDREN do sometimes say most amusing things, do n't they? I was winding up my watch the other day, in the presence of little lisping LIZZIE. She watched the operation most intently, and inquired what I was doing it for? I explained the *modus operandi*, and its object; and extending the key toward her smooth, round cherub-face — she is really *quite* a cherub to us — I said: 'Would n't you like to have your little nose wound up?' 'No, no!' she replied; 'I do n't want my *nothe* to run all day, like your watch!''

Wait a little while, 'WEE PEOPLE' - - - Is there not something more than ridiculous — is there not something in ridicule of religion itself — in the flash advertisements of Sunday lectures, or discourses, which may be found in the columns of our daily journals, every Saturday? And this, we are sorry to say, is, after all, but an imitation. Kindred announcements, in English country journals, are actually placed under the head of '*Provincial Theatricals.*' Of a Sunday lecture at the Huddersfield Theatre, a London weekly print says: 'The Rev. J. HANSON commenced his winter 'season' of lectures at this theatre on the tenth instant: the subject, '*How d'ye Do?*' (Why not: '*Does your Mother Know You're Out?*') The weather was unfavorable, but the house was crowded in

every part. The subject for to-morrow, being the second Sunday, is: '*Breach of Promise*.' This 'stealing the tricks of the play-men,' by ministers of the Gospel, we are glad to see properly and forcibly rebuked by the '*New-York Observer*' religious and secular journal, both editorially, and through its metropolitan correspondence. In looking over our newspapers for Saturday, such mutilated 'topic'-sentences of Scripture as, '*A Little While*;' '*Not So*;' '*Why?*' and the like, meet the eye: together with mere 'catch-words,' such as the following: '*The Great Hunter*;' '*The Eagle's Nest*;' '*The Cherubim-Guards*;' '*The Tent and the Mansion*;' '*The Creditor and Debtor*,' etc. Well may the editor of the '*Observer*' declare, that such traps for audiences 'are altogether beyond the dignity which belongs to the 'means of grace.' - - - WHEN it was that '*Cold Monday*' in January 'last past;' when you could n't come out of a warm room into the street without having your eye-lids frozen together, as you shut their 'coward gates' against the stinging air; when the sudden contraction of the little black India-rubber cord that suspended your eye-glass, twitched 'said instrument' suddenly into your eyes, where it immediately froze tight; when your mustaches were ice, and your whiskers the same; when little dogs with bushy tails, 'running before the wind,' made marvellous headway; when sheep, being driven to slaughter, died in the wool; thus *then* it was, that JACQUES MAURICE, looking forth into a side-thoroughfare, seized a blunt pencil, and while sucking the half-frozen fingers of his left hand, with the other perpetrated, upon an envelope to an old letter, the following atrocious lines:

'A Cold Morning.

'SCENE: A BY-STREET: SLEIGHS PASSING: AND-SO-FORTH.

'WHAT saith the Blue-nosed Man?

The red-eared:  
He with a frozen beard:  
The cold, old, shivering, quivering,  
Beared, besmeared,  
Short, snuffy, shuffling, snuffing,  
Gloveless,  
Loveless,  
Half-dead, Blue-nosed Man?

'This little, lame, deaf man;

This crooked  
Man, with the nose so hookéd;  
Dead-red, blueish, Jewish—  
Dying, froze:  
A man with a pearl at the end of his nose,  
Stutters,  
And mutters:

'An't them there blamed fine cutters?'

Is not such 'poetry' as this indictable? - - - 'YOUNG KNICK,' from 'out in the 'Hio,' as they used to call it in our day, where self-reliant, and assiduous to learn, he is preparing himself to be a practical rail-road bridge-builder one of these days; this 'YOUNG KNICK,' of whom some of our readers have often incidentally heard, from the sanctum—writing from Zanesville, gives us this sketch of a certain unique target-practice which 'obtains' in that neighborhood: 'Yesterday morning JAMES H—— (who has treated me with great kindness) and I, went to a meeting

of an 'association' called '*The Auger-Boring Club*.' The game is 'pursued' in this way: First, you have your eyes blind-folded: then you take an auger, and walk one hundred and fifty feet, to a stout plank set in the ground, which, when you *reach* it, you must pierce with the instrument. It was a most laughable sight to see! Some of the 'operators' would make a 'circumbendibus,' and come back to within half a dozen feet of from where they started, with the auger stretched out and flourished before them, in momentary expectation, of course, of succeeding, where so many had failed right before their un-blindfolded eyes! Out of one hundred, only *nine* struck the plank: and each one of the hundred had to pay a small forfeit, which made up a fund for an oyster-supper on New-Year's eve. I thought I could do it; and I *did* come within about sixty feet of it! Those who boasted, before trying the experiment, of being remarkable, always, for 'a very correct eye,' did no better, if as well. I never saw so many 'incorrect' eyes, after 'taking sight,' and being covered. I return to Morrow, to-morrow: we have another bridge under way, since my last to mother.' We know of a *Bore* in Gotham, whom we should like to hear from, as being in some far-western State, competing with accomplished 'borers' in this kind. Many a time has he bored completely through our person with a 'pod-auger,' and latterly with a gimlet, pulling it out occasionally, to blow off the chips, and inserting it again, for farther operations: blind-folded, too; for it *does* seem to us, that no man, how big a bore soever he may be, is *aware* of the fact: and as an evidence of this, it may be mentioned that our 'friend' and would-be-contributor, who has haunted us for some dozen years, in person and by notes, (dated from every hotel in town,) says that 'if there is any one thing which he utterly detests, it is — a *Bore*!' But to return to 'Young KNICK.:' we should like to hear him in the parlor at this moment, accompanying, with 'the bones,' his sister at the piano, in some one of her lively, lilting airs, such as 'The Laird of Cockpen,' 'I Wagered my Funds upon the ROBERT-tailed Female Steed,' and other the like stirring melodies. He was wont to evoke much stiff music from the 'Bones:' not rivalling GEORGE CHRISTY, exactly, but tending toward the effect of keeping that eminent professor 'up to his work.' . . . Since quoting and jotting down the foregoing, there came to our mind a remembrance of that most affecting sketch, '*The Dying Minstrel*,' written several years since for our monthly contemporary, '*The Pioneer*,' of San-Francisco, by the present editor of '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*,' Mr. WILKES. The 'minstrel' was 'TOM BRIGGS,' the celebrated banjo-player, of Mr. E. P. CHRISTY's band, who died in California of fever, caught in going up the Pacific coast. The entire sketch is well worthy of transfer to our pages: but we can find space only for the pathetic picture of the closing scene. The poor 'minstrel' is described as a young man, 'reserved, almost diffident in his manners, always attired with elegance,' and as 'passing his leisure hours in the society of gentlemen, instead of hanging around taverns, and mingling with low company;' and in that laborious practice of his art, which is the mother of improvement: 'His unassuming excellence had made a deep impression on the minds of his companions in the band: and when he was lowered out of sight, many a tear dropped from their eyes into the fresh sand that fell with a heavy, muffling sound upon his coffin:'



'THE evening performance that followed the funeral ceremony was a doleful one. 'For my part,' said HORN, the bone-player, 'I scarcely knew what I was about. TOM and I had travelled together for years, and it seemed to me as if I had lost a brother. All my main business on the stage was done with him; and when I looked around, in the middle of my performance, and found a strange face alongside of me, in place of his, and remembered that I had just helped to put him in the ground, I near a'most 'broke down.' . . . 'Ah! gentlemen, you 'll never see the like of' poor TOM BRIGGS again — you 'll not! He was different from most other players. They seldom take any pride in their business; they do n't study; and they 're generally satisfied with any cheap instrument they can get: but TOM was werry particular. He never stood upon the price of a banjo; and when he got a good one, he was always studying some way to ornament it, and improve it. He had a light one and a heavy one, for different kinds of work: and he played so strong, that he had to get a piece of steel made for the end of his finger, as a sort of shield like, to prevent his tearing off his nail. He was werry fond of playing the heavy one; and, when we were coming up the coast, he would sometimes strike his strongest notes, and then turn round to me so proud, and say: 'Ah! ERN., what 'll they thunk, up there, when they hear the old Cremona speak like *that*?'

'It did not make any difference even when he took sick. He played away all the same. But after he got here, he could play only on the light one. He used to have it hanging against the wall, so as he could reach it in bed. 'Most any time you went in, you 'd hear him talking to the old Cremona, as he called it, and making it talk back to him. But by'm-by, he got so weak he could scarcely hold on to it: and I have sat by his bed and watched him till the sound became so faint that it seemed as if he and the banjo were both falling into a dream. All the while he kept a good heart, too, poor fellow! and we kept encouraging him along; and every now and then he would raise himself up and say: 'Ah! how I'll make 'em look around when I get strength enough, once more, to make the old banjo talk!'

'But at last he felt that he was going: and, after some straight, sensible talk, he told us, 'when he died, to take the two banjos and pack them up carefully, and send them home to his father and mother.' An hour before he went, he asked me to hand him his 'light Cremona.' He took a-hold of it, and looked at it for a minute, as if he was a-looking at a person who he was going to part with forever, and then he tried to hit it, but he could merely drop the weight of his thin fingers on the cords. There was no stroke to his touch at all. He could just barely make a sound, and that was so fine that it appeared to vanish away like the buzz of a fly. It was so dim, that I do n't believe he heard it himself: and he dropped his hand, as if he gave it up. Then he looked at me, as if he understood every thing in the world; and, shaking his head, said: 'It's no use — hang it up, ERN.; I cannot hit it any more!' These were the last words that poor TOM BRIGGS ever spoke.'

'At this, the speaker wiped a tear from his eye: but it did him no discredit; for he had described the death of an Artist, and given the best proof of a Man.'

There can be but one opinion, unless entertained by some person who lacks that noble entrail, a *heart*, as to the simple tenderness and touching pathos of this admirable sketch. - - - WILL the editors of the '*Rockford (Illinois) Standard*' please say to their readers, that the lines entitled '*Death of the First-Born*,' contributed to that journal by a Mr. 'O. H. DUNLAP,' and bearing

his name as the author, were written and printed by, and came from the *heart* of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK? Does this Mr. 'O. H. DUNLAP' circulate in the honest and respectable society of Rockford? If yea, will either a young lady, or her brother, or a family-friend, on some pleasant evening, when the 'gentleman' is making himself very agreeable in the parlor, ask him when and where *he* penned the feeling and beautiful poem which was first placed in type from our twin-brother's manuscript nearly twenty-five years ago? — looking, the while he is making answer, not so much into his eyes, (for *their* expression a literary thief may dissemble,) but at the lines of *his mouth*, which will unfailingly *reveal* him. 'If he do blanch,' (and he *will*), you will 'know your course:' and when he leaves the house, count your spoons. - - - Some recent very effective metropolitan speaker — Dr. ADAMS, if we remember rightly — paid an eloquent tribute the other night to 'two things in country life which he sadly missed in the city:' the *Broad Open Fireplace*, instead of the modern hole in the wall, belching out hot air, and affording only presumptive evidence of fire, and the *Old Barn* of the country: *There* was the meadow-sweet scent of the hay; there was the corn stripped of its over-coat of felt and its under-shirt of silk; and on the sunny-side of that old barn, the sun shone warmer and brighter than any where else: and there the speaker and the cattle 'chewed together the cud of contentment.' 'Just so — yes:' and as we read these remarks, we rolled back the tide of time, shut our eyes, were 'spirited' away into the country, and thought we would make the morning fire, and then go out and feed the cattle. It was a cold morning: but the 'log' was in the fireplace; crowned with the 'back-log,' 'middle-log,' and 'top-stick,' the apex almost 'up-chimley:' the 'fore-stick' lay just inside of the tall brass-topped andirons; two 'middle-sticks,' with 'kindling-wood' and 'chips' were beyond; and upon these arose the superstructure, criss-cross and slanting-wise, of split maple, birch, and hickory, with 'round wood' in the interstices: then the brands, plucked from last night's burning, were raked together under-side; and all at once — Talk of a prairie on fire! — there is *no* fire to compare with such a fire as this: and it comes back to us, this 'cold Monday' in January on which we write, with flame and fervent heat in the very recollection thereof! It was warm on the south-side of the barn, though, when we went out: and the cows in their long shed, eating their sweet-scented hay, 'breathed incense on the morning air;' the sheep were 'huddled in their cotes secure,' and tranquilly feeding: and even the fowls, 'warm as punk,' were clucking and crowing, scratching and picking, among the straw, in the cold air, tempered by the morning sun-shine. Go out on the south-side of your barn, country-reader: enjoy the sights, the sounds, the scents, which there abound; and say whether 'our orator' was right or not, in his praise of the old-fashioned barn-yard. One thing, 'in this connection,' before we close: it is a little curious, that of our most distinguished clergymen, lawyers, the 'professions' generally, merchants, 'men of trade,' etc., nearly all of them came from, or passed their early years in, THE COUNTRY. And when they, or any of them, 'take their pen in hand,' how well they write of it! — simply because they *feel* what they write. Observe, in

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\* SEE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for June, 1834: p. 446.

the following too brief extract, how vividly 'H. H.,' a New-York merchant, right by the side of his 'ledger' of *fortunes*, jots down on a slip of paper, for a Boston journal, (which we are sorry not to be able to name,) a heart-felt reminiscence of '*Thanksgiving in New-England.*' Say not that it is 'out of date:' nature, feeling, gratitude, are *never* 'out of date,' no matter what 'day' may be indicated by the accidental 'Governor' of the time:

'THE corn is husked and piled up in golden ingots in the stilted crib; the potatoes, such as have escaped the rot—that vegetable cholera which defies all quarantine—are dug, selected and put into bins and barrels; the apples gathered, the large and fair ones carefully barreled up, and the gnarly ones ground into cider; the mammoth pumpkins heaped up in the crib, or covered up on the threshing-floor; a good stock of chestnuts, hazelnuts, and shell-barks spread on the garret floor; the black, shining turkeys strutting about with defiant gobbling; brown leaves carpeting the ground; the clear blue sky bending above, and a keen, bracing atmosphere every where around.

'The pleasantest picture memory shows me, is that of a dear, kind grand-mother, as she sat of an autumnal Sabbath morning in the patch-work cushioned chair by the window, alone, save my presence, with the large BIBLE open in her lap, her spectacles lying upon the familiar pages, and she dreamily meditating those divine promises which were so soon and so unexpectedly to become to her divine realities.

'The whole scene has been so often remembered and reviewed, that all the details are as vivid as if it were an occurrence of yesterday. The neatly-scrubbed floor, ignorant of carpet; the tall clock standing like a sentry in his box in the corner, not only calling off the minutes and hours with its slowly-swinging pendulum, but also marking the days of the month, giving the size of the moon, and performing I do n't know how many mechanical wonders: the festoons of dried apple frescoing the ceiling; the green wood sputtering and pretending to burn, in the spacious fire-place; and the gray cat winking and pretending to sleep in the sun on the window-sill. The room was on the south side of the house which stood on the brow of a hill, and from the window you could look down on almost the entire farm, as it lay basking in the sun.'

Keep alive through all life's changes, such reminiscences as these: and above all, forget them not in the winter! - - - OUR readers have heard of the German materialist-lecturer in London, who, as an irrefragable illustration of the fact, that 'ze s'ing zat was *made*, was more superior zan ze *maker*,' cited 'ze *Cooper*,' who could 'make tub of wine zat could hold five zousand gallon,' while he himself 'could not hold more as fives bottel.' Such, then, is the high character of the profession of this preëminent handicraftsman: and this being the case, listen to the manner in which, according to a correspondent, they are treated in a western State of our glorious confederacy: 'The customers of a certain cooper in a town 'out west,' caused him a vast deal of vexation, by their 'saving' habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. 'I stood it, however,' said he, 'until one day old SAM CRABTREE brought in an old '*Bung-Hole*' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quit the business in disgust!' - - - As an example of the *variety* to be found in the '*Memoirs of a Nullifier*,' elsewhere noticed, and as a forcible exposition of the *Immortality of the Soul*, we ask the reader's attention to the subjoined passage: an episode in a conversation ('one night upon the portico, beneath the illuminated heavens, that shed upon the silent earth their seronest light,') between the writer and his 'Second Love:'

'AWAY with the theories of the metaphysicians! The existence and immortality of the soul are things which I believe, because I *feel* them. The CREATOR Himself has impressed a conviction of them upon me. I am aware of the existence of my soul precisely as I am that of my body. I perceive its action even more palpably than that of my corporeal frame; for the latter is usually unobserved, while the former impresses

upon me an incessant consciousness. I *feel* within me an infinite spirit, which acknowledges nothing superior to itself in capacity or duration, except the Omnipotent Power who made it. Surely that Power would not deceive His creatures with vain hopes and ineffectual longings, and can have bestowed upon me the faculties of an angel for nothing less than an eternal purpose.'

In reply to the suggested assertion of certain doubters, that 'matter may be so modified as to produce all the phenomena of mind,' he eloquently exclaims:

'IMPOSSIBLE! Am I to be told that the orations of DEMOSTHENES, the philosophy of NEWTON, the pictures of RAPHAEL, the poetry of MILTON, are nothing more than conceptions of brute matter? Am I to be told that all this passion and thought which animate my frame; these deep transports of hope and fear, and joy and sorrow, and hatred and despair; these lofty aspirations and vast desires—these dreams of the long-gone past and the distant future; these wanderings of imagination through the abysses of infinitude, are all produced by the vibration of a few fibres of brain underneath the skull? Am I to believe that pure Affection, and incorruptible Honor, and heroic Courage, and fervent Piety, and transcendent Genius, have given to them only a momentary existence, and then to sink into the same grave with the frame which they informed with their fire, and to dissolve into the same dust? Do we not feel, in the LOVE which fills our bosoms, a consciousness of a divine effluence, which will survive every thing less durable than heaven and eternity? Who that had a *heart*, ever doubted that he had a *soul*?'

The reader will agree with us, that this is not less beautifully than forcibly set forth: it is NATURE's argument. - - - A FRIEND, writing from Philadelphia, appends to his private note this short 'specification' of a *Proposed 'Air'-Line for a Mississippi Steamer*: 'It not unfrequently happens on the Mississippi River that a dense fog renders it unsafe for a steamer to proceed; and, as you must often have observed on the Hudson, the fog will appear only to rest upon the river like a huge blanket of twenty feet or less in thickness, so that the smoke-pipes and 'top hamper' are in a clear atmosphere. Mr. C——, one of the proprietors of the G—— House, has just returned from New-Orleans, and relates the following: 'On board the steam-boat 'Belfast,' bound from Memphis to New-Orleans, they were, in consequence of one of these fogs, compelled to stop and 'tie up' at a wood-yard. In the course of the evening the fog gave signs of clearing off, and from the upper, or 'hurricane' deck the stars were plainly visible. An impatient passenger forthwith sought the pilot, who was in the saloon in the quiet enjoyment of a game of euchre. 'I say, Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start pretty soon?' 'Yes, as soon as the fog clears up.' 'Well, it's star-light now *over-head*.' 'Oh! yes, but you see we're not going *that way*.' 'Light presently dawned' upon the mind of the befogged inquirer! - - - ONE portion of those for whom prayers are offered up—who 'travel by land'—will be interested in a new invention which our friend Mr. C. A. SMITH, a near neighbor to 'the Cottage,' has constructed and put in operation upon the New-York and Erie Rail-road, at Piermont; and especially will it be of interest to our literary friends, who go about the country, not 'seeking whom they may devour,' but whom they may delight and instruct, by their brilliant lectures: we mean a *Reclining Car*, in which you can sleep as comfortably as in a bed, and at the same time, without the discomfort of

undressing, and *going* to bed: you *recline* upon your couch, and *fall* asleep, without let or hindrance. One very important feature in the invention is, that the common *day-seat* can be converted into the reclining-seat at a very small cost. It is easily moved, at any desired angle, while the passenger is occupying it. It is lighter, stronger, and costs no more than the common day-seat. Passengers can sleep in it without having their muscles strained at all: in fact, they are held as easily as a mother holds her baby in her arms. Moreover, the seat can be so made, that each passenger can have *his* seat reclining, or upright, as he may choose, without interfering with any other passenger. Two cars are fitted up with them on the New-York and Erie Road; and every rail-road traveller is delighted with them: 'so simple and pleasant!' they say. - - - HAVING permitted the 'Young Knicker,' who calls us 'Father,' to have *his* say in our pages, suppose we allow another young gentleman, who calls us, with a familiarity which we are unwilling to rebuke, 'Uncle Louis,' to 'prate' of his *whereabout*, and the 'doings' *thereabout*. He is in the salt-water service of our common Uncle, SAMUEL, in tropical regions, more or less remote from different places named on the several maps of this continent:

'On Wednesday we have 'General Quarters, (in other words, a sham battle,) in order to exercise the men. My position in 'time of action,' is on the quarter-deck with the Captain and First Lieutenant. I am obliged to take notes, and give a full description of the battle: also to act as *aid-de-camp* to the Captain. Every one of our twenty-six guns is manned by the men, and worked in the same manner that they would be in time of war. The Captain and first *Luff* 'fights' the ship: the surgeon spreads his instruments (pretty play-things!) out upon a table in the cock-pit: the decks are all sanded, in order to soak up the blood: \* the marines drawn up in file on the port-side of the quarter-deck. Now the Lieutenants commanding the divisions (of guns) report themselves and division ready for action: the midshipman reports his powder-division 'All ready!' the master reports his sails all prepared: and now we begin. The First Lieutenant gives the order: 'Run out—point to the object—all ready—fire!' In case the enemy attempt to board, or *we* attempt it, the order is: 'Call away pikemen,' on the port or starboard bow, quarter, or midships: they, with the marines, range themselves in a line, and with their long pikes repel boarders. The next order would probably be: 'Call away boarders: Prepare to board: Board:' when two hundred men, with drawn cutlasses and horse-pistols, spring up upon the hammock-nettings, and pretend to board. We sometimes tack ship, or, in case of fire, 'man the pumps,' and 'screw the hose on,' to put the fire out. The Captain may go below, upon the gun-deck, and command a dozen men to fall, as if they were dead: when they are immediately carried below, and the surgeon pretends to take a leg or an arm off. It is very exciting, and causes a good deal of fun.' . . . 'How would you like to have a live monkey up at Cedar-Hill?' There are plenty of them here, and very tame. Our principal sport, in fact, is shooting monkeys and alligators: and I can tell you, Uncle Louis, that roast monkey or monkey pot-pie is not such a bad dish, after all. When a monkey-roast comes on the table whole, it looks very much like a *cooked baby*: but after being in a man-of-war three months, we do n't mind trifles, and can enjoy every thing and any thing.'

\* We have heard the late OGDEN HOFFMAN describe the *reality* of this, when he was a midshipman on board the 'President': saw-dust, however, was used.



'FRED.' need n't send us any monkeys: we are afraid of them. A babooness fell in love with us once, at BARNUM'S Museum: in fact, she became so much attached to us, that it was as much as we could do to get away from the affectionate 'creeper!' 'STIRRUP' was with us. - - - The last '*Report of the Adjutant-General of the State of Maine*' is a remarkable document. Its author may crow over his 'Rosters' and 'Tables,' for they are clear, business-like, and methodical. Architecturally speaking, the General's literary style may be called Corinthian-Gothic, combining the elements of graceful proportion, toploftiness, and branching-out, to a remarkable degree. That was a splendid encampment at Belfast on Bunker-Hill day, when 'peal after peal of *canonade* uttered anew LIBERTY'S booming shout, until the signal-gun announced the hour of rest and *rations*! — when friendly greetings were exchanged, and genial courtesy stood sentinel at every breast, and welcomed the approach of man to man.' Here is a fine sentence: the General *italicizes* like a girl:

'THE fervid heat of the sun had began to wane, and the lengthened shadows told the hour of departing day. The musket was stacked; the *helmet* unclasped, and the cap and plume laid aside; while the burning brow of the soldier welcomed the grateful boon of the evening breeze. At nine o'clock, in a beautiful hall, richly hung with armorial trappings, might be seen the sylph-like forms and fleecy robes of many a *maiden*, who, in the joyousness of youth and beauty, had come to *garland* the assemblage of strong and brave men; and there, 'mid flashing wit and sparkling eyes, was led the mazy *dance* till the unwelcome finger of passing *Time* tapped the small hours, and motioned, away, away!'

The 'crowning glory,' though, was when the 'Kanuck Rifles,' from Montreal came there, and were received by the main military of Maine. It must have been a fine sight: particularly in the evening, when the commissioned officers, with 'a broad margin of the *élite* of the city of both sexes,' paid court to the mayor and his accomplished lady; 'mid flooded gas-light, the incense of refined sentiment, the perfume of rare exotics, the sparkling of leaflets, the dazzling of beauty, and the swayings of fleecy robes.' It was a pretty sight too, at Bangor-encampment, that August morning, when 'the sun from his eastern *lair* threw aside the sable curtain of the night, and rose in majesty above the misty, foggy vapors that crept in stealthy silence along the waters of the Penobscot,' while, 'mid flashing swords and waving plumes,' Division-Major JAMESON, with 'an eye whose eagle-glance detected both light and shade,' inspected the brigade: a pretty good eye, the Major's; but not so good as Captain SWETT's, who 'showed fire enough in *one* eye to melt down a six-pounder at a glance!' Powerful eye, *that*! The brilliant day had an end, howbeit: and 'the brooding night-bird had scarcely fluttered from her leafy covert, when the booming of artillery announced the dawning of *another* day' of military glory, which closed without 'the slightest *tint* of disorder.' When such officers as TITCOMB, and HOGDON, and SWETT, and VEAZIE, and HIGGINS, and LUDDEN, and NORCROSS, and VIRGIN, vie with each other on the tented field, shall not an Adjutant-General, in whom the martial spirit predominates, be pardoned a little historical highfalutination, in recording their praises? 'Else wherefore breathe we in a 'Trainin' Land?' Yet has this officer been supplanted, and dismissed to private life! Such is the gratitude of republics: such, especially, the gratitude of the State of Maine! - - - 'Coming down the New-York and Erie Rail-road one day, in the 'caboose' of a freight-train,' writes a western wag,

'I witnessed the birth of an impromptu pun, which is hereby offered for rescue from the oblivion of a great many better things, perhaps. A young clergyman came on board in great distress: he had been robbed — wallet, money, papers, *all* gone: and he was 'a stranger in a strange land.' He *must* go on; but *how*, he knew not. Providentially, almost the first man he met in the 'caboose' was an old acquaintance, a drover from the West, who was passing down with a lot of cattle. His disaster was soon explained, and he seemed much relieved by finding one who could substantiate his story, in part at least. By-and-by the conductor came around: but with a wave of the hand, and an 'All right,' declined even to hear the story of the minister. And the minister in turn appealed to the drover for an explanation. 'Why,' said 'old Onio,' *this* is it: you see, I am entitled to carry so much '*freight*,' and being short of my complement, I jest told the conductor he might 'count you in,' as so much of my stock!' 'Well, well!' said 'his reverence,' 'I really feel *transported* by the arrangement!' This little circumstance reminds us of a somewhat kindred occurrence, which promised to be much more *serious* in its consequences than it was, although it was not a clergyman who was the 'party,' but an intelligent and accomplished young lady, not yet quite 'out of her 'teens,' the daughter of an old friend, residing in one of the charming rural villages upon the eastern bank of the Hudson. She was travelling abroad, under the charge of a gentleman, an old friend of her family, Mr. L —, whose brother was the widely-popular captain of one of our noble steam packet-ships. They had been on a visit to Wales, and were on their way to London 'by rail.' Every thing to be seen was new to Mr. L — and the fair lady-traveller: and at a certain station, the name of which we have forgotten, the former stepped from the train, to look around for a single moment, upon objects of architecture or of scenery which had attracted his 'passing' curiosity or admiration. While he was gazing around, a second train arrived, upon another track, and in a moment was off again toward London. It was *his* train which was 'off,' bearing his fellow-traveller far from his protection, into the heart of London at night — like a drop of water into that vast ocean of humanity! In the mean time, the conductor had waited upon her: she told her simple story to apparently doubting or worse-hearing ears: a little pocket-money was all she had, which did not suffice for her fare: but she repelled his insinuations; desired to be directed to a hotel, near the great central station in London, and there she would await the arrival of the next train, or *some* intelligence from her involuntarily-'absquatulated' protector. Her decision and manner secured her this attention: the chamber-maid of the hotel showed her to a room, with a comfortable fire: the lady confirmed her story, by a-king the maid to take a beautiful lady's watch which was on her person, which the girl did, and placed it in a drawer of a bureau in the room, which she locked: brought her up a cup of tea, (which found her reclining on a sofa, in a flood of tears,) and — a telegraphic despatch, stating that the missing gentleman would arrive by the coming train, which he did, half-crazed with fear and anxiety. The 'weather cleared up' immediately, if not sooner, thereafter! - - - THE following notice of a recent work from the pen of Hon. R. G. HAZARD, of Rhode-Island,\* proceeds from

\* ESSAY ON LANGUAGE, AND OTHER PAPERS. By ROWLAND G. HAZARD. In one Volume: pp. 348. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

the pen of an accomplished and experienced critic: and in a terse and comprehensive manner will set the exact character of the work before our readers:

'I RECEIVED, and have read the volume you had the kindness to send me, and am greatly pleased with its contents. You have not over-rated the work. It is one of singular merit, combining a depth and originality of thought seldom excelled. I am particularly pleased with the essay on *'Language.'* The author has, unconsciously to himself, perhaps, furnished a happy illustration of his peculiar theory, in the great fact that he has thrown around a dry metaphysical disquisition a drapery of style so attractive as to captivate our imagination while he convinces our judgment. This is an excellence rarely attained by our American authors. Most writers, in treating upon metaphysical subjects, fall into the error of a prosy and labored style, rejecting every thing like ornament, throwing away every idea and every word that does not bear directly upon the theory, the truth of which they seek to establish; or into that other error of sacrificing to redundancy of ornament the logic which should compel conviction. In the one case, they tire us by their dry matter-of-fact efforts at demonstration; and in our weariness we forget their premises before arriving at their conclusions; and in the other, we are so dazzled by their rhetoric that we over-look what there may be of demonstration in their argument. Few men are capable of being at once logical and imaginative. The author of this work combines these rare excellencies; and he carries us along with him in his argument, while a genial sun-light and fragrant flowers are all around us. We feel the force of his logic, while we admire the brilliancy of his genius.

'I am the better prepared, perhaps, to be pleased with the work, because I find embodied in it many things that have had a vague and shadowy existence in my own mind. Those things, which to me were dim and unsubstantial fancies, the author has made tangible creations, living entities: has given to dreamy thoughts proportion, form and beauty.

'In saying that I am especially pleased with the essay on *'Language,'* I by no means intend to be understood as not appreciating the other portions of the work. It is, to use a modern but much abused phrase, an exceeding *'clever'* book; in my judgment, far above the average of those by which the country is at present flooded. If it be true, as the editor states, that it was written at intervals snatched from a business which demanded so much of the author's energies and time, it is to be hoped that he may have secured enough of this world's goods to enable him hereafter to give up the hot pursuit of dollars, for the quieter, and one would suppose more congenial, pursuits of literature. MAMMON is too often a stern, hard master; demanding a granite nature, and a heart void of human sympathies in those who would prosper in his service, or be favored at his shrine. He hates literature, contemns science, and places his iron heel in contempt upon genius. He demands practicalities; deals only in the dry logic of facts. The jingle of dollars is pleasanter to him than the music of the spheres, and the ring of gold more enchanting to his dull ears than the harps of angels. The wonder, therefore, is, that this author should not only have ventured upon a book, but should have succeeded in making one so full of interest, while in the service of a tyrant so exacting, and whose rule is one of iron.'

A well-deserved tribute. - - - JUDGE F —, of our State, (as we gather from our correspondent *'LOON,'* also known as *'IRON-POINT,'*) who has attained much eminence both as a jurist and a legislator, was, while a law-student, as much noted for his taste in dress and address, as for his proficiency in the *role* of a neophyte lawyer. He was rather small, and sported a pair of legs which afforded little *'visible means of support'* to the rest of his corporeal machinery. At that time, tight-breeches, silk stockings, and broad shoe-buckles, were as much in vogue as are any of the distinctive features of modern dress, in this our day: and a young lawyer must be *'in fashion,'* of course: so our embryo Judge *'went it,'* to the admiration

of all the belles, and the envy of all the beaux of the village. But what a 'rig' for such a pair of legs! So thought every body: so thought SAM JONES, a quizzical old corn-husker, who resided in an adjoining town, and came into the village only as 'occasion' might require. On a drizzly November day, one of these same 'occasions' came around: and SAM harnessed up a famine-struck pair of nags, and made headway toward his destination, as fast as circumstances would permit. He had a light load of corn-stalks; and entering the village with many a thwack and 'yell' at his imperturbable team, he attracted the attention of all who happened to be passing. Among the rest, F —, the law-student aforesaid, was 'out,' and tripping rather daintily along the pave. JONES saw him, while he was yet a great way off: and as the twain approximated each other, the old rope-lines were hauled very 'taut,' and the nags made to stand, as if 'pointing' game, or as if about to perform a military salute. 'I say, stranger,' said JONES. 'Well, Sir, *what?*' replied the student. 'Oh! ah! nothing,' continued JONES: 'only, please be a little kecerful of them Legs, as they mought scare my hosses, and ——' 'Blast your impudence!' interposed the 'counsel on the other side,' as he 'passed down' and beyond the merry echoes of those who happened to hear the colloquy. 'A good while ago, now;' but true, nevertheless. - - - 'WHAT the other life may be to me,' says an eloquent divine of our time, whom we regret that we are not able to name, 'I know not; but *this* I know and feel: I shall awake in God's likeness, and see HIM as he is:' and out of very longing, I hear HIM say: 'O thirsty, hungry soul, come to ME!' This exquisite illustration follows:

'If a child had been born, and spent all of his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! Parents might tell him of its life, and light, and beauty, and its sounds of joy: they might heap up the sand into mounds, and try to show him, by stalactites, how grass, and flowers, and trees grow out of the ground; till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land. And yet, though he longed to behold it, when the day came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals and rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But when he came up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens, bright and blue, and full of sun-light, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a-glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings and the interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and lived without: and how he would wonder that he could ever have regretted to leave the silence and dreary darkness of his old abode! So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where spring-growths are, and where is eternal summer, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!'

Is there *not* a 'Better Land?' - - - THERE is no 'divided duty,' nor 'counsel,' let us say to 'U. P. S.,' of Boston, in *this* department of the KNICKERBOCKER. The senior EDITOR's pen and judgment, such as they are, are alone responsible for what appears in the 'EDITOR's TABLE.' 'U. P. S.'s lines were accepted, and will appear, by-and-by, in this capacious and all-swallowing receptacle: but can we find place for 'every thing at once?' Rome, in Italy, formerly quite a thickly-

settled place, was not built in a day. - - - THE 'selfacting' principle of a well-known incubative invention of our own, has been infringed in the '*Plan to Keep Babies Quiet*,' for which a patent is now being applied for at Washington, by some scheming old bachelor. The following is the 'working specification:'

'As soon as the sweet little creature awakes and begins to squall, set it up in bed, propped up by a pillow, if it can't sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses: then put half-a-dozen feathers into its hands, and it will at once commence picking the feathers from one hand to the other, until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again, more molasses and feathers should be applied immediately; and in place of the nerve-astounding yells of the little dear, there will be a sweet and calm silence, producing the most profound enjoyment and rapturous domestic felicity. A tea-cup with molasses can be kept at the head of the bed, in a stand-drawer, ready for use. Syrup is said to be preferable to common molasses.'

The desiderated patent cannot be obtained: we have interposed a *peccavest* for signature or contestation. - - - MR. B. C. RODD, of Barnstaple Manor, Five-Dock, Sydney, South-Wales, however 'well known as a lawyer' in that distant region, (let us say in all courtesy to our Australian correspondent, 'LEVITICUS,') can never be *well* known there, or any where else, as a poet, if his lines, '*The Widow*,' are to be taken as an example of his rhyming powers. The slip from the '*Sydney Morning Herald*,' of the fourth September, 1858, the criticism of 'CLEARCHUS,' of the fifth, and the letter of 'LEVITICUS,' of the seventh, reached us only a week before 'this present writing.' Here you have 'time and distance' on a large scale! No wonder that CHARLES LAMB wrote to his London friend in Australia: 'Our old friend TOM H — has gone to France: you remember *France*?' And, when you think of it, he *was* nearly far enough off to make him forget a *country*, but a friend — never! - - - 'I SAY BRE-OWN,' said one English cockney the other morning, looking over the top of a daily paper at a fellow-'Brumagemer,' 'I say, is n't this raäther saltay? This is the way they *Jump a Town Scite*' in Superiaw City, faw west: 'Almost every other man has an axe upon his shoulder and some women!' 'Embeg! — caän't be, do n't ye see? 'Superiaw City!' — I should *think* so: and superiaw *people* to jump over it too, with most extrawordinary luggage!' - - - AMONG recent publications, the receipt of which we hereby acknowledge, and notices of some of which are now in type, are the following: '*Journal of the Seventy-Fifth Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New-York*,' including the excellent 'Annual Address' of our good Bishop, POTTER: '*Memoir of Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge*,' which deserves, and shall receive, let us hope, adequate review at our hands; with TICKNOR AND FIELDS' last issues of their beautiful yet wonderfully cheap '*Household Edition of the Waverley Novels*;' an enterprise which deserves all its large and largely-increasing popularity. We have also received the subjoined recent books: 'The Queen's Domain:' 'Shells,' etc.: 'Jubilee at Mont St. MARY'S:' 'From the Poor-House to the Pulpit:' with others, which we mention not now, because we hope to allude to them more particularly hereafter. In this category, too, is much original Music, embracing some three or four pieces from three or four friends and correspondents, which await examination and 'practice,' by 'the Girls.'







Saml Byrd

ghosts, we have reason for believing, that even as the fugitive valet sometimes wears his master's shirts, and, in order to be consistent, assumes his master's name; so there is here and there an instance of spectral dishonesty. We once knew a man of an excitable temperament who observed in his wrath that if his enemy did not, upon his demise, go to a certain hot place, there was no need of the hot place at all; and if our great ones, after long residence in the Elysian Fields, make no improvement, why, all we can say is, that it is very discreditable to the Fields aforesaid. For, if people who never talked nonsense while living, can talk nothing but nonsense when dead, would it not be quite as well to hush up the matter, out of respect at least for the feelings of surviving friends? Is there any thing in death which should make a Dr. Sangrado of Abernethy, a Pistol of the Duke of Wellington, a bad poet of Tom Campbell, a bad lawyer of Story, a dotard and driveller of John Quincy Adams? 'There are some things,' said Mr. Chief-Justice Marshall to a young lawyer who was descanting at great length, 'which the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States of America may be supposed to know.' So there are some things which the illustrious departed may be supposed to remember. If the shade of Dr. Hall is 'upon the table,' it should certainly know something of the reflex action of the nerves, and yet we will wager our largest ink-stand against a goose-quill, that if we were to treat ourselves to half-a-dollar's worth of conversation with that eminent man, merely calling upon him as a 'Doctor,' we should get something like the following: 'Heal thyself! Nature is dual, but spirits are one. Digestion and nutrition are harmonized by absorbent concomitants, and the sentient system is solidified by the neutral elements. The patient is suffering from the fact that the cardiac sphincter is pressing upon the bile. Let him take the medicine prescribed by the medium and all may yet be well;' in short, we should get fifty cents' worth of the nonsense and a big bottle of nastiness, but not a word about nervous action. So if we should treat ourselves in these disjointed times to a dollar's worth of Daniel Webster, whose advice would be worth the money if we could get it, we should learn that 'the governmental function is above the sympathetic soul-power of the mortal, and resides in the infinite yearnings of the harmonial correlatives.' If distracted by this Cumæan utterance, we indulged ourselves in five shillings' worth of Fisher Ames, we should be told that 'the functional government is below the powerful sympathy of the immortal, and the harmonial correlatives render the yearnings of the soul infinite'—a stock of information upon which Jefferson Brick himself would not think of running for Congress in the most benighted county of Indiana. If we prodigally determined to relieve our mental distraction by the charms

of a little poetry by Sam Rogers, or Homer, or Béranger, or Schiller, we should be informed that

‘THE governmental function  
Is o’er the sympathetic soul,  
And the yearnings all harmonial  
Extend from pole to pole.’

Thus it is; the spirits all talk the same jargon and repeat the same cabalistic nonsense. You call for Sir Isaac Newton, and you find that he has forgotten all about the pippin and gravitation; La Place does not know a planet from an asteroid; the readers of *The New York Ledger* are more familiar with the circulation of the blood than Harvey; Malte Brun would talk of the sea-coast of Bohemia, and Euler be unable to distinguish a positive from a negative quantity. For an illuminated set, the spirits seem to be wonderfully fond of the baldest generalities and the safest possible nonsense.

A folly merely intellectual, or a pretension appealing simply to human credulity, must be self-limited in its duration. The world has witnessed the rise, culmination, and decay of a thousand delusions; and as fools have always existed, so fools will always exist. Men who are afraid to die, and who are told by those who are ‘properly informed,’ that they must die, will swallow what Faust calls ‘electuaries satanic.’ Those who are weary of wholesome, intellectual restraint will betake themselves to revolt and protest. Men who find their condition one of chronic impecuniosity, see a saviour in St. Simon or Fourier. Men who think that the circle can be squared, will end, of course, by squaring it. But when a folly becomes epidemical — when emerging from the closet of the arch-quack, it begets whole societies of quacklings — when it is cultivated and nurtured, not for any possible inherent pleasure which it may possess, but for some concomitant license — we may be sure that Satan is especially busy. To sit solemnly around a table; to stimulate the furniture into antic activity; to provoke audible thumps from sightless knuckles, to witness the spasmodic penmanship of a chirographic, and to listen to the nonsensical ejaculations of a loquacious, medium, may be amusement for a time. But those who are deluded, soon need novelty, and a novelty is always at hand for their jaded palates. Five years ago, simple knocking was sufficient; and since that time, how have the paraphernalia and circumstances of the nonsense been multiplied? There have been queer grafts indeed upon the original vibratory ‘mahogany-tree.’ A mere rat-tat once frightened the souls of the simple very comfortably; but now the tabular vehicle must ring like an anvil with what we may call after Jamie Thomson, ‘the sounding gammon;’ living fingers must be pressed by dead ones; reams upon reams of fair and honest paper must be smirched by spider-like hieroglyphics. The appetite for the

simple super soon grows into an appetite for the super-supernatural; and the original tea of the tipping-table must have a dash of brandy in it to make it palatable. A votary of the gloomy science, who was well contented with his grand-mother's ghost at first, becomes so fastidious at last that he will have nothing to do with any body less than 'General Washington in full regimentals.' The mind, fevered by constant stimulants, drilled to systematic skepticism, and accustomed to find its daily diversion in a deception which it is too feeble to resist, and which it half-suspects, until all vigor is gone and the whole intellectuality debauched, is eager for new forms of protest against human faith and knowledge, against logic, ratiocination, and evidence, against whatsoever is lovely and reputable. It would be a recompense, or at least a palliation, if all this folly could remain harmless, but the great Ancestor of Falsehood is too cunning for that; and the result is, that some Aldiborontocophoscophornio, who began by bewitching his neighbors' tables ends by debauching his neighbor's wife, under the patronage with the sanction and possibly by the concurrent advice of the shades of Lucretia and Scipio.

Not many years ago, a vagabond charlatan, the author of a thick book full of stupendous stupidity, and of filthy innuendoes as palpable as he dared, with a wholesome fear of the Grand Jury, to make them, persuaded sundry people in a little Massachusetts city, that he had invented a machine for the generation of spirits at will. At the expense of his dupes, whose pockets were fuller than their heads, he constructed his apparatus, which consisted of two lightning-rods, a dozen cog-wheels of no possible use, and a galvanic battery. Without entering into indecent detail, we cannot tell the reader of the monstrous mummeries which this vile quack performed. He managed to make a most noisome noise for a while; but when we last saw his apparatus, it had been thrown helter-skelter into a cellar, and did not appear to us at that time to be engaged in any manufacture of the spiritual or other sort. The wonderful projector had departed upon some new mission; but he left the poor people by the ears — and very long ones they were — behind him. He did more. He left behind him a plague of prurience, an ingrained indecency, a doubt of female virtue, which was not altogether baseless, a general skepticism, and a fat field for any future adventurer. And thus it will ever be. The frivolity and folly of the table-tipping in decent domestic drawing-rooms, find their legitimate projection in the brazen sensuality of Berlin Heights.

Now, we are not needlessly suspicious; we are not, we trust, uncharitable; we have no virtue to make a parade of. But there are certain old-fashioned institutions, certain musty notions, certain well-beloved prejudices, certain venerable human feelings, which we do not care to abandon upon the demand of any mountebank or madman.



We figure to ourselves some happy human home, with fire-light flickering upon the walls and love-light gleaming from innocent faces; some home made comely by culture and rounded domestic graces; some home in which every uttered word is a benediction; some home guarded by the strong and graced by the beautiful; some home in which the exuberance of joy and the exultation of prosperity have been chastened by Death, which came so ruthlessly, and carrying away one dear one, left behind a thousand tender memories throbbing in the heart or trembling upon the lips; some Christian home in which the best beloved names are spoken in reverential whispers, and which has nothing this side the tomb to love half so well as the dear treasures *there!* And as we compare this scene of love, of purity, of hope, and of faith with the ideal home of a half-witted reformer, who has begun his beautiful work by abolishing the marriage relation; who has bawled upon the house-tops and in hot lecture-rooms the right of every woman to choose the father of her own offspring; who while he is building, stickles for the inestimable privilege of demolishing at will, his own structure; who is fierce for unlimited divorce, and truculent for the right to be coarse and sensual and filthy, we feel with what wisdom and with what exquisite instinct man has founded the noblest of human institutions. And more than all, we feel how unspeakably heartless is that consummate quackery which would, for its own selfish purposes, tear open wounds which time was just rendering easier of endurance, and with gross familiarity babble names of the loved and lost and longed-for; which would take a coarse advantage of the helplessness of bereavement, and play, for its own purposes, with the soul shorn of its strength for a time by a great sorrow. The wisdom of that Providence which ordains a separation from the well-beloved for a time, to be followed by a union for eternity, grievous as it may be to the heart, smiling as it does, though all vainly, at the foundations of faith, and making us, in the paroxysm of a new grief, defiant of the OMNIPOTENT HAND, is very clear to the reason and very beautiful in the light of Revelation. Modern spiritualism utterly vulgarizes the holiest of God's dispensations. It seeks to tear away the curtain drawn by the CREATOR. It creates for itself a heaven coarser than the paradise of Mohammed, more terrestrial than the future world of the most sensual savage; a heaven of earthly tastes, passions, avocations, and enjoyments; a heaven to be continually abandoned, at the call of any necromancer, for a new participation in the low pursuits and half-blind glimpses and unsatisfactory pleasures of this lower life. Who that has read what is called a Spiritual Book, has not closed it with hurrying disgust, at its tawdry attempts to depict the scenes which no eye has witnessed, to rehearse the sounds which no ear has heard, and to reveal the joys which the heart cannot conceive. The heaven of the spiritualist is like the flash-

ing foil-scene of a minor theatre—an enchantment of paint, a glory of gilding, an utter and repulsive materiality of splendor. The inhabitants of Spirit-Land dance in short tunics, play upon wind-instruments, are let down from the flies, or come up through trap-doors. The quintessence of spiritualism is spectacular. Mr. Jackson Davis manages his heaven as Mr. Burton would manage his theatre. His book is like the 'Programme' of 'Blue Beard' or 'The Invisible Prince.' These revelations, verbally imposing as they may be, never transcend the low resource of adjectives. You will search through them in vain for one strong metaphor, for one beautiful comparison, for a trace of even the minor idealism of Behmen or of Fox. The immortals eat and drink, dance and chat, sail in boats, live in houses, ride in coaches, attend lectures, and write discourses like mortals, and like very ordinary mortals, into the bargain. To the man of the commonest taste, and of the least possible culture worthy of the name, the heaven of Mr. Davis would not be worth asking for, would be something to be shunned, as with prayers and with tears the pure and aspiring of the earth have shunned another and a lower region; a heaven like that of the Harz Mountains on a Walpurgis Night, with Old Baubo riding upon a farrow sow, and Sir Urian presiding over all; a heaven full of 'Children of this World,' of dancers and dancing-masters, of dogmatists and idealists and realists and supernaturalists, 'clever ones' and 'bunglers' and 'skeptics,' of 'jack-o'-lanterns' and 'shooting stars,' with Puck for prime minister, and an orchestra playing *dolce pianissimo*. From such scenes of wild folly or frantic revel, we might well desire to recall our lost ones.

But reason and faith give us a nobler support in our sorrow, and a surer solace for the dread moment of separation. The first assures us of a future state, which can be no idle reproduction of the present; no flat, stale repetition of terrestrial experience. To leave the earth for these, would be to take with us the jaded appetites and the worn-out bodies of the flesh, the passions which here tormented, the doubts which here vexed, the sorrows which here distracted us; and to leave behind us, alas! forever, the consolations and the hopes which mitigated the rigors of our mortal discipline. And that great gap which Reason cannot bridge, may we not pass it upon the wings of Faith? Have we changed all our relations with the Infinite? Is there to be nothing left to us of filial and unquestioning trust in the Great FATHER of us all, of that trust in His infinite goodness and mercy which has made sorrow sweet, and suffering pleasant, and the sundering of our heart-strings endurable; which has strengthened the soul of the martyr in his dungeon or upon his bed of steel; which has restrained the arrogance of the profoundest philosophy, tempered the exultation of the mightiest intellect, chastened the noblest poetry, and ennobled the loftiest daring of the world?

## DANTE FROM THE MODERN POINT OF VIEW.\*

WE must probably in truth confess that our America has not yet added one genius of the highest grade to the few master-spirits in the empire of song, and that whilst in practical affairs we have made our mark on the world through rulers like Washington and inventors like Franklin, we have not thus far produced a poet who has done for us what Homer did for Greece, Virgil for Rome, Dante for Italy, Shakspeare for England, and Goethe and Schiller for Germany. We, however, make up for our deficiency, by giving a hospitable home and a cordial hearing to the poets of every land; and whilst the leading bards of England have probably more readers here than in their native country, we are by no means indifferent to the minstrels of other tongues, whose verse is familiar to thousands of our people in the original, and to tens and hundreds of thousands of them by popular translations. The American desires to know the thoughts of the great poets of the human race, not only on account of his characteristic inquisitiveness and excitability, but from the cosmopolitan disposition that claims the whole world as its own, and is quite as willing to annex to our intellectual empire the whole domain of literature, as to play the fillibuster in Mexico or Nicaragua. If Helicon itself could be taken by a band of literary freebooters, some Yankee adventurer would surely organize the expedition; and nothing would flatter our national pride more, than winning the prize at the World's Exhibition for poetry and eloquence, as well as for safety-locks and reaping-machines. We take some comfort to ourselves, therefore, in calling attention, through a popular magazine, to one of the greatest poets of the human race, who is of all others least known to our people, believing that we shall have from the general ear a hearty and candid hearing, such as is not always given by the scholastic, and too often the pedantic circle of professed critics. Our readers who know and honor the names of Italians like Columbus, Americus Vespucius, Galileo, and Alfieri, will not refuse to follow us in some rapid, yet by no means careless sketches of the man who is the father not only of Italian poetry, but of our whole modern literature.

\* DANTE'S LEREN UND WERKE. Kulturgeschichtlich dargestellt von Dr. FRANZ X. WEGELE, Ausserordentlicher Professor an der Universität zu Jena. Jena, 1852.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. By Count CESARE BALBO. Translated from the Italian, by F. J. BUNBURY. Two Volumes. London, 1852. RICHARD BENTLEY.

ŒUVRES POSTHUMES DE F. LAMENNAIS. La Divine Comédie de DANTE ALIGHIERI, précédée d'une Introduction. Paris, 1855. Three Volumes, 8vo.

DANTE. Studien Von F. CHR. SCHLOSSER. Leipzig, 1855.

Before the vestibule of our modern civilization, at once the last of the ancients and the first of the moderns in the empire of letters, stands a majestic figure whom we all know well by sight, and ought to know better by heart. Wherever we meet his portrait, no matter who may be the artist or what the form or merit of the work, we never mistake the familiar features; always the same long dark visage, high cheek-bones, projecting under-lip, aquiline nose, and large piercing eyes; always the same union of pride and sensibility, strength and delicacy in the expression. He is generally represented crowned with laurel, in strange contrast with his sad countenance, as if Gethsemane had thrown upon his features its shadow, and Parnassus had put upon his head its crown. The most impressive of all portraits of him, is the Torrigiani bust at Florence, said to have been modelled from a cast taken immediately after death. Its majesty and sweetness show forth the rival powers that struggled for the mastery in his nature until sorrow and death reconciled them. The Roman Eagle and the Christian Dove there meet together, and the eagle, subdued by the dove, has learned a holier and a higher flight. That face is a compend of ages of history, and a prophecy of ages to be.

We confess that the greatness of the subject is almost oppressive, and that we have felt not a little alarmed at the presumption of undertaking to treat it in one or two articles, so vast is the circle of literature to be consulted, and so various are the opinions of critics as to the mind and temper of the man. Dante's own works could be easily printed in one stout octavo, yet the mere catalogue of treatises written upon their meaning or their merits — the 'Bibliografia Dantesca' of M. de Batines, recently completed — occupies two folios amounting to nearly twelve hundred pages. Able men have differed singularly in their estimate of his leading purpose. According to Foscolo and Rosetti, he is to be regarded as the great Protestant radical of his time, even more daring and destructive than Luther in his assaults upon the papal creed and throne, while men of equal judgment and calmer temper, like Ozanam and Lyell, have looked upon him as limiting his assaults to the temporal power of the Popes, and leaving untouched the Catholic theology. Until lately, Catholic writers have been very anxious to vindicate his orthodoxy, and the Jesuit commentators took no little pains to disguise or explain away his assaults upon Rome; but lately the new Romish zeal has lost patience with the daring poet, and indignant at his irreverence toward ghostly authorities, is evidently trying to read him out of the Church, while the freer party are disposed to enlist his aid in their work of reform. Thus, of two works just published in France upon Dante, the one by Aroux, dedicated to the Pope, brands Dante as a heretic, a revolutionist, and a socialist; while the other, posthumous, from the pen of the famous Abbe Lamennais,



recognizes him as a fervent Catholic in creed, yet utterly hostile to the temporal dominion and grasping policy of Rome. Our English contemporaries have differed quite as widely in their views of the spirit and worth of the man. Leigh Hunt says that Dante's great poem was 'written to vent the spleen of his exile, and the rest of his feelings, good and bad, and to reform Church and State by a spirit of resentment and obloquy which highly needed reform itself;' while his last, and perhaps best English translator, Dr. Carlyle, calls Dante's poem 'the sincerest, the strongest, and warmest utterance that had ever come from any human heart since the time of the old Hebrew prophets.'

Prominent critics have equally differed as to his literary position, and he has been held up by one party as a dreamy allegorist, who evaporated his common-sense and practical experience into visionary abstractions, and lost himself in the clouds, while another party make him out to be a love-sick fanatic who thought only of himself, his loves and his hates, and immortalized his egotism in song. Amid such a wilderness of authorities and diversity of opinions, we propose to treat of Dante but from a single point of view, and shunning all controversy, to set forth his worth to our common humanity.

Dante, the poet, as a man of his time, and for all times, this is our thesis, and it has not by any means become trite, notwithstanding the host of criticisms upon the great Tuscan. It is only recently that he has been duly regarded in his connections with the history of humanity. The admirable work of Wegele inaugurates a new era in the philosophical study of Dante, and in connection with Lamennais's magnificent, although occasionally inexact Introduction, with Balbo's minute but not very brilliant Biography, and Schlosser's rich and suggestive though too laconic studies, leaves little to be desired by any earnest mind that wishes to know what the poet actually was in himself, and what he meant by his poem. To Wegele more than to any other critic, we are indebted for our knowledge of Dante, and for our sense of the greatness of his mission. Our aim is to give as fair an idea of that mission as our limits will allow, and we are willing to purchase simplicity at the cost of ambition.

Italy, in the thirteenth century, was the centre of Christendom alike in position and influence. In the year 1265, when Dante was born, Rome took the last ascending step in her temporal dominion, and Clement IV. completed the mighty work which Hildebrand had planned. A new age for Italy then began, and the expulsion of the Hohenstaufens from Naples, which so crippled the influence of Germany over the Roman States, opened the way for a freer development of Italian thought and speech. Thus, when the father of Italian literature was born, the age began to call for a commanding mind to lead in the new empire of letters, now destined to rise upon the site of the



old imperial thrones. Cæsar, Charlemagne, Hildebraud, these men had made Italy famous by their sceptres, and their names are the history of ages. The child who first saw the light of day in the house of the lawyer Alighiero in Florence, in 1265, was in his own way to write his name by the side of theirs; to build his temple over their palaces and tombs, perhaps to make up his crown from the fragments of theirs. His birth was sixty-three years before that of our own Chaucer, and we are ready to follow his career with interest, because he leads the new literature in which the mind of our mother country was so soon to put forth its own creative power, and give our noble language to the new dispensation of tongues. It is an interesting fact, that the English tongue has not been unmindful of its debt to its great precursor, and already seven complete translations have been published in English, and as many additional translations of the 'Inferno.' America does not repudiate her share of the debt, and one publishing-house has sold yearly some two thousand copies of their illustrated edition of Carey's translation, and another house has published large editions of Carlyle's version of the 'Inferno.' \*

Let us consider, at the outset, the principal influences which prepared Dante for his work, that we may then estimate the nature and power of that work. We regard the period of his preparation as comprising the first thirty-five years of his life; for within that time, he went through the various discipline which made him a poet of the human race, without a superior, if with a rival.

The first stage of his discipline was but little accordant with the solemn grandeur of his genius. At a May-Day party given by Folco Portinari, the boy Dante, then at the close of his ninth year, met his host's daughter Beatrice, a graceful and delicate child, who seems to have been one of those rare little creatures whose beauty comes more from an indwelling loveliness than from mere form or feature, and so

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\* We print a full list of English versions of DANTE:

The Divina Commedia, by Rev. HENRY BOYD, A.M., 1802. Three vols. 8vo.

" " Rev. FRANCIS CARY, A.M., 1806. Two vols.

" " Rev. ICEABOD WRIGHT, 1845. Three vols.

" " P. BANNERMAN, 1850. One vol.

" " Rev. E. O'DONNELL, 1852. One vol.

" " FREDERICK POLLOCK, 1858. One vol. 8vo.

" " C. B. CATLEY, B.A., 1851-5. Four vols. 16mo.

The Inferno, by BOYD, 1785. Two vols. 8vo.

" " CHARLES ROGERS, 1782. 4to.

" " NATHANIEL HOWARD, 1807. Two vols. 12mo.

" " JOSEPH HUME, 1812. 8vo.

" " I. DAYMAN, 1843. Two vols. 8vo.

" " T. A. CARLYLE, (prose,) 1848. 8vo.

" " BROOKSBANK, 1854. 8vo.

Ten Cantos. T. W. PARSONS, Boston. To be followed by the entire Inferno.

to belong less to self than to God. Boccaccio says that by many she was reputed a little angel. Bice, as she was then called familiarly, was but eight years old, and of course knew nothing of the impression she was making upon the thoughtful boy at her side. Nor did the boy Dante know how much of his destiny depended upon that interview. Numberless volumes have been written upon their relation to each other, and she has been regarded by some as a mere coquette who kept the sensitive poet in constant torment, and by others as but an ideal creature with whose sweet name he chose to baptize his abstract philosophy. A little common-sense added to the obvious facts of the case, will help us through the difficulty. Dante's nature was profoundly sensitive to all beauty, and needed only an adequate object to interpret it to himself. He was to enter the temple of God by the gate called Beautiful, and this lovely child was the good angel that led him thither. Her face went with him when he crossed the threshold, and haunted him ever in the inmost shrine. The romantic, chivalrous character of the age combines with the obvious principle of association to explain something of her power over him during her life-time; but we must look deeper for the explanation of that influence upon his mature convictions which culminated after her death. We must remember that his intellect was essentially religious, always earnest to ascend from facts to ideas, and to connect every earthly experience with a providential purpose. His love was too great a fact of his experience to be left out of his religious creed, and it was transfigured into a part of his religion. Who will wonder at the transformation? Dante, like all poetic natures, ascribed the power which was developed within his own genius to the object that first awakened it. One of our own poets has said of his own dear departed child:

'AND the light of the heaven she's gone to  
Transfigures her golden hair.'

To Dante's solemn and intense mind, the light of the heaven of Beatrice transfigured his own life as well as hers, and threw its marvellous rays over the whole drama of humanity. She was the pure, sparkling fountain that broke the white, invisible light of his soul into prismatic splendor at its dawning, and through the burden and the heat of the day he bore with him that fair morning vision.

Some readers may think us near maudlin sentimentalism in these words. Whenever a man shows any eccentricity that borders on hallucination, it is very easy and very common to explain it, by saying that he is love-cracked; and there are many wiseacres who will regard enthusiasm for a horse or a dog as far less derogatory to good sense than the least trace of romantic devotion to some cherished type of true womanhood. Some theologians, who are quite ready to believe that a poor soul in search of divine light may find it in the petals of

some sweet little flower, or in the study of the bones of the human hand, will yet begin to hunt for the soft place in the seeker's head, the moment it is suspected that any form of feminine loveliness tints the seeker's dreams of heaven. Yet daily life may be on the poet's side, and frequently shows us that some daughter of God, whether wife, mother, sister, child, or friend, is constantly reminding us care-worn and worldly men, that this world is not the whole of God's kingdom or man's birthright.

To Dante she was the type of the divinest faculty of our humanity, the principle of womanly faith, the capacity of receiving and imparting heavenly grace, and at last she became the type of heavenly grace itself. In thus estimating his relation to Beatrice, we are not taking him out of the ranks of mortality, or exempting him from human frailty. He evidently had his share of human follies and sins, and it is hard to refrain from laughing at some of his love-poems, and quite as hard to keep from graver surmises, at some of the hints and compunctions as to his life, for a season after her death. Yet no theory short of what we have stated is adequate to explain the devotion to Beatrice, which, continued in spite of her marriage, was deepened by her death, not destroyed by his own subsequent marriage, in the meridian of life openly recognized as the means of his spiritual regeneration, and glorified at the close of his career in words such as woman has never before or since received from man. Beatrice died in 1290, at the age of twenty-four. Dante's earliest work, the '*Vita Nuova*,' is the auto-biography of his own heart under her influence. It seems to have been written mainly under the impression of her death, yet important passages must be dated several years later, and Dante's most thorough critic, Wegele, proves satisfactorily that the whole work must be regarded as a picture of the poet's interior life, from his first interview with Beatrice, until his vision of her heavenly appearing ten years after her death, in 1300, which was the turning-point in his career.

For an admirable analysis of the '*New Life*,' we can do no better than refer to the late articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the subject, although the critic seems to us clearly in the wrong, in dating the completion of the work in the year 1292, instead of eight years later. References in the poems and prose plainly indicate that later date, and the simple explanation is, that the whole series of memorials of Beatrice, extending from her death to her final return to him as his guardian genius, through nearly ten years of vicissitudes and aberrations, is artistically rounded into the nominal compass of about a year. The work thus is a compend of his new experience, and the unity of the fragments is preserved within ordinary poetical limits. It would be more interesting to the reader, and more comforting to the poet him-

self, to concentrate his peculiar experiences so as to make them into a kind of breviary of the heart in its love, lapses, and reconciliation.

What his feeling toward her was, his own words best tell. Listen to his description of her face in death :

'AND while I gazed, I saw  
The ladies with a veil were covering her :  
And in her face, humility so true  
There was ; it seemed to say, 'I am in peace.'  
So humble in my sorrow I became.  
Seeing such humbleness in her expressed,  
That I exclaimed : O Death ! I hold thee sweet ;  
Thou must be deemed henceforth a gentle thing,  
Since thou hast been united to my lady,  
And pity thou shouldst have and not disdain ;  
Behold me so desirous to be one  
Of thine, that I resemble thee in faith :  
Come, for the heart entreats thee.'

*Vita Nuova, canzone II. (LYELL)*

A few words more will show his tone of thought regarding Beatrice when she had become to him a heavenly intelligence :

'To highest heaven BEATRICE is gone,  
Into the realm where angels dwell in peace,  
And rests with them ; and, ladies, you she hath left.  
No quality of cold, nor yet of heat,  
Robbed us of her, as it of others does ;  
But her supreme benignity alone.'

Who can doubt that the sentiment embodied in these words came from a deep and genuine experience ? We understand this experience better when we trace out its connection with the other steps of his preparation.

We have treated of the lover ; let us next treat of the student. Dante was through life a great student, but evidently in his early years he laid the foundation of his scholarship as well as won the inspiration to his eloquence. His adviser and, for a time, his master, was Brunetti Latini, a distinguished scholar, who had written two famous works, one in French and the other in Italian, which prove him to have been the living cyclopedia of his age. Dante's studies were mainly in the Latin literature, for Greek was a rare accomplishment, and even the favorite moralist, the Greek Aristotle, was known only through translations, while there was no important literature in the new and unformed Italian tongue. The Latin authors introduced the student to the glory of the ancient Rome, and the master-spirit of them all, Virgil, became to him the master of all human wisdom, the precursor of Christianity, and the chosen prophet of the kingdoms of this world. The same ideal power that transfigured Beatrice into a



heavenly guide, did not leave Virgil to rest in dusty manuscripts, but exalted him into a messenger of God's will. Dante's culture was apparently as enlarged as the facilities of his age and position allowed.

To what Florence afforded he added the advantages of Padua and Bologna, and in maturer years he seems to have been for a while a student at Paris, where he noted French manners, while he tried the strength of French logicians. With the wits of France he had of course a bond of affinity in the Provençal language and literature which flourished throughout all Southern Europe, and had of late been diffused in Italy from the troubadour school of the French Court of Naples. To solid learning, both classical and ecclesiastical, he added music and the arts of design, and thus through the eye and the ear he trained his pen to its picturesque and melodious skill. These accomplishments, under the impulse of his ideal passion, probably did more for his fame than all his heavy learning, and were able to give life and charm to his scholarly disquisitions. It is very evident that but for his use of the popular tongue he might have been long since consigned to oblivion, buried under the Latin manuscripts which his own hand had composed. The love that made him eloquent, made him famous, and the world may join with the poet in thanks to the fair spirit who did so much to create the language of Italy, while she took off the pedantic crust from his pen and gave free flow to his thought. Oppressed on the one side by the Germanic sway, and on the other side by its Latin scholasticism, the Italian life was awaiting its day of free utterance. The old Latin was to be the material of the new speech, and the fresh spirit of the age that had been kindling for centuries under the incentive of Germanic enthusiasm and Provençal sentiment, was to be the fusing fire. The materials were ready, the furnaces were filled with bronze ready for the casting; only the coming of the master-workman to speak—as was the old custom, the solemn word ‘in the name of God’—was waited for, and the massive old Latin flowed forth into the graceful Italian, as when brazen cannon taken in battle are cast into the form of the Graces or of a Madonna.

The education of the lover and the student was carried out by the discipline of the statesman. His position as a Florentine must have led him quite early to take a personal interest in political affairs; for at the time of his birth Florence had been for fifty years a republic, and during his citizenship, it had outstripped Rome in population and wealth, having had, according to Villani, two hundred thousand, while Rome had fifty thousand inhabitants. Before he could think for himself, the political institutions of the city had been shaped by the triumph of the Guelph or Papal-Italian party over the Ghibellines or Germanic Imperial party, and he, being connected by family tradition with the Guelphs, was in a fair position to study the dominant



policy from the counsels of its friends and leaders. He saw enough at once to stir his imagination and sadden his heart. He saw party spirit exhibited in its most fearful forms, and the murder of a political antagonist cheered as a deed of patriotism. He saw popes and kings received as guests of Florence, and read in their pageantry the manners and movements of the age. He watched the rise and progress of popular liberty in Florence, and at the age of seventeen he witnessed the final act which put the government into the hands of the people, and took from his friends, the Guelph nobles, their old prerogative. He beheld the efforts of the disfranchised nobility to regain their old ascendancy, and lost his respect for them when they set the laws at defiance, and were ready to sacrifice the republic to their ambition. He who at twenty-four had fought on the Guelph side at the battle of Campaldino against Arezzo, seemed seven years afterward to have left his party in disappointment or disgust, and by an act in strong contrast with his aristocratic nature, he enrolled his name among the guilds of the people, choosing the guild of the apothecaries, probably on account of his love of natural sciences.

Here he soon rose to distinction; was sent upon various important embassies; and in 1300, in the midst of a great civil agitation, he was called to the highest civil office in the city — the office of prior, or one of the twelve chief magistrates who ruled Florence in couples, each couple presiding in turn for two months during the year. The old parties in the city were now superseded by new factions, growing out of feuds imported from Pistoja, and styled the Whites and the Blacks from the names of the leaders. Dante showed his superiority to party spirit by advising the exile of the chiefs of both factions; yet his sympathies were evidently enlisted in behalf of the Whites when he saw the disposition of the Pope to bring the arms of France to the aid of the other faction. He undertook an embassy to Rome to intercede with the Pope to prevent this outrage to Florentine liberties. In his absence, his enemies conspired against him, and condemned him first to exile and then to death. His house was burned, his means of support were taken away, his family were torn from him, and his children, soon afterward motherless, were left to the uncertain mercies of the world. He never saw his native city again. What Florence lost the world gained, for thenceforth he became the world's citizen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## WHALING IN THE STRAITS OF TIMOR.

Two London whalers, the 'Diana,' Captain Hunter, and the 'Nimrod,' Captain Sharp, both commanded, and partly officered, by Americans, were cruising in the Straits of Timor in quest of sperm-whales. Captain Sharp and his boat's crew were on board of the 'Diana,' on a friendly visit, and the chief mate of the 'Diana' and his boat's crew were on board of the 'Nimrod;' so that each ship had a boat from the other towing astern. In the event of raising whales, therefore, the chances were even for the visitors. The wind was blowing a fine, whole-sail breeze from the westward, and both ships were close-hauled and headed northward.

I belonged to the 'Diana,' and though this was my first whaling voyage, I was the Captain's boat-steerer. My predecessor, poor fellow! had been killed by a young bull-whale, just after he had darted two irons into him abaft the hump. A slight tap of his flukes smashed the boat-steerer into a lifeless heap in the box of the boat, and sent the harpooner-oar whizzing in the air, without damaging the boat herself.

I pulled the bow-oar, and, with the rest of the boat's crew, naturally expected that Captain Hunter would cut adrift from the whale, and take the remains of poor Carter (that was his name) on board; but, springing forward, without an instant's hesitation, he ordered me aft to the steer-oar, and bundling the corpse under the forward thwarts, prepared to kill the whale.

'I shall kill that whale or he shall kill me,' said the Captain, as he cast a sorrowing look at the body of Carter.

The whale was rushing to windward, blowing white and clear; for the irons, though in good holding-ground, were not in a vital part. Carter had been in too much haste to fasten; another stroke of the oars would have placed the boat far enough forward to have given him a better chance. He had no doubt lost his life by darting too soon. Away went the whale, head out; in vain we tried to haul the boat up to him; for the instant he felt any extra strain upon the line, he increased his speed, making us veer out line, to prevent the boat from filling. There was nothing left for us but to wait until he became winded. At last he sounded; that is, went down, and when he came up, broke water about a hundred fathoms from the boat.

'Now, my lads,' said the Captain, 'take to your oars: don't touch the line: pull for dear life; and I'll kill that fellow dead with a lance: and you, Melville, (addressing me,) do as I order: if you hesitate a second, I'll drive a lance through you.' He seized the bow-oar himself, and bending to it with all his might, made the boat jump at every

stroke. I had never seen him so eager. The slack line overboard retarded the boat, yet she gradually neared the whale, which was pounding the water with his flukes, and sometimes breaching.

'Don't fear, Melville, to go under or over him: yes, or into him: only put me where I can pump his heart's blood out with my lance.' Here the Captain peaked his oar, and cried: 'Lay on!' The chance was good, but before the boat felt the steer-oar, the whale sank his body, leaving his head only above water, opening and closing his jaws.

Enraged at this failure to reach his vitals, the Captain seized the spade, and plunging it with all his might down the whale's throat, sang out: 'Stern all!—stern hard!' As he anticipated, the whale fairly breached out of water, and almost capsized the boat.

'Now, my lads, haul in slack-line,' said the Captain: 'I'll be sworn he won't take to his heels again in a hurry, though we may yet have some trouble to kill him.' Before the line was half in, the whale commenced running round and round, as if in his dying fury. His spout, however, was clear but low, and not a speck of blood colored his wake.

'That spade,' said the Captain, 'I think has choked him; but he may yet swallow it, and live a year, if I do n't drive a lance into him.'

In ten minutes, he hove to, head out and flukes down. We pulled up to him, but there was no chance to reach his body. The ship, at this time, was hull down to leeward, and the other three boats had killed five school-whales, and were taking care of them: we were therefore alone in our trouble, and night was fast approaching.

'I'm at a loss,' said the Captain, 'how to kill this fellow; and I'm determined to kill him, if I should hang on to him all night.'

'I could kill him, Sir, while he lies this way,' said I.

'How?' demanded the Captain savagely: 'you, a greenhorn, kill a whale that old Hunter can't turn up? Speak—quick!'

'I'll dive with a lance, and drive it into him.'

'No, you won't: old Hunter's just the boy to do that himself.'

The next minute he was overboard: I sank the steer-oar near him, to give him a foot-shore: he comprehended the whole idea in an instant, and acted upon it with boldness and skill. Up flew the sea like a water-spout, and the Captain with it. He had driven the lance into the whale almost socket-up, and left it there. The whale breached, and the falling spray nearly filled the boat.

'Stern hard!' I shouted, aiding at the after-oar myself, and keeping an eye upon the Captain, who was about ten fathoms astern, rubbing the water out of his eyes. The whale now rolled over and over, cutting the water with his flukes. The chance to lance him was excellent, so I took out another lance, and leaving the steer-oar in the becket,



ran forward, and gave him a couple of darts, leaving the Captain to look out for himself.

'Sharks!' shouted one of the men; 'look out for the Captain.'

I sprang aft, lance in hand. There was the Captain about five fathoms astern, and a large shark in his wake. I beckoned to him with my hand. He instantly wheeled round and faced the shark. In the mean time, the boat was backed astern with all our might.

'Another stroke — another stroke with all your soul, my hearties, and we'll save him,' I shouted with all my power, hoping the noise would frighten the shark. But the monster was ravenous; he circled around the Captain, trying to strike him with his tail, and was actually turning on his back to bite him, when I sprang upon the stern sheets of the boat, and letting fly the lance, sent it through and through the monster. In his agony he bent himself into a semi-circle, and crunched the lance-pole in his jaws, then sank and rose again, lashing the water with his tail. Eventually he sank, lance and all, to rise no more. The Captain reached the boat more dead than alive. The whale was still rolling in a sea of blood, unable to spout. Another lance was bent, and the Captain after a while turned him up.

We were all that night towing the whale to the ship, which was unable to beat to windward, on account of the five whales she had alongside. Captain Hunter was so well pleased with my first essay in boat-steering, that he appointed me his boat-steerer, a situation I held the rest of the voyage. He often said that my coolness and presence of mind had saved his life; and treated me ever afterward more like a son and a friend than an inferior officer.

The first duty after breakfast was to bury the remains of poor Carter. While the Captain read the burial service at the gangway, there was not a dry eye on board; and when launched into the deep, we all rushed to the rail to take a last glance of him as he sank forever from our sight.

'We must all follow some day or other,' might have been heard, as we spoke to one another. But at sea there is little time for sorrow; while we live we must work. The whales were cut in, tried out, and stowed down. The young bull, which killed Carter, made thirty-five barrels, and the other five about sixty barrels. I had first seen the whales from which we obtained this fare, and received therefor a bottle of rum and a pound of tobacco.

Having told how I became a boat-steerer, I will now return to the 'Diana' and the 'Nimrod,' cruising in the Straits of Timor.

It was eight bells, (noon,) and I was about descending into the half-deck to dinner, when Captain Hunter called me to him, and said: 'Melville, I want you to go aloft, and take a long look and strong look for whales; the chaps at the mast-heads I think are all asleep, they are

so quiet. I would almost swear there are whales in sight, for I can smell them. Look sharp to windward.'

The reason he selected me, was my luck. I had seen three-fourths of the whales during the voyage; and the ship now only required a couple of hundred barrels to fill up. It was therefore conceded fore and aft that I had the best eyes in the ship. Five bottles of rum had been won by me in succession for having seen whales. While my hand was on the swifter of the main rigging and my feet on the rail ready to spring aloft, I paused and ventured to strike a bargain with the Captain, in this wise: 'If I see whales, Captain, I suppose, seeing it's not my regular mast-head, you'll give me a bottle of rum!'

'Confound you, you'll win all the rum in the ship. You've had five bottles already hand-over-hand; but never mind — yes, you shall have a bottle of rum.'

'But,' continued I, 'suppose we get a hundred barrels out of the whales I'm going to see, won't you add a suit of clothes to the rum?'

Here Captain Sharp turned his dark, piercing eyes upon me, his thin lips quivered, and though he did not speak, his looks plainly indicated that if I had been under his command, he would have started me aloft with a rope's end. But Captain Hunter only smiled and said good-naturedly: 'I'll add the suit of clothes; now go.'

'Including boots?' I inquired.

'What!' exclaimed Captain Sharp, evidently forgetting that he was on board a ship he did not command; 'the ——' here he bit his lip, and walked to the other side of the quarter-deck. 'Yes; boots, hat, dickey, and every thing else you can think about. Away aloft.'

As I ascended the rigging I heard Captain Hunter say to Captain Sharp: 'That fellow is the best boat-steerer I ever had, and I intend to take him with me as second mate next voyage. He is a little familiar, just like the rest of the boys; we're all hail fellows well met in my ship, and I manage them without much trouble. When they have a fighting fit, I see fair-play, and when there is work to do, they go at it with a will, and so we have nearly filled the ship.'

'Every man has a right to his notions, Captain Hunter,' replied Captain Sharp, 'but I allow no man in my ship even to look black when I give an order.'

'When I was as young as you are, I had the same kind of discipline, but I have learned better since. I know now that men can be made to do more work with kindness than force. Try it, and see. Your voyage is yet young, (the 'Nimrod' had only three hundred and sixty-five barrels of oil on board,) and my word for it, your boys will put an extra pound upon the oars when you want them.'



The conversation was brought to a close by the steward, who informed them that dinner was ready. They descended into the cabin, leaving the third mate in charge of the deck.

When I reached the main-topmast cross-trees, I cast my eyes aft, and at the first glance, caught sight of a sperm-whale's spout. The next minute I was seated on the main royal-yard, a story higher than the boat-steerer, who was looking out from the top-gallant cross-trees below, and saw a large school of sperm whales headed up the Straits, about ten miles distant. Without singing out, 'There she blows,' as customary, I told the second mate as quietly as possible, and cautioned him not to sing out, if he should see them; for Captain Sharp's boat, which was already down, would have the first chance. The second mate and one of the men were in the fore top-gallant cross-trees, and though they had a spy-glass, neither of them could see the whales.

The 'Diana' was to windward of the 'Nimrod' upon her port quarter, about a couple of miles distant, and both vessels were going six knots through the water. The chance was decidedly in favor of the 'Diana.' As the whales were headed to leeward, there was no necessity for being in a hurry, especially as they had not yet been seen by any one from either ship, except myself; but when the third mate heard the captains rise from the cabin-table, he backed the main top-sail and lowered the boats, without orders, trusting to me to guide the Captain in search of the whales.

Both captains rushed on deck, and in the twinkling of an eye, Captain Hunter was over the side in his boat. As we shoved off, we heard Captain Sharp swearing at his boat's crew to haul the boat up; but before this was accomplished, our three boats had over a mile's start of him.

'That was handsomely done, Melville,' said our Captain; and by all that's lucky, Wilcox, (our chief mate, who was on board the 'Nimrod,') has the start of them too, but can't head Captain Sharp, though he'll try hard.'

The 'Nimrod,' as a matter of course, lowered her boats and joined in the pursuit, though the whales had not been seen from her. After pulling half an hour, we found that we gained upon Captain Sharp's boat, and as the whales were not yet in sight, Captain Hunter took the harpooner-oar, and sent me to the steer-oar, that I might look out and steer the boat in the direction I expected to see the whales.

The weather was clear and pleasant, with wind enough to cause a moderate swell. After the boats were clear, both ships filled their after-sails, and set their main-sails, continuing on the port or larboard tack. It was a grand regatta. Eight boats spread over a space of two miles, all pulling for our boat, which led the van. Most of the men were

naked to the loins, having nothing on but straw hats and drawers. It was then customary with whalers, when cruising in the torrid zone, to dispense with shirts. The officers, of course, wore them, by way of distinction; but even they, when stowing down oil, stripped naked. The skin, when first exposed to the sun, blisters and peels off; but the new skin becomes as tough as that of a Malay, and not unlike it in color.

Mr. Wilcox, our chief mate, a native of Nantucket, and one of the best whalers that ever headed a boat, soon passed the boats of the 'Nimrod,' and was gradually gaining upon Captain Sharp. Every boat's crew were doing their utmost, encouraged by their officers, who, while they steered, also shoved at the after-oar, bending and throwing their arms aloft at every stroke. The boats seemed to dash from sea to sea, raising the spray from their oars in circling foam.

We had pulled an hour, and yet no whales had been signalled from either ship. All this time I had been at the steer-oar of Captain Hunter's boat, and the Captain pulled my oar: 'Melville,' said he, wiping the sweat from his brow, 'you must have been mistaken in the course of the whales. We are now seven miles dead to windward; and if the whales, as you said, were bound to leeward, we surely ought to be up with them.'

Just as I was framing an answer, my attention was attracted by something under-water: 'Stern your port oars, pull the starboard: stand up, Captain: quick, spring aft: pull, for God's sake, pull!'

A large white-headed whale, bound to leeward, broke water alongside of the boat with a rush, and, before I could lay the boat on, had almost passed us. Captain Hunter, however, was nimble as a cat, and springing aft, iron in hand, let fly a pitch-pole dart. The iron, thrown point upward, curved in the air, and came down plump into the whale's back, before the hump. Up went his flukes, like a black cloud amid a shower of spray, and the next instant came down like a clap of thunder, sending the water mast-head high. Although fast, the iron was not in good holding-ground, nor had it injured the whale. Alternately head and flukes out, he rushed to leeward, and as the line flew out of the chocks, nearly capsized the boat before she could be laid round. The line, as it whizzed around the logger-head, sent up a cloud of smoke and fire, in spite of water thrown upon it by the after-oarsman. We were compelled to veer so much line, before the boat could be pointed after him, and the line put in the chocks, that we felt apprehensive of losing our lines altogether, if he sounded. Our chance of holding on, too, was rather doubtful; for the iron, though well in, was liable to tear out, as the vicinity of the hump is tender. Mr. Hall, our third mate, comprehended the state of things

at a glance, and laid his boat to head the whale, and fasten as he passed.

‘Lay on — lay on hard!’ shouted Mr. Hall; and as the whale straightened himself out, let fly two irons and a lance into him near the starboard fin.

Mr. Hall’s commanding height, his long, dark hair streaming over his shoulders, his muscular arms, bare to the elbows, and his easy but rapid motions, excited remarks from every one in our boat.

‘What a noble fellow that Hall is!’ said our Captain.

‘He’s so cool and fearless, that even death itself could not throw him off his guard,’ remarked another.

‘He’s determined to kill the whale with his irons,’ chimed in a third.

‘See,’ said a fourth, ‘he has both irons on the fly at once, and a lance too!’

Never were the weapons of death thrown from a whale-boat with more apparent ease and rapidity; but the whale, though struck near the heart, was not vanquished. He milled short round, and giving a cut with his flukes, snapped two of Mr. Hall’s oars like pipe-stems in the rowlocks, and nearly filled the boat with water. But before the spray had ceased falling, Mr. Hall gave him another lance, which made him spout thick blood. The monster made a half-breach, and when he came down, bent his body, and, giving a tremendous cut with his flukes, shook our iron out, and then went round and round in his flurry.

We hauled our line in, straightened the iron, and made the craft ready for another whale. Captain Sharp came up just as the iron drew, and said: ‘Captain Hunter, the start from your ship was not fair. I would not have served you so.’

‘Captain Hunter,’ I replied, ‘had nothing to do with it. I saw the whales, and Mr. Hall lowered the boats. But see, Captain Sharp, look to windward, there is a school of whales coming down upon us. I’ll bet my suit of clothes that you’ll get a hundred barrels out of them, if you move quick, instead of growling at us.’

‘Spring to your oars, men,’ shouted Captain Sharp, shoving at the after-oar himself; ‘pull, there’s a large whale ahead;’ and in a few strokes he led all the other boats. But we lay on our oars, knowing that the whales would never pause until they came to their wounded companion.

It often happens that only a single whale is in sight, but shortly after fastening, whales will be seen coming from all directions to see what is the matter; at least, that is the inference of whalers.

More than a hundred whales, principally cows, were coming, head out, toward the wounded whale. A fifty-barrel bull was ahead of

Captain Sharp's boat; his boat-steerer was up, harpoon in hand; the chance for a good dart appeared excellent, but unluckily the whale saw the boat, and as the irons were darted, curved his side concavely toward the boat, and received them harmlessly upon the wrinkled, slack skin. Off he went frightened, but not hurt, blowing like a high-pressure steam-engine. Captain Sharp dashed his hat down in the stern-sheets and jumped upon it, while his boat-steerer drew the irons in and replaced them in the crutch. Although furious with disappointment, he was too good a whaler not to perceive the cause of his boat-steerer's failure to fasten. Such a man as Mr. Hall would have sent an iron through the slack skin. Captain Sharp, a month later, said that he had failed to fasten more than twenty times under similar circumstances. Though angry, he could not find it in his soul to utter a word of reproof to his boat-steerer.

We forelaid the bull as he came rushing toward the wounded whale, and Captain Hunter gave him two irons abaft the fin, which made him spout thin blood. Down he went like a shot, making the line around the loggerhead blaze at times with friction, and we were afraid he would take out all our line before he slackened his speed. But other dangers were crowding thick and fast around us. The surface of the sea for miles was alive with whales, all making toward us; and the large whale to which Mr. Hall had fastened was spouting thick blood, and running round and round in his dying flurry. Boat after boat came up and fastened, until all the eight were fast.

'Stern hard; lay on; lay off; head on, and stern off,' mingled with some terrible swearing, might have been heard, as the boats were dragged foul of one another, or were threatened with destruction by the whales throwing their heads and flukes out.

Our bull came up, and, bull-like, made a dash dead to windward across the course of Mr. Hall's whale, nearly capsizing his boat, but the mate gave him a lance that hove him to, and made him mill round once more to leeward. He was now spouting thick blood, but was still so wicked that we could not come within lance-reach of him.

What a scene! The sea for miles was colored with blood, the matter emitted from the terrified and dying whales, had smoothed its waves, which rolled unbroken, except where the work of slaughter was going on, and the declining sun seemed in a blaze, throwing his flames over all. The ships were yet to leeward, standing on the larboard tack, and the whales kept edging in the same direction.

Again the whales were all huddled together like a flock of sheep, following the lead of a loose, wounded cow, and the boats among them lancing. Sometimes they surrounded the dying whales and circled with them in their flurry, then sheered off and returned again, apparently seeking the protection of the bull-whales. In one of these



encounters Captain Sharp's boat ran foul of ours. He was wild with excitement, and cried out to us: 'Cut your line, your whale's foul of mine, and will drag us down.'

'Go down and be —, then, but I shan't cut,' rejoined Captain Hunter.

'Then I shall;' and he seized a spade to dart it across our line, but before he could bring it to bear, the whales, which had been running in opposite directions, came together again with a rush, and prostrated Sharp in the body of the boat, and, at the same time, threw his after-oarsman over-board. He held on to the spade, and was on his feet again in a twinkling. By some unknown process his whale had cleared ours, and dragged his boat more than a mile away before heaving to. We were still in the heart of the school, sometimes raised almost out of water between two whales, and at other times shrouded from view in bloody water thrown up by the whales as they breached or pounded with their flukes.

'O God!' groaned a voice in agony alongside of our boat. I turned sharply round, and saw a man in the mouth of a loose whale. Instinctively I grasped the after-oar and rammed it down the whale's throat with all my might, then seized the man by the legs and dragged him into the stern sheets of our boat. The whale let go of him the moment the oar reached his gullet, but broke the oar in splinters, and went down. It was Captain Sharp's after-oarsman. In the confusion the boat had been dragged away before the man was missed.

The old whale had ceased blowing; the blood rose and gurgled through his spout-hole, his flurry had slackened, and slowly he went round and round, wavering from side to side, like a water-logged vessel, as if at a loss upon which side to turn up; then spasmodically making a final dash out of water, he turned over, fin out, headed toward the sun, and died. He was no doubt the patriarch of the school, and was leading them to other feeding-grounds when we intercepted him. He produced ninety-five barrels of oil. Mr. Hall, satisfied with his day's work, soon took the dead whale in tow toward the ship, about three miles to leeward.

Our bull, though spouting thick blood, was racing round among the cows, giving an occasional flourish with his flukes, scattering the bloody water in all directions, and making the sea curl along the sides of the boat, and foam over the bow. On he went at the top of his speed, utterly reckless of all in his way. Bump he would rush against other whales, dragging us after him; nothing impeded his course, or seemed to slacken his speed. Unluckily, one of the boats of the 'Nimrod' was crossing his course: the mate saw him coming, and gave him a lance in the head, but the next second the whale capsized



the boat, and made a cut at her with his flukes. Here were six men afloat, but we did not cut to pick them up. Fortunately, the mate, who was fast to a cow-whale, cut the line, as he felt the boat going over, and when all was clear, soon righted her again. Two of her gunwale strakes only were broken.

The five other boats were all huddled together; their headsmen swearing at each other to cut loose, so that their boats might work clear; but clear work was impossible. They had cut and refastened so often, that all their harpoons were buried in the whales. Some, in their eagerness to improve the chance of killing, had darted irons with drags attached to them, into loose whales, and these were rushing about, the drags furrowing the water like a spent shot. When the boats became foul, their lines were unhesitatingly cut, and the men began to lance wherever they had a chance. Cows and calves were coursing side by side; young bulls were breaching and cutting with their flukes; but still the work of death went on. Over twenty school-whales were turned up, and not a boat was fast to one of them.

Our bull made a few more circuits after he capsized the boat, and then turned up, fin out, alongside of Mr. Hall's whale. Captain Hunter immediately took charge of both whales, and sent Mr. Hall to put waifs into three school-whales that were dead near us, and to call our chief and second mates from the fray, to take care of them. They were vying with the captain and the officers of the 'Nimrod' in killing whales, and did not seem to reflect, that we had casks to hold, at most, only a couple of hundred barrels of oil. When Mr. Hall reached the scene of action, the cry was still: 'Lay on: head on and stern off: look out for your oars: bail away,' etc.

The sea was blood-red for miles; sharks and killers were mingling in the contest; oars were smashed, and boats almost capsized or filled with water; and whales were circling in their flurry, or running from one group to another, evidently looking for their leaders. Reluctantly our chief and second mates obeyed the Captain's order, and followed the third mate, to take care of the waived whales.

Captain Sharp immediately followed our example. He saw that there were more whales turned up than he could take care of; for the weather was very hot, and they were liable to blast before he could try them out. But a very large school of whales still lingered near; several calves followed their dead mothers, even alongside of the ships, and played around them for hours.

The sun was still two hours high, and the ships were favored with a fine, whole-sail breeze, which enabled them to work up to the dead whales. By sun-set, we had our five whales in the fluke-ropes, shortened sail, and made preparations to cut in without delay. The 'Nim-

rod' was about five miles distant, and had sixteen school-whales alongside and astern.

The young man I pulled out of a whale's mouth, was bruised and cut, but none of his bones were broken. Immediately after I hauled him in, Captain Hunter tore his own shirt—the only shirt in the boat—into bandages for his wounds. He lay in the stern-sheets of the boat, until we reached the ship, and was then conveyed to the cabin. We had been too busy to spare a boat to send him to his own ship.

After supper, and a stiff glass of grog all round, we went to work cutting in. This was our last fare: cheerily went the windlass round, and lively were the songs we sung, as we rolled the blanket-pieces up to the main mast-head.

Two small calves lingered near us, sometimes nestling alongside of their dead mothers, then frisking with their flukes, or half-breaching or running off in a circle and returning at full speed. They passed through schools of sharks, which were feeding upon the slivers and flesh cut from the whales; but neither sharks nor the noise of our jovial songs, the gleam of deadly spades nor the clanking of windlass-pauls attracted their notice. Their affection seemed stronger than their fear. Nor did they leave the ship, until the dead bodies of their mothers, stripped of blubber, had been cut adrift, a prey to sharks. After twenty-four hours of incessant labor, the whales were cut in. When the blubber-room was partly filled, we commenced trying out. The 'Nimrod's' fires also blazed brightly during the night. No one on board our ship closed his eyes to rest for thirty-six hours; yet not a whisper of discontent was heard from any one. We were working for ourselves, as every one was, by the lay or share.

Our whales stowed down about two hundred and five barrels of oil, and filled every spare cask. We were full ship, with two thousand six hundred barrels of sperm oil on board. Not only did I receive the bottle of rum and suit of clothes, for having seen the whales; but all hands had a jollification, when the ship was cleaned, at the Captain's expense.

We put into Batta Gatta, a small bay on the north-west coast of Timor, to refit for the homeward passage. A few days before sailing, we were joined by the 'Nimrod,' which had 'picked up,' as the whalers say, five hundred and sixty barrels of oil before the whales disappeared. Neither Captain Sharp nor any of his boat's crew, knew what had become of the young man who had been thrown out of the boat, and who was now on board our ship.

## FROZEN TO DEATH.

[‘An unknown woman was found frozen to death, near the corner of Second Avenue and Fiftieth-Street, yesterday (Monday) morning. The following description of her person was given by the police: Deceased was about nineteen years of age, medium height, slightly built, regular and pretty features, light hair, neatly braided, and large gray eyes. An inquest will be held to-day.’—*Morning Paper*, Jan. 11, 1859.]

FROZEN to death, so young and fair,  
 Regular features and large gray eyes,  
 Flaxen hair,  
 Braided with care,  
 Slender body, as cold as ice;  
 Who knows her name,  
 Her story, her fame:  
 Had she a good or an evil fame;  
 And who in Charity’s name ’s to blame,  
 That a girl so young yields up her breath,  
 Frozen to death?

Second Avenue — Fiftieth-Street?  
 These are streets of a Christian city,  
 Trodden each day by Christian feet  
 Of men who have store of money and meat,  
 And women whose souls are pure and sweet,  
 Filled with truth and ruth and pity:  
 There is a church, with slender spire  
 Pointing gracefully up to the sky  
 Pointing to something better and higher  
 Than any thing open to mortal eye:  
 All Sabbath time  
 The sweet bells’ chime  
 Rings from the steeple,  
 Calling the people  
 To come to prayer and praise beneath:  
 On Monday morn,  
 A young forlorn  
 And hapless girl yields up her breath,  
 Frozen to death.

There is a mansion costly and tall,  
 Built for pride and plenty and pleasure —  
 Hark to the music that bursts from the hall,  
 And watch the shadows that dance on the wall,  
 As the dancers dance through their merry measure.

The purple curtains are waved aside —  
Peep through the window, and see the throng  
Of the young who amble and leap and glide,  
And the old who watch them with looks of pride :  
There are junketing, jollity, jest, and song,  
Careless, thoughtless, happy throng ;  
Careless of right, yet thinking no wrong,  
As the gilded hours flash along :  
Why should they grieve  
On Monday eve,  
Though on Monday morn,  
Ah ! fate forlorn !  
A fair young girl gave up her breath,  
Frozen to death ?

A lovely lady is driving this way,  
With velvet and satin and furs bedight :  
Fine and warm is her rich array,  
With its ample folds and colors gay,  
Proof 'gainst the cold of the coldest day :  
And her eyes are brimming with liquid light,  
For she looks on her lover who sits by her side,  
In the carriage that grandly rolls along :  
What wonder her face is glorified  
With flushes of hope and joy and pride,  
Since she is lovely and he is strong ;  
And thus at noon they pass the spot,  
Yet heed it not,  
Where at early morn  
A poor forlorn  
And hapless girl gave up her breath,  
Frozen to death.

O men ! who have store of money and meat,  
And women whose souls are pure and sweet :  
O worshipping thousands ! who weekly meet,  
And prayer and praise and text repeat :  
O young ! who amble and leap and glide,  
And old who watch the young with pride :  
O lovely lady ! driving along  
In your carriage grand and clothing gay :  
O lusty lover ! so tall and strong,  
Tell me, I pray you, if tell you may,  
In Charity's name,  
Are you to blame,  
That in a street of a Christian city,  
With none save God to see or pity,  
A fair young girl yields up her breath,  
Frozen to death ?

## ONE OF THE NIGHTS OF MY LIFE.

I BELIEVE there is some Latin commonly used by men, when they commence such narratives as this ; but I, a woman, with more nerves than scholarship, always shudder in good strong English, as I pray, and not in any grafted tongue or foreign phrases.

I have often thought, when, as is the wont, by the bright fire-side in long evenings, stories of ghosts and goblins, witches and winding-sheets, are going the rounds of a hushed and tranced circle, I would tell of a strange terror which once befel me ; but when I have essayed to speak, my heart has failed me, and my lips have grown rigid. I will try it now upon paper, and alone in the not over-bright room, that my weakness may have no witnesses.

In the winter of 185—, my husband 'set up his tent' in a small town in the upper part of a Southern State. I mean to say, that having attained the dignity of husband and father, he crowned his manhood with the exalted state so pleasantly described by Elia, in his essay on 'House-Keeping.' I was past twenty, and aspired to look matronly ; and my lord was enough my senior — he had attained a quarter of a century — for age to have its due influence in commanding my respect.

I beg your pardon, my dear Sir, but I must be allowed a digression. The Scriptural injunction of submission on the part of wives, implying the necessity of so much respect for their husbands, has always struck me 'in this point of light.' As I read the Bible, I find in it no commands laid upon us to do that which our natural hearts incline us to do. We do not find it enjoined upon mothers to love their children, or their children's father, to whom they are bound by the sweetest bonds in life. Husbands, however, are commanded to love their wives, which I assume to refer to the inferior capacity and natural wrong tendency of men's hearts ; and not at all, as my husband declares, to the lack of attraction found in the character of wives. And in the submission which wives are to render, must be the element of a profound respect, not naturally commanded by man since the time that Eve saw she could tempt man from his highest duty ! Again, I beg your pardon, and let me assure you that, whatever I may say about the necessity for these commands, I believe in obedience to him. Really, how much easier it is to say things on paper !

And what a digression from the pleasant house in M —, where I found myself mistress of an establishment that should have satisfied a reasonable woman, at any time. The house was a little remote from the principal streets, and the grounds around it occupied four or five acres. I am coming to have a very definite idea of this word, 'acres ;'



for I am told that our present possession in land, is just the eighth of that measurement ! A superb grove was in front of the house, and at its sides and behind it great trees over-topped it, while a lawless yellow jessamine, climbing up by the tall columns, lay over the roof in masses of green and gold, indescribable to one who has never seen that most gorgeous of vines. In the sun-shine under which we first saw the house, it was apparently the cosiest, most sheltered, sunny place we had ever found. But when we came to take possession, neither golden flowers nor glad sunshine gilded our cage ; and when night set in — an early, long December night — the blackest shadows that darkness ever sent forth, settled down around and upon and almost within the old mansion.

Before you can comprehend the details of this most true history, you must become acquainted with the position and construction of the house. It was approached from the road by a semi-circular carriage-sweep, and as if its former inhabitants never issued forth except in state, the only gates were those of the great carriage-way, which opened easily enough, but shut again with a resounding clang. The road within the gates was broad, and distinctly defined, even at night ; for it was covered with white pebbles upon a bed of white sand, so that in the evening, objects could be seen upon it as far as we could see the road itself ; but that was only to the curve upon either side, after which, the shubbery of closely-planted rose-bushes and wide-spreading Cape jessamines quite concealed it from view. In the triangular corners of the grounds, and within the space inclosed by the road, there sprang up toward the beautiful skies of that glorious land the graceful Pride of India, and stately old oaks of living green upon whose ancient branches the mistletoe rested in daring luxuriance.

From the house to the center of this grove, there was a direct pathway, terminating in a cleared space very fantastically laid out in flower-beds. But flowers, poor things, had not the heart to live under the frowns of those hoary trees, who usurped their sunshine so remorselessly. Only some violet-roots seemed to have taken hold, and in spite of frowns, the modest little flowers, secure in the innocence of their unpretending natures, had dared 'to make sunshine in a shady place.'

A water-fall in that dim recess would have completed a charming sun, or moon-light picture, could one have been managed there ; but as it was, charming when the sun was oppressive, cosy when the winds intruded every where else, and weird in moon-lighted nights, the centre of that grove, in dark and stormy nights, was the place whence goblins went forth to ride upon the howling wind, and witches issued on ancient broom-sticks. I would like to have seen you persuade man

or maid in our house, to go there then, where positively nothing existed but those meek little violets!

The house behind all this array of trees and shrubbery, was low, large upon the ground, rambling far back, and spreading at the sides at intervals, as convenience or whim had dictated. There were also laundries, smoke and store-houses, and offices innumerable. Thirty servants had once had accommodation on the premises, and tall palisades were found, where a hundred turkeys might be cooped at once. Such length of stables, too, indicating a breadth of hospitality peculiar to the South, and, in our country, never elsewhere realized.

When we took possession, the place had been tenantless for three or four years, and wore a sadly dilapidated aspect. So many spiders had set up their tents before us, so many flies had domiciled on the ceiling in former days, that I was quite in despair. Fences and gates without, were thrown down and shattered; blinds flapped idly against the windows, to the detriment of slats and glass; and bats asserted their right to the occupancy of the hollow roof of the colonnade. These last, we never quite succeeded in dispossessing, but often had visits from them in the long summer twilights, even in our sleeping-apartments; and I learned in time, not to jump or scream at the unceremonious salute their wings would give our heads as they flew by us. There were certain cows who found it agreeable on the sunny side of the house in winter; stray cats that looked at us as intruders on their accustomed haunts; an ill-fed pony who gave us a sullen glance, as he foresaw his feast on the side-lawn ended; and long-nosed pigs who perversely persevered in poking into the hyacinth-bed in the great garden for esculent roots. These visits and visitors, a little well-directed attention to our surroundings enabled us to dispense with, in a most dignified manner; for although I was not 'born to love pigs' and cows, I had no spite against them, and insisted upon a ceremonious ejection.

Before the house, large pillars rose to the roof, forming the colonnade to which I have referred, and from this colonnade two great doors led directly into the rooms, one opening into the large drawing-room, and the other into the dining-room, which was also large, ill-shaped, unfitted for its use, and so full of doors, and holding also the stair-case at the lower end, that it was, in fact, only a huge hall or ante-chamber.

This style of architecture, ignoring the virtues of halls and lobbies, is peculiar to the South, where so much time is spent by every one upon the shady piazzas and galleries, that a formal entrance is not considered essential to the privacy of home.

There was a story in the neighborhood, we found, that this old house had never been quite tenantless. A great white winding-sheet, enveloping the ghost of a woman, had certainly been seen by former



mistresses or maids, upon the landing-place of the wide, low stair-case which terminated in the dining-room described above, not a yard from the door of my sleeping apartment.

'Now, Missus, you may laugh, ef you dar to,' said my full-of-faith informant; 'but ole Aunt Joice, she said she seen it jes the night afore Missus Carelton died; and Dad July, he was goin' up dem stairs, wid his armful of wood, de very night little Mass' Dan Carelton died, and sure as you lib, Missus, dere stood dat same ghost ob a white woman, wid jes such a little chile in her arms as Mass' Dan was.'

I did not laugh again: I knew the faithful old creature had dearly loved the Carelton family, to whose heirs she yet belonged. She and her husband had lived there, to keep the place during its desertion, and now had been willing to engage in our service, the more readily, that my baby 'was so much like Mass' Dan, when he was little pica-ninny.' Dear baby! from that house a white-robed angel bore his sinless spirit to the bosom of Jesus, and Aunt Rose wept for him also loving tears.

But to return: 'If you really believe this, Rose, I beg you will not tell Crecy or Celie, or even Young Tom — Rose's husband was always 'Old Tom' — and do not let my husband's young sisters hear of it, for it might make them foolishly afraid; even if there is a ghost, it probably belonged to the Carelton family, and will never appear to any but members of that house. You will do me a good service, by saying nothing more of this.'

'Certainly, certainly,' said the old woman; 'but I'se glad I'se only cook, Missus, and never has to go up dese stairs: Ole Tom say he'll keep clar of 'em, too.'

Now, I was neither as old as Methusaleh nor as wise as King Solomon, myself; but I did not believe in ghosts or witches; and prided myself upon having no superstitions. The trifling exception may be made, that I would a little rather see the new moon over my right shoulder than my left; and in my childhood, if my foot tripped in walking, I considered whether it was my right or left, that I might know what my welcome was to be! However, after this, I was careful to go up-stairs with a more certain light to guide me than the moon-beams, distorted and broken by the branches of the trees, and shifting in a ghostly dance as the wind swayed the trees to-and-fro.

One night, just about twelve o'clock, and when all the family was asleep, I put aside the book which had beguiled me into such late hours, and taking a lamp, went up-stairs to an old-fashioned clothes-press, which stood in a room close by the upper landing. Remembering Aunt Rose's story, as I stood so near the ghostly haunt, and at the same time, the hour of the night, I flung to the doors of the clothes-press in my indecorous haste, considering the company I might have

near me, and turned toward the stairs with the swift, spasmodic movement which indicates a thrill of fear. The draught made by the doors extinguished my lamp. The upper hall was full of moon-light, but the partial shadow of a projection of the wall lay upon the landing of the stair-case. In my rapid and incautious movement toward this place, my foot caught in the badly-fastened carpeting, and I came very near plunging down-stairs. As I recovered myself, I distinctly heard in that haunted place the delicate rustle of a woman's dress. My own dress was a soft cashmere, and quite noiseless as I moved; but this rustle was like fine cambric or lawn trailing on the floor. For the space of a moment, I stood perfectly still, and held my breath. Again I heard that tender rustling sound, as of a fine fabric sweeping toward me. A gust of the fitful wind rattled the door opening on the balcony, and a window-blind swung to with a crash. A great hush followed. The very shadows stood motionless on the wall, the wind had sunken so. The clock in the room below struck twelve. It seemed as if there was an interval of minutes between each stroke upon its bell. *Why* I waited, I cannot tell; but in the dread moment which followed, the sound was heard again, at my face, at my feet, surrounding me: I strained my vision toward the dim landing, for thither it proceeded, and there I heard it dying away. I did not wait longer, but rushed over the landing and down-stairs to my own room, as if Hecate herself had been behind me with her impish brood. The next time I wanted an extra blanket, I was careful to secure it early in the evening.

On the following day I began, after considerable hesitation, to tell my husband of my adventure, and was proceeding to ask him what could have caused that mysterious sound, when I caught sight, in the mirror, of his averted face, and saw on it such a quizzical expression, that I ran away in great confusion. I was certain he thought me a little fool, and was laughing at me; and this was the more intolerable, that his comfort on an unusually cold night, had been the cause of my expedition.

I always shall believe he told the story to his young brother, Harry; for how, otherwise, could Harry have known of it? and that he did, was proved by his last prank, the very evening before he went home. He coaxed his youngest sister to wind him up in a sheet, and raising his hands as high as possible over his head and clasping them together, he thus formed a head for the witch, whereon was fastened a cap surmounting the staring eyes and grinning mouth, formed by bits of cloth ingeniously disposed upon the sheet which covered his hands. Thus made up, he posted himself upon the dreaded stair-case landing, and Nell having been drilled in her part of the play, summoned the household, one by one, and with various excuses, up the stairs.



Such screams and yells and tumblings down-stairs as followed, I cannot describe. Old Tom was off the back-piazza before I reached the scene; but I heard his teeth chattering, and he was trying to say a prayer, I suppose, for purposes of exorcism; Crecy lay on the floor at the foot of the stairs, upon her face, and was groaning, 'O LORDY! O LORDY! LORD forgive me, poor black sinner.' Her two little ones stood staring with fingers in their mouths and immense eyes glaring at the ghost; even Young Tom had just taken to his heels with a yell that might have roused spirits at any hour.

I went up-stairs, and said in a loud, angry tone: 'Harry, stop this mummery. You have been the occasion of more trouble to me by this caper, than you could undo by a year's service. I have no patience left with you.'

'Why, is that you, sister?' said the mischief-maker: 'I am sorry you did n't make me up to-night: you fix me so much more comfortably than Nell does. What, really angry? When did it get wicked to make slim-witches? It's only a month since you helped me yourself!'

I did not choose to tell, even to him, why I was so unwilling to have the prank played there, and to such spectators. Well I knew to my sorrow, the difficulty I should always have to get wood or water carried up-stairs, or a guest's comfort looked after by a servant, after the shadow of evening had fallen on the stair-case landing.

We had been in the old house almost two months, when the incident for which I began this narrative took place. My husband had been absent from home a week, and yet another week must elapse before his return: his only way of reaching us, when he did return, would be by the rail-road, whose down-train came in at noon. Our family consisted of ourselves and child, my husband's two young sisters, and at this time, a friend was also with me — a young girl, but older than my sisters.

It was a stormy day in February that had just closed, and as we sat around the tea-table, Old Tom came to the door, and requested a 'pass' for himself and Young Tom, to go a merry-making at some distance.

'There will not be any one there such a night as this, Tom,' I said, for the wind was howling fearfully through the trees, and the rain came in sheets.

'I can't stay for dat, Miss Nelia: I plays de fiddle for 'em, and I never missed, rain or shine dese fifty years, when I 'se promised.'

'But Young Tom need not go; and I shall feel better, to have one of you on the lot to-night. The storm is so terrible, I do not like being left alone, and Mr. Eastbrook not at home.'



'LORD lub you, Miss Nelia, what be *you* feared on? We'll come home jes as soon as it's ten o'clock; and ef dem black niggers in de kitchen dar can't keep you safe, dey ought to be flogged, eberv black soul on 'em.'

I saw the old man had set his heart on going, and that Young Tom was as anxious to be off as his senior, so I wrote:

'LET Old Tom and Young Tom pass till ten o'clock.

'CORNELIA EASTBROOK.'

With which precious document they went away, facing a storm that would have made them beg to stay at home, had an errand of mine been on the carpet instead of their own pleasure.

As Loulie went to close the piazza-door after them, she heard Old Tom say: 'Guess Miss Nelia 'fraid of dat ghost, eh, boy?'

'Afraid of a ghost, indeed,' said I. 'What an impertinent Old Tom!' And then my friend Agnes began to tell about a school-mate of hers, whose timidity had been practised upon by herself and some others of the school, by various pranks; and Loulie gave us a long ghost-story, and I involuntarily gave them the history of my adventure on the stairs. As I finished my foolish recital, Nell started up, saying: 'Hark! that was the gate shutting: who *is* coming here to-night?'

'Run to the window, Nell, and look down the road.'

'Not a soul: oh! yes, here he comes, with soul and body, too, I reckon.'

'White or black?'

'I can't see: he is not quite in the light from the window yet, and it's awfully dark. Why, how queer he acts: he's stopped right still.'

'What, standing there in the road? Get out of the way, Nell, and let me look from the window.'

'O sister Neelie, sister Neelie! it's a tall man; and he's gone right down the path to the flower-beds. What *does* he want here to-night?'

We all crowded around the window, and looked in vain for his reappearance. Five minutes passed, and no one came. We began to laugh at Nell, and tell her she was mistaken.

'Mistaken! I saw him as plainly as I see that supper-table. A man wrapped up in a great-coat, with something tied around his neck, and he went straight down that path.'

But as she spoke, the gate went to with a clang again, and then we heard a man's voice calling. He was immediately answered by a voice from the grove, and the intruder came out from his retreat and went the way he came, toward the gate, very rapidly. Again the gate was heard to close, and the two had evidently gone off together.

Not one of us spoke during this period of may be two minutes, but it seemed to us an age. Then I unfastened the band that held back the

curtain from the window, and let its heavy folds shut out all sight. A few deep-drawn breaths indicated our relief, and Loulie said :

‘I am going to be sure the drawing-room door is locked, and then we’ll have this all safe. I declare I do n’t want any more such visitors here to-night. What could that man have been after ; what was he doing here to-night, and with a comrade so near ?’

‘Crecy,’ said I to the woman who was removing the tea-things, ‘be very sure you lock this front-door after you have brought in the mat. There, go and do it at once, so that you will not forget either to bring in the mat or lock the door.’

And we all went together to my room, where, taking my baby from the nurse, I sent her out to the kitchen to get her supper. We heard Crecy finish her work in the dining-room, and then both of the girls went out of the back-door, which Nell ran and locked after them, saying : ‘Now I’ll defy any one to get into this house this night, unless we let them in.’

We drew our chairs very cosily around the fine hickory fire ; I placed my sleeping child in the crib, and took out my work from my well-filled basket. ‘Do get the new volume of Hawthorne’s, Loulie, and read aloud. It’s too unsocial for you and Agnes to bury yourselves in that everlasting chess such a night as this. Did you *ever* hear such a wind — hark ! there go more bricks from the drawing-room chimney. I believe that tall china tree must strike the chimney when the wind blows so furiously ; do remind me to tell Frank of it when he comes home.’

‘I wonder what those men were doing,’ said Nell.

‘Oh ! let the men alone to-night : they went off finally, and we have n’t heard the gate since.’

‘Well, I just defy them to get into this room,’ said little Nell ; ‘there’s only that one door into the dining-room,’ (the room was in a wing, and communicated only with the dining-room, as I have said.)

‘But, Sister Neelie ! where is the key of this door gone ? I do believe that was the key I saw Celia give to baby the other day, and he carried it up-stairs in his hand. I was just going to lock the door.’

‘Lock the door indeed, what a goose you are, Nell ; do n’t Sister Neelie sleep here every night with the door unlocked, and no one in the room but that sleepy-headed Celia ? Do sit down, we want to read.’

And Loulie read from Hawthorne some of his weird stories. It was a bad selection to make that night, however. Hawthorne’s power is an uncanny one. We all felt as if under some supernatural influence. Now and then Nell dropped her work and looked steadily in the fire, her eye large and full of flame, as she would turn to me and whisper : ‘Did you ever hear such a wind — it shrieks like a fiend.’



We had read till about nine o'clock, I think, when Loulie put the book down, saying: 'It's worse than all the ghost stories I ever heard concentrated into one. Ugh! the cold chills run over me. How late Celia is in coming in; she must have finished her supper hours ago. I wish this wind would stop.'

And she had her wish, for as she spoke, the wind ceased suddenly its loud roaring, and we heard only the sighing and soughing which comes in the intervals of the gusts on such nights as that.

'Ugh!' said Loulie again, drawing up her chair nearer to Agnes, and in the silence which followed, we drew up closely, for we all sympathized in the cold, shivering symptoms which Loulie had described, and keeping very still, listened, we did not know for what. In this breathless silence we heard very distinctly the gate shut with that startling clang, and a sound of voices before the house. At that moment the tempest rose again, the great trees crashed and bent before it; the moans and groans with which the wind went round the house and came down the chimneys commenced anew; the rain dashed against the windows; the heavy roll of more falling bricks was heard, and above all this, a man's loud and hoarse laugh. Again the silence came, and we sat still and looked in each other's pallid faces, and did not speak.

A thousand thoughts rushed through my mind. There was not in all that town one person whom we could expect to come to our house on such a night as this, for any purpose of good. It was known that we had two good, trusty men-servants about the house, so no one would be likely to come to see if we needed help, or were afraid in such a storm. Beside this, we had not become intimately acquainted with any one who would have taken upon himself so friendly an office. Neither would any one be likely to send to us for assistance; or if a servant came, he would come in by the side-gate in the lane. It was certain that there were men about the grounds—doubtless now prowling about the house. It was known, perhaps, that my husband was absent, and some ruffians might have possessed themselves of the fact of the men's absence also. They certainly had gone off just as Nell saw our first mysterious visitor come in.

It was so still without at this moment, that we heard the steps approaching the house. There was a pause, as if the person were undecided which end of the long colonnade to ascend. Then we heard him at the opposite end, by the drawing-room; there were five steps in the ascent, and we heard resound through the house the heavy tramp, tramp, tramp with which that ascent was made. I wish, by any art of my pen, I could write down the sound of those heavy feet as it echoed under the high roof, and rang in dismal notes on our ears.

Then there was a pause of a moment; to us it seemed so long! and

we heard the man go to the drawing-room door and try it as only a man could, with a strong grasp. He found it resisted his effort, and stopped; then he tried it again, more noisily than before. 'A bold intruder,' I said to myself; 'a stranger here certainly, or he would know that door is never left open.'

'There he goes,' said Nell, starting up. Even so, he certainly was going down the steps, and — welcome sound! — his foot-steps were heard more and more faintly upon the gravelled road.

'There is no ghost about him, at least,' said Agnes, the bright color resuming its place in her sweet face.

'I would rather face a ghost than a wicked man to-night,' said I.

'Well, I should like to have the chance to ask him what he wants here, and what all this performance means,' said Nell.

'I'd like to see you muster up courage enough to ask,' said Loulie. 'You who even wanted to lock this bed-room door.'

'Why, of course I wanted to keep him out if I could, but let him once come in, and see what I would do!'

'You may have a chance yet to ask him what he means,' said Agnes. 'I have not heard the gate, and — Do n't you think, Neelie, you hear those foot-steps again?'

Hear them! That we did. Faint as the sound was, thunder could not have smitten upon our senses as fearfully as did those advancing steps!

'Nell, sit still; where are you going?'

'I was going to see if Crecy really did lock the dining-room door.'

'Certainly she did; is n't she the most faithful of servants?'

'Faithful as any of them,' said Nell, in an under-tone.

The steps were again upon the colonnade, and again we had no breath for words.

The man had his hand now upon the dining-room door. He was fumbling about somewhat after the fashion in which we 'find the key-hole' in the play. The thought came into my mind, and I gave a nervous little laugh, which made them all look at me in astonishment.

'What shall we do?' whispered Nell.

'What shall we need to do,' said I shortly: 'the house is locked up and every window fastened. He could n't well fly up to the balcony door with all the ponderosity those steps indicate.'

The handle of the door was struck as I spoke. With a firm grasp it was turned, and the door yielded and opened!

How horror-stricken we were I shall remember till I die. Agnes Hale's fair face was utterly pallid. Nell had sprung to her feet as if she would in truth face the intruder, while poor Loulie sat still, with a vacant look, as though all her senses had forsaken her.

Meanwhile, after a momentary pause, that heavy tramp came down

upon the floor of the next room, hardly muffled by the carpet. The light under our door was sufficient to guide the man, and he made directly towards us, only striking the table in his route, and making a great clatter of dishes.

'Confound it!' we heard him mutter between his teeth, and we knew from words and tone that we had to fear a white man's ruffianism: no negro speaks like that. As he touched the lock of our door, we all sprang up. I remembered afterward, our simultaneous action, and the tableau we at once presented: Loulie buried her head in the bed-clothes just behind where she had been sitting; Agnes had advanced to the door and, pale as death, applied her slight shoulder to it, as if she could form a barrier, Nell standing in the middle of the room, had caught up the light chair, and was holding it in such a position that it would soon have reached the head of our dreaded visitor.

I think I did the very most foolish thing I could possibly have done. I took my warm, sleeping baby out of his crib, and throwing up the window near which it stood and which looked out to the kitchen, I shouted in a voice hoarse with fear, but powerful as a man's in the strength given me by my agony, lest harm should come to my child: 'Celie! Crecy! come take this child.' Again, as their slow movement maddened me, I yelled rather than screamed: 'Celia, for God's sake take my baby! Aunt Rose, O Aunt Rose! come take this child! Celie! Celie!' But I was too hoarse to call again. The man had not opened the door, but we heard him fumbling the lock. The wind and rain were unabated, and in the fury of that blast I was holding out my tender little baby: had not the window been too high up, I could have jumped, or I would even have dared to throw the child, but none of this could I do, and there in the wide kitchen-door stood the three women, Crecy's gaunt figure, Aunt Rose's portly dimensions, and the shrinking form of Celie. They neither stirred, nor spoke; they said they were sure I had seen the ghost, and they dared not come to the house.

Oh! what an immensity of time passed in the stillness with which we awaited the opening of the door; I felt the perspiration streaming down my face; I drew my baby up to me in an embrace which might have been given to a dying child — and then I shouted, in most unearthly tones: 'You fools, come here this minute! Start! I shall throw this child out if you do not come, instantly! instantly! Celie! Celie!'

But surely the door had stirred a crack. I turned from the window and stared at its movements. Yes, an inch open, I heard the heavy breathing of a man, an odor of brandy or whiskey was penetrating the room. Another inch — a large hand came in, and an open Bowie-knife was in it.



'God help us, my child! my child! O my husband, my dear Frank! where are you? Save us, merciful God! Why, how still he stands! that immense hand! that horrid blade!' and other mental ejaculations relieved the agony of my suspense. I stood quite motionless, my baby strained to my bosom, and my heart stifling its throbs. Then I saw Agnes Hale slide from the opening door to the ground. I knew she had swooned, and I was thankful. Loulie had long ago lost ears and eyes and tongue, and little Nell still had the chair brandished in her brave hands.

The door was opening, and very slowly, for poor Agnes was stretched behind it, and her rigid form must be pushed aside. With a sudden motion this was done, and a large man, with a masked face, stood in the door-way, and his foot crushed the golden curls as he stepped. No one shrieked, and impatient of our muteness, the mask was torn off, and Sam Eastbrook, my husband's brother, was in the room!

I was now too angry to find words in which to express myself. I gave him no word or sign of recognition, and placing my frightened child in his crib, I went to poor Agnes Hale and lifted her bright head on my lap, while I asked Nell in a voice I strove in vain to make steady, to get me a glass of water. Loulie looked up as she heard my voice, and said shudderingly: 'O Sam! how could you do such a thing!'

But Sam's great and just punishment fell on him when he saw the white face of Agnes Hale, his Agnes, for she was his betrothed. He bent down, and in spite of my indignant attempt to push him away, he lifted her in his arms, as I would have lifted my baby, and laid her on the bed. He did not say a word; his lips quivered, and his face was clouded with an expression of remorseful anguish which told me he was reaping the reward of his folly. We bathed her hands and her brow, and I saw Sam press his lips to the bright curls on which he had set his sacrilegious foot. I began to pity him, for under his reckless, fun-loving, mischief-making nature was a heart full of womanly tenderness, and with all that heart he loved and idolized his betrothed.

At length she heaved a faint sigh, and the violet lids began to unclose; she looked up, and seeing who was supporting her, she tried to call his name, and whispered feebly: 'You will save us.'

Poor Sam! he buried his face in his hands, and hid there his shame and remorse. I went to my child, who was getting impatient of my neglect, and Loulie spoke to her brother; Nell was too indignant yet to address him.

'Sam Eastbrook, what possessed you? You might have had to answer for two lives to-night! Sister Neelie was just going to throw Willie out of the window, or jump out with him in her arms, I do n't know which, while Agnes might have lost her senses, if not her life.'

'Hush, hush, Loulie,' said Sam, and he shuddered visibly.

'But tell me, how long have you been here; what a horrid fright this has been! Another hour of such terror——'

'Another hour! why, Loulie girl, it is not fifteen minutes since I first came in, and then hearing my horse trying to break loose, I went back and tightened his fastening to the fence.'

'Where did you get that mask, and why did you hold open that awful-looking Bowie-knife? I wish you would n't carry such a knife, Sam; and above all, do tell me what makes the room smell so of brandy?'

In spite of Sam's unfeigned contrition, he could not resist a slight suspicion of a smile as his lively sister rattled off the details of his preparations to frighten us. But he answered her questions one by one, in this wise: 'The mask was an old one we have been using at Hal Prentisse's, where we have been having tableaux for a week past; as for the knife, I believe I am no worse than other young men in carrying it—no one carries any thing else; and the brandy may come from my breath. There—no airs now, Lou—I am not drunk, whatever else I am.'

'But the brandy?'

'Well, the least I can do now is to answer questions. Just as I was coming up to the gate, a man ran up with a flask and gave it to me, saying: 'I've run 'way from Mass Harris's, and I can't run anoder step. De marshal is arter me, for carrying brandy dere to-night to help along de dancing and Ole Tom's fiddle, and ef he catch dis nigger or fine dis bottle whar I 'se run, I'll take it stiff 'nuff, for true. So please take de bottle, young Mass'r,' and thrusting it into my hand, he ran on, while I laughed heartily at the adventure. I tried its quality, Lou, because I was drenched through, and I knew the liquor would do me good rather than harm.'

'You did n't know which door to come in?'

'How should I? This is my very first visit.'

'I hope it will be your last, if you can't make yourself more welcome,' I said angrily.

'I beg your pardon, Neelie,' said Sam earnestly and seriously. 'I would a thousand times rather have staid out all night in this tempest than have done what I have. I did not think you would all be so frightened, or that Agnes was here even,' and he looked tenderly on the pale, sweet face which lay before him. 'You cannot blame me as much as I blame myself, and never, never will I play another trick to frighten women. This is a solemn vow.'

The next day we heard from a neighbor of the trouble Mr. Warren's Bill had given the marshal by carrying liquor to the 'candy-pulling' given in Mr. Harris's kitchen; and Old Tom told us that even when he

ing out to go to Harris's he met Bill's comrade waiting for the who had run into our grove to hide with his brandy-bottle before knew the marshal, who was aware of his lawlessness and his sities, was watching on the road for him to pass.

Eastbrook kept his word, and he cherishes now his gentle with all the tenderness his great heart is capable of, while we him for the sad fright he gave us on that terrible night.

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SONG FROM GOETHE.

Up yonder on the mountain  
A thousand times I stand,  
Leant on my crook, and gazing  
Down on the valley land.

I follow the flock to the pastures,  
My little dog follows them still;  
I have come below, but I know not  
How I descended the hill.

The beautiful meadow is covered  
With blossoms of every hue;  
I pluck them, alas! without knowing  
Whom I shall give them to.

I seek, in the rain and the tempest,  
A refuge under the tree;  
Yonder the doors are fastened,  
And all is a dream to me.

Right over the roof of the dwelling  
I see a rainbow stand,  
But *she* has departed forever,  
And gone far out in the land!

Far out in the land, and farther—  
Perhaps to an alien shore:  
Go forward, ye sheep, go forward!  
The heart of the shepherd is sore.



## A DREAM BY A DESOLATE HEARTH.

It was many years ago. A dull, ghastly, lowering day; a day when the angry sky had veiled itself in thick and murky clouds; when the wind was heavy and hoarse with vapor, although no moisture laid the dust that covered the white and thirsting streets; when a strange, distant, furnace-like glow was reverberated from a circle in the overhanging pall behind which the sun was hidden; when gloom sat visibly on every passer in the street, and even the singing-birds in the windows were cowed into anxious and fluttering silence. But the day, with its stormy portents, was in harmony with my feelings; and as I re-entered my desolate dwelling, I looked up to the frowning blackness with a smile.

A few minutes before, I had stood in the midst of what might have been mistaken for a garden: I had stood silent beside a narrow trench. A crowd in mourning-raidment was around me—friends, relatives, strangers, with uncovered heads and downcast eyes—I knew it, but I saw them not: two things only could I see. One was a white-haired man, in white apparel, from whose mouth were issuing in bitter mockery (I shrieked it inwardly to myself) phrases of comfort and celestial hope. The other—O my God!—the other! *That* was a narrow, stifling box, fair on the outside with glistening varnish, shining with burnished nails and bright with silver plates; smoothly planed, and polished like a mirror—what had it to do upon the moist and crumbling soil? Why, O stooping sexton! dost thou motion now to thy two attendants, and, with thy gray locks streaming in the sultry wind, stand watching them, as they lower down the painted casket; down, down, till the topmost nail is gone from my sight, and it rests with a hollow murmur upon the earth? Why dost thou sprinkle it with damp and careless handfuls from the heap before me? Why are these people leaning forward: what is there for them to stare at: why am I standing, motionless and stupified, here? . . . Listen! that white-haired man: what is he mumbling over to himself? Was it not *he*, yes, *he* himself, who, less than two years ago, made something one with me, and bade me put a golden ring upon its finger, and placed its hand in mine? And now does he stand before me in the self-same vestments, and call it dust and ashes, and hurry it from my sight? Is this what he promised me there before the altar: is this the wedding to which I brought that ring? . . . Look at that worm, writhing and damp and glistening: see how it buries itself in the soil underneath the spade! Upon what dainty, I wonder, was he feasted last—upon what will his next banquet be?

Ah! he is silent at last, that man in the surplice, and the grave is nearly filled. I feel the crowd is moving hence, and I know that each, as he turns to go, looks furtively at me: *I* look at the grave. Splash in the earth, my merry brothers: sweat, and wipe your brows, O buriers of the dead! Throw in the stones; press them down with your spades and mattocks; jerk the larger ones aside! The heap is rising; already it is time to place the broken tufts of grass atop: I am touched upon the shoulder. I turn, and the sexton tells me I had better go away. Without doubt! Wherefore should I linger here? What is there that should fetter me to this spot? There is something in the old man's face—a sort of cunning, hang-dog, half-request—ay, I know its meaning! He has covered up and stamped upon and hidden all my happiness: shall he not therefore drink my honor's health? It were unreasonable to dispute his right: grin, therefore, old, wrinkled spadesman, mumble over, hug, caress this minted magic; and I will go.

As I have said, I looked up to the thunderous sky as I reached my door, and smiled. I know not what my thoughts were then: my mind, indeed, seemed completely vacant, and I scarcely comprehended where I had been. As I entered, the house-keeper—she too was dressed in mourning—looked at me, and burst into tears. *My* eyes were perfectly dry; and I sat down opposite the empty fire-place and the picture, as calmly as I had seated myself there a thousand times before. Nothing seemed changed: the same noises sounding in the street; the same ornaments on the mantle-shelf; the light breaking in through the shutter, as heretofore; the books arranged on the rosewood shelves that she had purchased; and yet the world was all so different! Gradually my scattered thoughts returned, and commenced revolving around one central point: I rehearsed with infinitesimal minuteness all my woe. The neglected hoarseness; the chill; the fever; the patient suffering; the hopeful tranquillity; the final unspeakable horror; the coffin; the grave! The coffin! The grave! I must have repeated those words many hundred times: they chimed in with the ticking of the clock outside; and their monotony at length threw me into a heavy sleep.

It appeared to me afterward, that the moment I fell asleep, I found myself in imagination upon my own death-bed. I lay there, rigid and motionless; my eyes were half-shut and filled with darkness; but I was able to distinguish the forms of those who surrounded me in heavy silence. I tried to move, but the weight of a ton of lead appeared to be concentrated upon every muscle and every joint: I strained my ears, but I was unable to catch a single whisper; even my eyes were fixed. My physical powers were utterly gone; yet strange to say, my volition and my mental faculties remained unimpaired. Gradually, however, I felt them lose their vigor: my mind, as it seemed, contracted and congealed; and the words, 'I am dying! When shall I



draw my last breath? which by some strange process were obtruded upon me, I mentally reiterated, with but dim apprehension of their purport. Centuries went by, I thought, as I lay in this condition: every minute must have seemed a year; but the figures around the bed grew dimmer by degrees, and faded at length into mere blurred spots and lines; the pressure of an arm about my neck became less and less sensible, (almost my last sensation was one of indistinct wonder whose it might be,) when suddenly I felt a flash of awful strength. I raised myself up, as if in health; for an infinitesimal portion of a second, I could behold and comprehend every thing around me — the frightened faces, the familiar furniture, the eager eyes of my pallid wife — and then a glow of crimson light flooded the apartment, a startled cry rang in my awakened ears, a throb like the shock of an electrical battery pervaded my frame, and I fell back — dead!

A rush, and a crash like the flight of a million tons of granite from a volcano's mouth; a quick, sharp roar, as of all the ordnance that has ever existed discharged simultaneously with the concentrated thunder of a world of storms; a light as fearful as if the sun's fire-ocean were to descend in one single measureless ray; and I found myself gently floating, airy and impalpable, above what had been my body. One instant only was I permitted to gaze upon it, although I was possessed by a powerful desire to view more nearly the discolored and flaccid features which so lately had been my own; and in the next, the silent death-room had sunk away, and I was borne swiftly upward through the unresisting air. Despite my disembodiment, I retained all my earthly feelings and associations of thought, although my intellectual powers appeared to be immeasurably increased; and I gazed on the retreating planet with all the interest of a worldly being. As I ascended high, and ever higher above the abodes of men, I saw the earth spread out beneath me like a giant's map. Cities rolled up and melted into dusky specks; great rivers lost their breadth and brilliancy, and dwindled into wavy lines of white; fields and pastures, moors and forests, ran confusedly together, and clashed in a dim and neutral level of undistinguished tint. Still, in my upward flight, the prospect widened: not countries, now, but continents lay beneath me: rivers faded, mountains shrank and withered, cities disappeared. The earth began to slope and round itself into a huge ellipse, mottled with Europes and Africas, spotted with islands here and there. A few minutes more, as I shot rocket-like above the atmosphere, nothing was visible but a huge and slightly-luminous mass, from which I turned my eyes away with strange indifference. A moment afterward, when I looked again, a formless, unfathomable cavern of mist lay alone beneath, and I was rushing still through illimitable space. Then came a terrible feeling of loneliness upon me — a dread of myself and unutter-

able anguish — and I quivered with fear. In my terror, I shrieked aloud, and the scream reverberated through the vaults of the universe, and encircled me with awful echoings; while above and below and around me, it was again caught up, till the very chasms of creation were choked with sound, and my voice was tossed back and forth, and hurled onward and around me, by demon voices, (so I whispered it must be) from sun to sun. I cowered and shivered, as the frightful echoes were bellowed through the infinity of nothingness, and my spirit-senses were strained to the uttermost, in the vain endeavor to catch a glimpse of something other than flying and unfathomable cloud. Still the voices screamed and thundered, drifting in mad gyrations like the eddyings of a storm-rent maelstrom, dashing their waves of sound against me, and whirling me around with unceasing waverings and hoarse renewals of the unearthly roar. I was alone in the air-ocean of the universe. Who can describe — who understand the unspeakable terror that descended, like a second death, upon me? I was all brain and spirit, yet possessed of bodily attributes and sensations, and the fear which came upon me, as the voices swept through my substanceless being, and I looked in vain for a revelation of relief to the sardonic arch above me, chilled and benumbed and dizzied my spiritual intelligence, until I lost all consciousness, and fell. My upward flight was checked, and in its place was substituted a descending rush, a whizzing through the thin air that surrounded me, till it hissed and seethed into furious heat; and I recovered from my swoon to find myself bathed in an ocean of invisible flame. But as I stretched out my hands amid the intolerable heat, and listened tremblingly for the voices that had vanished, my eyes caught sight of the planet I had quitted, shining tranquilly and smilingly, innumerable miles below. The sight brought back at once my courage, and an invisible influence restored my previous motion.

Henceforth, I felt no terror; for whenever a feeling of uneasiness was heralded in the shrinking of my mind, I glanced at the distant radiance of the earth, and felt assured. Thus, then, I floated upward, ascending still through measureless inanity; but the protection of my mother earth enshielded me, and wrapped me in security, until a billowy splendor shone suddenly around me, and I entered imperceptibly the precincts of the sun. It was as if I had gently floated into an ocean of lambent flame. In giant mountains and valleys of undulating light, the solar cadence rose and fell, heaving tranquilly as the bosom of a fathomless and windless sea, while the radiance deepened in intensity, the waves in motion, as I still sped onward through the ineffable quiet of the flame. Brighter and still more brilliant it grew with every moment, as I was whirled resistlessly onward, till in a moment I found myself circled and over-arched with vaults of solid fire.



I felt no heat, no terror in my breast ; but as I steadfastly looked before me, (for I had on a sudden become stationary,) I beheld the shadowy outline of a gigantic portal, arching in awful curves, and spreading in tremendous but serene expanse through myriads of unmeasured miles away on either side, to the limits of the solar being.

Vaguely arose the wondrous masonry of fire, in solid shafts and volutes — each one of which would have sufficed to span the pigmy earth — in vistas of awful and dissolving distance, in vaults that seemed to dwarf the immensity of the heavens through which I had been borne. Here, as a mote in the aisles of some vastest mundane cathedral, I floated like a ship at rest. But the voiceless grandeur grew oppressive, and I sickened again in terror of nonentity, and quivered before visions of baseless dread. Once more I opened my lips to shriek for succor ; but the cry of agony passed forth unuttered, and instead, there swept through the glowing billows a wave of rapturous sound. Grandly converging, it rolled in upon me, transfusing my lonely being with melody, wrapping me in voiceless music, transfiguring me with palpitating strains. The harp of the CREATOR gave forth its loftiest vibrations, and flame and portal and mighty arches vanished, and I floated only in the music of the Sun ! Ceaselessly changing, breaking now in passionate, dithyrambic flood of sound upon my faculties, now heaving in measured and melodious tumult, or dropping, spreading, whispering in transcendent calm, the ineffable harmony flowed upon me, and purified my essence of its last vestiges of dross. The music ceased ; and once more the grosser glow returned, but the portal had disappeared ; and I became conscious of ethereal shapes that gazed upon me, and at length I heard a voice. For a few moments two winged ones conversed apart ; but shortly placed themselves before me, and I saw them. Celestially beautiful was the shape of either : this with glad blue eyes, shining without a shadow beneath seraphic brows ; and that one with the mournfulness of calm serenity, the embodiment of compassion and hope. Not as the speech of mortals was their language, yet it fell familiarly upon my ears. The fair-haired gazing on me intently, while the darker one extended his aerial hand, as if to grasp me, said : ‘ O Spirit ! thou that hast been borne into the presence of infinity, and hast waited at the gate-way of the OMNIPOTENT, and hast been renovated and perfumed in the chanting of the seraph-choir of God, art given to me for guidance and support.’ The shape was silent, and again there rolled around me the flood of everlasting song. But the dark-browed seraph lifted up his voice, and in clear and awful accents, bade me gaze upon him. As I obeyed, a tremor chilled me, till the brother-spirit lent me courage with a touch. ‘ To me,’ the dark-browed slowly said, ‘ thou hast been partly given also, for thy instruction and reproof. I and this other are united and

separated to all eternity. If either touches either, there is an end to both; but to me, for a penance, it is given to be severed by the fiat of OMNIPOTENCE from my brother, and to wait in the vestibule of perfect happiness the decrees of the MOST HIGH. I am he whose breath, when it falls on mortals, robs them of the spirit that this my brother has infused. Side by side we are sent forth through the universe, he giving, I taking — both helping, cheering, saddening, darkening, bringing helpful sorrow or hopeful joy. Only a little while ago I covered thee with mourning, and thou forgottest that my brother here, the fair-haired, was near thee still. For this thou hast been guided hither, that thou mightest bow before the wisdom of Omnipotence, and suffer chastening of thy instructed spirit. Know, O mortal! and let thy presumptuous impatience take heed, that where either of us passes, close beside him is the other also. As the clouds that thou seest above thee, in thine earthly pilgrimage, when the north wind chases them through the heavens; as the unity of day and night, ever joined, yet ever parted, is our imperishable union. Therefore repine thou not, nor blame immutable decrees: rather be comforted in the faith that where one of us hath passed with sorrow in his hand, the other followeth with healing wings.'

The seraph was once more silent, and the angel of life, gazing with heavenly kindness on me, bade me lift my hand. I obeyed; and straightway there was a roar as of a cataract of oceans, while the radiance and the music rushed thunderingly upward, and rolled together like a scroll of parchment, and vanished in the over-hanging vault. Again I was suspended in the midst of the nothingness of Creation, but my guides, invisible now, remained. The soft-voiced seraph spoke once more. 'To thee,' he sang, 'it has been granted, O favored mortal! to stand in the presence of my brother Death, without feeling his destroying touch; and to sweep from thy earthly resting-place for a little while within hearing of the abodes of God. But not yet is thy labor over, not yet may my brother lay his hand upon thee, and bid me stand aside. For a moment only hath thy soul — thyself — been set free from the clod that shrouded it, and hath tasted of the immensity of the CREATOR'S realm. It hath felt its nonentity amid the cycles of creation; thou hast cowered in thy dwarfishness on the high-road of the light of God.' And the sternly beautiful angel of Death began: 'Yes! thou hast been chosen by inscrutable wisdom to be purified and cleansed by sojourning for a season on the verge of the unspeakable; and now it is ordained that thou shalt return to the planet whence thou hast been led. See that thou keep in mind, amid the littleness of earth, what knowledge thou hast gained of the grandeur of the skies! See that thou forget not the lesson that hath been

vouchsafed to thee, nor spend in murmuring, the opportunity that is given thee for praise.' The seraph was silent, and he of the brighter form laid a hand gently upon my forehead; then I knew that both the invisible companions vanished, and from above me floated down receding melody, joyful and sad in strange intermingling, growing less and less and less, and melting into silence at last by slow degrees.

Swiftly, then, I sped through the blank illimitable void. Rushing along through the ocean of light, I was borne near and nearer to the verge of material creation. I entered the stellar spheres. I was impelled no longer through inanity. The universe grew alive with planets, and whirling systems sang around me as I passed. Vistas and avenues of stars fled past me; streaming rays of mighty light enwrap me in transitory splendor; pallid comets whirled along, and glared upon me as they passed. Onwards still I sped, and soon the starry world began to fade in faint and scattered luminousness behind me, while in front the rolling folds of atmosphere were cloven by the distant glimmer of the earth. Comet-like myself, I struck the outer verge of the encircling atmospheric ring, and now the prospect broadened once more into a terrestrial view. Again I looked upon the panorama of the globe. The silver crests of Andean ranges pointed, needle-like, toward me; vast silent expanses of silvery blue stretched immeasurably around the tortuous continents and insular masses that arose in darkling contrast from the seas. Now I am borne hither and thither, and I see the flashing light of the sun behind me, as it speeds more swiftly than myself to play on the hill-tops and the rivers and the sparkling silver of the sea. The earth appears to leap toward me as I near it. Soon I recognize the outline of my country. The forests spring from the misty dun of the expanse; cities, villages, monuments shoot out to meet me, like massive tongues proclaiming my arrival. Now I see the foam-crested billows of the Atlantic, and the white-winged messengers of commerce that glide over them, followed by the sunny breeze. The tumult of the busy street next floats upward and around me; the great city lies immediately below; suddenly it grows dark—I feel strangled, stifled, violently compressed and pinioned—the prison of the body is once again my motionless receptacle. Through half-closed eyes, and with confused hearing, I perceive that I am in the death-room that I quitted when my upward flight commenced. I am all alone. There is a horror in the silence, in the closed shutters, in the whispering that I hear by the door. It opens, and a weeping figure enters; my wife presses a kiss upon my clammy forehead; O God! were I a Titan crushed with mountain piled on mountain, I could have made no more desperate and futile effort to move an arm, a hand, an eye-lid. Horror of horrors! I am



alive, and yet dead! I feel that if I can utter the faintest sound I am saved—my lips refuse to move so much as by a hair's breadth! Presently the weeper leaves me, and again I am alone. Unspeakable agony rends my soul in fruitless endeavors to assert its existence; and soon the solitude is again invaded. Men approach the bed-side where I lie; they place on a table a long, unlovely casket, burnished and adorned outside, lined softly with satin within. Mourners fill the chamber; the motionless corpse is lifted heavily and starkly from the bed, and laid with quiet gentleness in the hateful coffin. Now the mourners crowd around me for a final, silent glance. I recognize them all. There is my brother—he with the hard, calculating face, we have been estranged so long, and now a struggling tear glitters in his eye! Here is one dear friend, there stands another; this school-fellow of mine is weeping bitterly, that acquaintance maintains a decent simulation of grief. They all make way for one slight figure who bows over the imprisoned form, and silently weeps. Then the crowd recedes a few paces. A gloomy, black-bearded man, in rusty mourning apparel, lifts a long, angular board; in one instant more I shall be shut out from the world and the light. Then despair settles upon me, and despair that numbs me with dread more horrible than even the reverberation of my own spirit-voice had caused me in my upward soaring. The coffin is closed; the grating of the screws, as they fasten it forever, follows; unless I shriek for help I am to be buried alive! A clammy sweat, that is not of death, breaks from my forehead, and still the screws are driven deftly in, while I am dumb. On a sudden there is a scream, and the golden shape of the seraph of life awakens my eyes to returning light. The lid is wrenched from above my face, my wife is about to clasp me in her arms—and the vision vanished, as I awoke.

I sate before the fire-place, where I had sunken down: but at my side stood my infant's nurse, and the child, as she held it, stretched out its tender arms toward me, with mouth and cheeks and chin all dimpling into happy smiles. I had been awakened by the infant's cry.

As I clasped my child in my arms, I knew that I had not dreamt in vain. Truly, the unconscious infant saved me from despair, as in my dream I believed I had been saved from a horrible sepulture. As his cry awoke me from uneasy slumber, so his being roused me from inane repining; and when I lean now on his arm, and trace in his countenance the lineaments of the mother whom he never knew, I remember the teachings of the seraphs who visited me in my sleep.

## THE 'CESTUS OF COMMERCE.

TELL me not in amorous measure,  
Of the cestus VENUS wore :  
Woman's prized but fatal treasure —  
Fatal gift for evermore.

There 's a belt of grace and beauty,  
Zones the city's waist so fair :  
Draws the world to love and duty,  
Makes the prize worth loves to wear.

There are links from out the ocean ;  
There are links from out the land,  
Wrought by labor and devotion,  
Fashioned quaintly strand on strand.

Here the pine from frozen Norway,  
Nodding o'er the rising flood :  
There the wines of far Tokay,  
Shed for us their roddest blood.

Dancing o'er the summer wavelet,  
Persian dyes inwrought and bright ;  
Beauteous pearls all deftly set,  
Bring from France imprisoned light.

Islands send their breathing spices ;  
Thibet wools embroidered fine ;  
Gems, encased with rare devices,  
Snatched by Toil from envious mine.

Iron, spun in tissues cunning,  
England works upon the band :  
Threads from Gallic looms are running  
Through the woof their silken strand.

Tell not, then, in amorous measure,  
Of the girdle VENUS wore,  
Belt of loose and wanton pleasure —  
Fatal zone for evermore.

There 's a girdle that the nations  
Belt around the city's form :  
Links supplied by Toil's creations —  
Wrought in sun-light and in storm.

'T is a belt of grace and beauty,  
Zones the waist of Commerce fair :  
Draws the world by work and duty,  
Loveliest belt our earth can wear.

## K H E M I .

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‘ — præterea Nil’

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‘WHAT is Egypt?’

And the Professor looked up at me over his spectacles and oracularly responded: ‘Pharaohs, Ptolemies, and Caliphs, pyramids, sphinxes, and obelisks, mummies, scarabees, and hieroglyphics, vermin, crocodiles, and papyrus, and six hundred miles of the Nile—that’s Egypt,’ and down went his head, and his eyes were again exploring the pages of the fourteenth volume (folio 1502) of *Fungus de Rebus Inanibus*.

‘Umph! rather Delphic,’ muttered I, and then ventured to arouse old Lacon once more. ‘My revered instructor,’ (my address was somewhat in this fashion,) ‘you have most felicitously embodied much history, art, archæology, zoölogy, botany, and geography in a single sentence. You have reached from Menes to Said Pacha, and from Philæ to Rosetta in ten seconds of time, and have thus given me another proof of your philosophic and comprehensive thought.’ When I had thus lifted his head up again, and drawn wrinkles of complacency from his mouth-corners upward, I proceeded on the other tack. ‘But pardon me, if I still complain of Egyptian darkness, for while I am well aware of those external features of Mizraim which you have so graphically grouped, it is the soul, the heart, yea, the intestines of Egypt, which baffle my intelligence, and hence, honored Mentor, my question. What meant that anthropotherian mythology? Whence came Egyptian civilization? and what was its value? and what was Egypt’s mission (forgive the word) in history? These were some of the interrogatories included in my question, ‘What is Egypt?’’

Off went the spectacles, *Fungus* was closed, and the Professor, rising from the chair, grasped my hand. ‘Not a vain curiosity, but philosophy! Sit down, Sir, and let us talk of the field of Zoan and the land of Ham.’

The Professor was now in his element, and I composed myself to listen.

## THE PROFESSOR’S MONOLOGUE.

‘You spoke rightly, Sir; no apology, Sir; ‘mission’ is the word, Sir. Every nation has its mission, and when that is performed, the instrument is laid aside to oxydize. National oxydization is a part of the system. The mission of Egypt was, as brother Ham, to keep off Shem while Japhet grew. If it had not been for Pharaonic and Ptolemaic thorns in the sides of Assyria, Babylon, Persia, and Syria,

Europe would have been Shemized again and again. Egypt was conductor for extra Asiatic electricity. So when Rome was big enough to take care of itself, Egypt shrank up with nothing more to do. Rome's 'thank ye,' for this long guardianship was truly Roman and Polyphemic; 'I'll eat you last.' You see, my inquiring friend, that Sesostris, Shishak, Hophrah, *et id genus omne*, were merely watch-dogs over the infancy of our own kith and kin. Think of that thankfully the next time you float under Shekh Hereedee, or stare at the wall-figures of Medeenet-Haboo. So I've answered your last question first, and now let us advance backward to your civilization query.

'*Ex pede Herculem*. Doubtless our learned Switzer could, given a tooth, construct a megalosaurus, an ichthyosaurus, or any other long-named monster, but what is very rational in comparative anatomy is very risky in archæology. Yet it has been the fashion to erect huge castles of civilization upon very fragmentary data furnished by Egyptian monuments. Our good friend who lectures to us now and then on the 'Lost Arts,' even went so far as to turn a boat at anchor in the Harper's Tomb into a complete steamer, and with a couple of parallel blocks of granite made a grand junction railway between Koptos and the Red Sea, both perhaps in use when Cambyases blew up old Syenite Rameses with gun-powder. This won't do, my boy; figures, they say, can't lie; and Egyptian figures, I suppose, are included in the apophthegm. Why should *they* lie that read them? Search the Biban el Molook and Abd el Koorneh, till you know every sculpture and painting by heart, squeeze Manetho, and pump Herodotus' priests, and learn the hieroglyphs, and you'll get no more than a semi-civilization at best, an Oriental mixture of barbarism and progress, quite fine for B.C. 1859, but quite meagre for A.D. 1859. Take the mechanical arts. A colossus is to be moved. It is shoved upon a sled and dragged by ten-score men at a dead pull. Where are wheels, levers, pulleys—where cranes, derricks, and steam-engines? Take the religion. Next to India in grossness of conception and gracelessness of expression, is the Nile-land. Dog-headed gods, ram-headed gods, hawk-headed gods, bull-gods and crocodile-gods crowd the Egyptian Olympus, and provoke a fetish-worship. Take the customs. The conqueror chops off the hands of the slaughtered enemy, and heaps them up as his trophy; the mourner smears his head and face with mud; the people live with the beasts, and use their hands for the filthiest offices. Where is the literature that Egypt has left for us? Where the science? Where the art? Magniloquent inscriptions, embalming, the architectural slope, (which expresses itself in obelisk, pyramid, and pylon,) that is all, bespeaking a civilization verily, but nothing very astounding. Yes, it was a civilization, and doubtless indigenous, not Meroe-sprung. (The upper Nile is not a likely spot

for civilization to grow rank.) It was a civilization to match that of the Tigris and Euphrates. It was a civilization good enough to Ceeropize and Danaize Greece, which paid the debt a hundred-fold a thousand years later in Ptolemizing Egypt. In short, it was a civilization between the Aztec and the Chinese. Now, Sir, your second question is answered. Your third (I should say, your first) inquiry touched the mythology. Men grow mad before a vail. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. The Eleusinian mysteries and the II.Δ.K. of our college, each in its own sphere, are successful cultivators of the imagination. Owls, that say nothing, are very wise. An ibis alighting on the sand-bar near your dahabiyeh is very pretty, but very comprehensible; but an ibis mummied in a jar, nay, a whole pitful of ibises mummied in jars — ah! that's a mystery. An ibis shot by a rifle is nothing but an ibis; but an ibis swathed and worshipped is the gateway to the infinite. Wolves and cats, ditto; dogs and vultures, ditto; cows and sheep even, ditto. Nobody understood this principle better than Jannes and Jambres. Hence nine-tenths of your anthropothery; the other tenth is traditionary truth, the beast-head denoting a quality of the deified hero. Amun is old father Ham himself, whose filial descendants made him their *Deus opt. et. max.*, and put a ram's head upon his shoulders as a memento of his *pecunia*, his large interest in the wool business. Brother Japhet's European children treated their father with equal distinction, and as Japetus in Greece and Jupiter in Rome gave him a high place in the theogony; and because of his fair Caucasian complexion as compared with his brethren, they made white a color sacred to him in their rites. To complete the picture, Shem as Shemesh (the sun) was the prime deity among his Asiatic posterity.

'After Amun come a crowd of later hero-gods, whose deification and hints in their worship are all we have of their history. Thoth, Phthah, Kneph, Re, Osiris, Isis, Horus, Apis, Serapis, Athor — these were all warrior-shepherds and shepherdesses, like their ancestor, and so they appear with a shepherd's crook in hand, that mysterious emblem of power which has suggested so many labyrinthine theories. And just so I might speak of Maut and Khonso, Mandoo and Atmoo, Sothis, and Sokari. But enough. I only wish to tell you that Egyptian mythology is no more profound than mythologies in general, all of which are explained by two or three simple principles.'

Here the Professor paused and felt for his snuff-box. I had listened with unalloyed delight to this Œdipodean elucidation. Be it Alexander's sword or not, the Gordian bother was at an end, and I chuckled as I did when I first heard how the Dendera Zodiac tumbled the Frenchmen over. You know that the great Zodiac on Athor's ceiling ranked A No. 1 among the Nilotic mysteries. It told of a golden age some seventeen thousand years ago, in which temple and zodiac were



constructed. *There* was the sun, *there* was the little hole to let him peep in upon the map of his annual voyage, and there was the astronomical calculation. What more could you want? And so they blew up Moses! After a while some foolish fellow went in with a light and read the name of the founder, somewhat thus:

TI. CAESAR. D. AUG. F. AUGUSTI.

an individual, whom the French savans had some scruples about making excessively pre-Adamic. As I shouted at the Frenchmen, then, so I now lifted up my voice at the Professor's radical view of the monuments. 'Bravo! what a raid on Egyptology!'

Stopping the pinch half-way to his nose, the Professor looked at me with surprise. 'A raid on Egyptology! you misinterpret me, Sir. I honor Egyptology; I love Egyptology. I would only unburden it of its meretricious ornaments, and give it a modest and more attractive garb. A raid on Egyptology! Why, Champollion and Rosellini were my instructors, Lepsius, Seyffarth, and Wilkinson (spite of their differences) are my friends; and then there's that mummy up-stairs, dumb as it is, contradicts you.'

I confess I was somewhat taken back at this apparent change of front, and, as the snuff was reaching its goal, I interposed a fender to his objurgation. 'May I trespass, my valued Mentor, farther upon your time, and obtain your views on Egyptology, which I so rashly and so ignorantly misrepresented. I had supposed that if there were no mystery, the whole fraternity of decipherers were unofficed, and I felt quite ready to bury Lepsius under a heap of fingers, noses, and such like, which his ruthless hammer knocked off at Luxor and Karnac. But your remark checks me, and I am puzzled.'

The Professor reluctantly arose from his chair after a glance at his watch, which was as large as a clepsydra, and thus-ed: 'My young inquiring friend, if mystery be simply undiscovered truth, there is much mystery in Egypt; but if mystery be something supernatural, novel in genus as well as species, something solar, lunar, stellar, rather than terrestrial, then I assert that Egypt is as plain as Texas. But my hour for lecture has arrived, and a hundred unfledged moral philosophers are by this time awaiting my coming. I must leave you, but let me put into your hand a ms. of mine on the subject you are investigating, a ms. which I destine to a posthumous publication, in order that I may avoid the buzz of a hornet criticism, all sting and no honey, too formidable to be ignored, and yet too paltry for combat. Cowardice, say the down-boards. Wisdom, says silver-locks. Farewell.' And the worthy man, having taken a roll from a cupboard shelf, and having placed the same in my hand, hurried away to his daily duty. When the Professor had retired, I lit a segar, unfolded the ms. upon

the green-baized table, and came out at the peroration in two hours. I cannot give you the whole, for neither time nor memory would serve me, nor can I verify my attestation to the rhetorical power of its hortatory parts or the scathing fire of its controversial portions by quotations, as I was obliged to omit the body of the pamphlet in copying, to make sure of the head and tail, which I now respectfully introduce with title-page and some passages of the Introduction. The Professor's MS. :

E g y p t o l o g y .  
OR  
THE IMPORTANCE OF EGYPTIAN LORE  
TO THE  
DEVELOPMENT OF CLASSIC AND HISTORIC KNOWLEDGE.  
BY  
— — — — —, ETC. ETC.

The American ear is not peculiarly prone to listen to the past, or to entertain a music that has not a metallic jingle. I am aware, therefore, that my voice vibrates upon a very few tympana. My audience might be larger if I should cry, 'Choice lots at Memphis,' 'Rare water-privileges at Lycopolis,' 'Contracts for paving Thebes for sale;' but I prefer the small appreciative company who gape for wisdom rather than gold, and who are not worshippers of Jupiter Mammon. History is a right gracious queen, smiling sweetly while she rebukes, and those who turn their faces toward her, not only learn but love. That these are few, is the world's misfortune and fault.

The answers to Infidelity on its own ground, are results of patient historic investigation. God's Revelation is not to be buttressed by science or philosophy. It is independent of, and above all else. God speaks to me, and needs no earthly mediator. But if Infidelity manufacture gins and traps out of distorted facts, wherein weak souls are ensnared, it is becoming to check this presumption by revealing the fallacies which lie at its basis. The beauty of the Parthenon needs no argument, and yet blind eyes must be opened to see it.

The ethical and political problems, of which history furnishes the key to a solution, are manifold, and touch our individual interests. There lie examples and principles, all for the gathering. Each century increases the dimensions of the historic mine, and demands new labor; but each century likewise enlarges the veins of gold and furnishes increased facilities for their working. Civilization, with its limiting laws, showing human weakness, folly, and sin, and forming *a priori* arguments for Revelation, by its negative thrusting us over to the positive, which is not human — this doctrine alone, if she taught nothing else, should draw us to the feet of Clio.

And why not an æsthetic study? Are there not galleries in History's palace full of sculptured and pictured groups, before which we can sit in the rapture of admiration? Is not History a Muse? Is not the Scandinavian Walhalla a truth? You may have your landscapes in the Present; but if you would depict *man*, you must leave the changeful Now, and seize the crystallizations of the Past. And, moreover, has not *HE*, who made this world a Kosmos, also guided its human history by similar æsthetic laws?

We have long done homage to Greece and Rome. This is natural, and not wrong. They are the sources of our æsthetic and political knowledge and status in large measure. But as the Sultan to-day brings the Nile-water to his seraglio for his imperial use, we must remember that the fountains of the Inachus and Cephissus were of old filled from the same Nile; that Argive and Athenian acknowledged Egypt as the mother of their civilization. The Argive Io wandered to Egypt a *cow*, and her descendant, the Egyptian Danaus, came back to Argos a *man*. Moreover, let us remember the Græco-Egyptian union, in which Psammitichus, and afterward Amasis, figure, the Hellenism of the Ptolemaic dynasty, the Alexandrian centre of Greek literature, and the Cleopatrine alliance with Rome, when the beautiful queen took a serpent to her bosom (teste Cæsarione) long before her acquaintance with the famous asp. But all this leads us out of our introduction to

## CHAPTER FIRST.

If we take Herodotus alone for our guide in the matter of Egyptian history, we obtain the following table of kings:

	MENES.	
	Three hundred and thirty kings, the last of whom is	
B.C. 1309.	{ MOERIS, SESOSTRIS, PHERON, PROTEUS, RHAMPSINITES.	
	{ CHEOPS, CHEPHREN, MYCERINUS, }	built the pyramids.
	ASTYCHIS.	
B.C. 800.	{ ANTISIS, SABACON, ANTISIS, (again), SETHON, Twelve contemporary kings, PSAMMITICHUS, NECO, Necho, (2 Kings, 23: 29), PSAMMIS, APRIES, HOPHRA, (Jer. 44: 30), AMASIS,	
B.C. 525.	{ PSAMMENITUS, conquered by the Persians.	

In this table we have three breaks between Moeris and Psammenitus: one between Rhampsinitus and Cheops; a second between Mycerinus and Asychis; and a third between Asychis and Anysis. At least the phraseology of Herodotus will only admit breaks in those places. And the five centuries between Moeris and Anysis demand more than the nine names given. The date of Anysis is gathered from comparison with the Assyrian line. The date of Moeris, Herodotus says, was about nine hundred years before he visited Egypt. We see that by his account, the pyramids were built certainly after B.C. 1200, and before B.C. 800. If we take the middle period, the date of the pyramids will be B.C. 1000, the time of David. On all these monarchs, from Moeris downwards, Herodotus enlarges: before Moeris, the three hundred and thirty are dispatched in a sentence. We can easily see, therefore, that beyond Moeris there is no dependence to be placed on the priests' stories as given to the Greek historian. The name Menes may be the same as Amun, the great god of Egypt.

Diodorus puts about two thousand years between Menes and Moeris, which (with the exception of three kings in that long period) he notices with an obscurity equal to that of Herodotus.

The third great authority on Egyptian chronology, and the one who has excited most controversy, is Manetho, an Egyptian priest, of B.C. 300, a voluminous writer, whose works have nearly all perished; and what remains is so corrupted, that it is difficult to determine Manetho's own views. Bunsen (*Ægypt. Stelle in der Weltgesch.*) has given an account of the manner in which Manetho's chronology was corrupted. One would suppose that such an authority as this, was rather weak to erect into a fortress against Scripture; but Infidelity catches at straws. But on an examination of Manetho's text, we are the more astonished at the audacity which rests on his authority. He makes twenty-six dynasties of Egyptian kings before the invasion of Cambyses, in B.C. 525, comprising five thousand and thirty years. He gives no particulars regarding the lives of these kings, and very many he does not even name; but contents himself by saying that, 'such a dynasty had so many kings.' Some of his absurdities are very gross. For example, he says that one dynasty of seventy Memphite kings reigned *seventy days*! The Egyptian chronology quoted by George Syncellus, (A.D. 800,) gives thirty-four thousand years to the reigns of gods and demi-gods over Egypt, and then two thousand three hundred and twenty-four of human kings. Such are the chief authorities on Egyptian chronology, if we except the monuments. We have enumerated them, in order to caution the unwary against dogmatic assumptions on a point so exceedingly obscure. The fact of the monuments testifying to long lines of kings, is also very meagre authority for a chronological dictum, when we *know* that some dynasties were

contemporaneous, and when we remember how the Greeks invented pedigrees.

CHAPTER SECOND.

WHAT does the Bible tell us of Egypt? We are first told (Gen. 10: 6) that Mizraim was the son of Ham. Mizraim means 'the two Egypts,' Egypt being called to this day by the natives, 'Mizr.' This makes the settlement of the Nile valley by Ham's descendants perfectly plain. Now, as others of Ham's posterity went down to the extremity of the vast Arabic peninsula, doubtless they found their way across Bab-el-Mandeb into Abyssinia and Æthiopia, and thus met their cousins on the Nile. It is this fact which gave rise to the theory that Egypt was peopled from Æthiopia and the Upper Nile. No doubt, as Herodotus says, Ethiopian monarchs reigned over Upper Egypt, or even over the whole land, at some periods. The next allusion to Egypt is the account of Abraham's visit, recorded in Gen. 12: 10; 13: 1. This took place, according to the best authorities, about B.C. 1920. From the narrative given us, we can gather that an extreme simplicity of manners existed in the Nile valley at that time. A rich Arab sheikh (for so Abraham would appear) arrives, with his flocks, herds, and servants, in the land, and immediately he attracts the notice of the king and his princes. The hedges of formality which surrounded the courts of Nineveh, Babylon, and Susa, and Egypt itself at a later period, seem not as yet erected. Indeed, by comparing this account with that of Abraham's visit to Gerar, (Gen. chap. 20,) we would be led to suppose that the pomp and importance of Egyptian royalty were no greater than that of the court of Gerar, a small town and its dependencies. It was probably on this visit of Abraham to Egypt that he procured Hagar as a servant, who afterward became his concubine. The next Biblical reference to Egypt, is in Joseph's thrilling history. Joseph probably was carried into Egypt about B.C. 1700. By this time, we find royalty accompanied by great state, and the king's person well covered by ranks of high officers. For two hundred years the history of Israel is included in that of Egypt, and hence the Bible sheds much light on the manners and civilization of Egypt during these centuries. For example, we see the power of the priesthood, the custom of embalming, the low caste of shepherds, the degradation of the common people, the military apparatus, all clearly defined. Yet Egypt's sway was still confined to the Nile valley; for Israel is forty years in the desert on Egypt's border, unmolested by the Pharaohs, and the Canaanites and Philistines of Palestine seem equally exempt from Egyptian interference. In later generations, when God rebukes Israel for its idolatry, they are the gods of Moab, Ammon,



Philistia, and Syria, and not the gods of Egypt, which have ensnared the holy people. This is strong evidence against Egyptian influences extending beyond the Nile valley, until a comparatively late period. Solomon's marriage with Pharaoh's daughter (B.C. 1000, five hundred years after the Exodus) is the first token we have of such influences; and in the next reign, Shishak's successful inroad upon Judah (commemorated on the Theban monuments) shows a military power of foreign interference on the part of Egypt, continued afterward by such as Necho and Hophra. From the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel, we find that Zoan, (Tanis,) which was the Egyptian capital probably at the Exodus, (Num. 13 : 22, compared with Psalm 78 : 12, 43,) was also one of the royal capitals in B.C. 770, (Isaiah 19 : 13 and 30 : 4,) and a prominent city, although probably diminished in rank, in B.C. 600, (Ezek. 30 : 14, where Noph, that is, Memphis, No, that is, Thebes, Sin, that is Pelusium, Aven, that is, Heliopolis, and Pi-beseth, that is, Bubastis, are mentioned, and some of them more particularly than Zoan.)

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

HAVING in the nineteen preceding chapters shown what the Egyptian field is, and the valuable light which a careful study of the monuments must shed upon it, it only remains for me to urge my brethren of America to the wholesome task. We must not leave this examination to German rationalists and their English admirers. We must bring a historic research that is not warped by an anti-Biblical prejudice, that is not ready to build upon the form of a letter an impregnable fortress against Christianity, that will not listen to every Egyptian priest as a divine oracle, and hoot at the divine oracle, as if it were nothing but an Egyptian priest. We desire the more impartial American mind to use the materials which Egypt furnishes for the illustration of ancient history; for we recognize as the highest office presented to our country by the course of events, that of evolving and developing the truth. We may accept—we may reject this duty tendered us; the answer is with ourselves.

END OF THE PROFESSOR'S MS.

A PRACTICAL THOUGHT CONSEQUENT.

A COLLECTION of materials for Egyptian archæology and history is now among us. It is a collection second to no private collection in the world, made by a learned man long resident on Egyptian soil. It is full of rare interest and instruction, and would form a noble basis for a grand national museum of the Pharaohs, attracting scholars, and improving the public appreciation of things historic. New-York, by the liberality of one of her most highly-esteemed citizens, has just

secured for her Historical Society a valuable possession of Nineveh marbles. Will not another wealthy citizen emulate this example, and add to the treasures of that well-conducted institution the Abbot collection of Egyptian antiquities, thus doing more for the permanent influence and fame of his city and country, than by building rows of banks, and founding a score of insurance companies? By thus collecting the materials of history, we shall rear the historians themselves, and add many brilliant names to the shining list that begins with the revered name of PRESCOTT.

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T H E I N F A N T K I N G .

'I'd like to play with top, or ball,  
Or lively battledore;  
Or laugh to see the paper kito  
So high above me soar.'  
'Nay, Sire,' the regent gravely said,  
'Aside these follies fling:  
Remember, though you are a child,  
You are a nation's king.'

'I'll go, with yonder little boys,  
To sport upon the green;  
For sure beyond those palace-walls  
Right merry things are seen.'  
'My liege, it would appear to me  
A most unseemly thing,  
If children of ignoble race  
Should gambol with their king.'

'In-doors, alone, since I must be,  
I'll look some pictures o'er,  
Or spread out all my pretty toys  
Upon the nursery-floor.'  
'Nay, but your majesty must tend  
The books your tutors bring;  
And haste to learn what best befits  
A mighty people's king.'

'Oh! would that I were not a king!'  
The tiny monarch cried,  
While fast adown his infant cheek  
The drops of sorrow glide.  
'Would that I were yon happy bird,  
And owned those shining wings!  
I know that God made little boys,  
But oh! whoe'er made kings?'

## THE STREET-EMPLOYMENTS OF NEW-YORK.

It is scarcely more than a month ago that a member of the Legislature of the State of New-York gave the first intimation of his intention to introduce a bill prohibiting the sale of Jersey produce in the great metropolitan city, unless through 'a commission-house.' This proposed small revenge for the refusal of New-Jersey to dispose of that North-American Cuba known to all men as Sandy-Hook, and coveted by all New-Yorkers for a quarantine station, cannot be said to have much humor — except ill-humor — about it. But there is something exceedingly droll in the mock dignity with which the idea of 'a commission-house' invests the beans and peas, the potatoes and parsley, of New-Jersey. One cannot help associating with a commission-house all sorts of mystical documents severally entitled 'invoices;' 'accounts sales,' with the mysterious but we believe strictly orthodox 'E. and O. E.' at the bottom of them; 'bills of lading;' 'accounts current,' and 'advice in conformity.' And when it is sought to bring such machinery as this to bear on the 'garden truck' aforesaid, it is impossible to describe the extent of ridicule which the attempt naturally involves. It may be said, that under the present system of free trade between all the Jerseys and this portion of the United States, the only item of really commercial machinery that is ever employed in the transactions, is that which is known under the head of 'anticipation of net proceeds.' The hieroglyphic 'E. and O.E.' never appear in the accounts, how much soever the E. and the O. may underlie the transactions. The 'errors' represented by the first 'E.,' are probably those of the direct buyer of the 'garden truck,' when he hands over the bill of a broken bank to the unsuspecting Jerseyman. The 'omissions,' typified in the 'O.,' are those of the Jersey vender, who is said frequently to govern himself by the three-peck bushel of his country. The remaining 'E.' would clearly be out of place in these little operations, since the errors and omissions so far from being mutually 'excepted' are invariably adhered to with remarkable pertinacity by the erring or omitting party.

If the reflective mind, however, refuses to lay much stress upon these points, as reasons for scouting the projected retaliatory blow against our cousins — I might almost say our brethren — on the other side of the Hudson, it is because contemplation is almost totally absorbed by the gross injustice of the measure. Why single out the Jerseyman as the victim of a prohibitory commercial policy? There is a daily immigration into the city of New-York of seedy and indifferently combed-and-brushed individuals from Connecticut; tall and



lanky persons from Vermont; sleek, obsequious men from Massachusetts; and unwashed parties from abroad generally, whose object it is to sell their wares, or make money by their performances — whose actual practice it is to crowd New-Yorkers off their own pavements and take possession of the same. The Jerseyman, with the natural diffidence which distinguishes him, rarely proceeds farther into the bowels of the land, or, I might say, rarely ventures farther from home, than Washington-market. But the other peripatetic adventurers to whom we have referred, come up to Broadway; they do more, they occupy and possess Broadway. 'The ear is pained, the soul is sick, with every day's report' of the new and invaluable invention for running a steel spike through the neck of a rat, directly he puts his head through a hole which is about the last place in the world into which he is likely to place that member. Then there is the ubiquitous and impossible-to-be-avoided nutmeg-grater, made, expressly for sale, by the gentleman from Connecticut who offers it, and who very probably could also furnish you with some of the nutmegs of his country to put into it, if you felt disposed to enjoy the spicy saw-dust which would be the inevitable consequence of adapting the uses of the one manufacture to the purposes of the other. Then there are the knife-cleaners, and the knife-sharpeners, and the patent balloon boys, and the stationery-men, and the blacking brigade, and the bird-fanciers, and the puppy-dealers, and the apple and candy-stall keepers, and the showmen, and the thousand-and-one other adventurous spirits who block up the city thoroughfares, and of whom, in obedience to the suggestion naturally inspired by such a bill as the 'Sandy-Hook retaliatory' measure just adverted to, I take leave to give the following condensed account. Why not drive the rat-catchers and the nutmeg men to the commission-houses of New-York, if you would force the Jerseyman to go there? If you are to create a thirst for commissions among the leading capitalists of South and Wall streets, let there be enough, at least for all of the first-class houses.

For it must be borne in mind that these Street-Employments involve daily a very large sum of money. It may fairly be doubted whether there is as much taken, in any one day, by all the hotels in the city, first, second, third, and all other classes, as changes hands in the operations which support the street-employments of the metropolis. In the mere item alone, of organ-grinding — But we must begin another paragraph when we set out to describe the peculiar operations of

#### THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

And oh! what visions of unfortunate exiled Italian noblemen have been known to take possession of the minds of very young young-ladies on beholding, through the window-pane, the swarthy foreigner

turn the facile handle! What silent eloquence of patriotic woe in those dark, expressive eyes, turned upward and roaming nervously as not finding what they sought! What ardent longings in the young and romantic female heart for power to pull down the old-world tyranny of his beloved Italy, and restore him to his rank, his country, and his friends, and of course, to cleaner and more fashionable garments.

It is hard to have to destroy the illusive gammon of these tender fancies and generous aspirations; but the truth compels. The organ-grinder, my dear, is an Italian boy or man of the lower class of Italian peasantry, who comes to the land of the brave and the home of the free, expressly *per portare l'organo* — to earn his bread by the sweat of his fingers; to lubricate his wheel of life by aid of the pence obtained by turning the handle of his instrument. It is a weary, monotonous life; and the individual engaged in it may truly be said *vescor ex manu*. He wears soiled clothing, and neglects to apply the soap of cleanliness or the razor of civilization to his dejected visage; not because he is dreaming of his beautiful Italy, (he is much better off in New-York than ever he could have been in Genoa,) but because he does not choose, speaking literally, to countenance customs which to him are innovations of the most inconvenient description. And when he casts his restless eyes upward, my dear, it is not so much in prayer for the liberty of his father-land, about which he does not care twopence, but because he is anxious for twopence from those windows up in the nursery regions, against whose frosty panes he notices tender urchins listlessly flattening their little noses.

And, in very truth, the organ-grinder has but a sorry existence. He may truly be said to live *in duris temporibus*, for indeed he has an extremely hard time of it. I have often heard unthinking and unfeeling men speak of the organ-grinder as an idle vagabond. Vagabond he may be — idle he certainly is not. I should like any one of the persons who think so ill of 'the organist' to carry that horrid thing over his back for twelve or fourteen hours every day, from street to street, and in all weathers. I should be glad to see him plant it before him in a crowded thoroughfare, and play where nobody can hear its gruntings and squeakings but himself; or in a quiet quarter where a crowd of very ordinary persons, chiefly of tender age, gather around him to indulge in critical and grossly-insulting observations, without ever paying him a fee. I should be pleased to have him try how he likes to have coppers shied at him from an upper story, and to be obliged to stop in the middle of the gipsy's song — perhaps in that particularly sweet *la la ra la ra la* part — to pick up the money before the street-boys can appropriate it and run away like mad. Ah! it is all very fine talking; but organ-grinding is a sufficiently-laborious and disagreeable avocation by day. Nor is the position in life which it in-



volves very much more supportable at night. The way in which the business is managed is as follows: One or two enterprising capitalists are the *Impresarii* of the profession. It is they who import the organs—chiefly made in Geneva, Switzerland, but coming also from several places in Italy and France. These instruments cost severally from one hundred up to five or six hundred dollars. There is a very superior description of organ taken about the streets of London in a cart, and said to cost as much as five or six hundred pounds; but instruments of that kind belong to the sphere of high art, and have not yet been imported into this country. The *Impresarii* no doubt fear that if they were to introduce one, they would have to introduce at least one hundred, which would absorb an immense amount of capital, and entirely ruin their already considerable investments in the smaller organs. Some of the instruments, however, which we are accustomed to hear discourse sweet music outside our doors, are really very excellent ones, and, in spite of all that *Punch* says to the contrary, it is a pleasure to listen to them—at a safe distance. Others again are not only horribly false, but have a totally illegal way of squeaking out the treble and spasmodically grunting out the base, which sets one's flesh creeping, and makes each separate and particular hair so to stand on end, that I am told Mr. Cristadoro has to remove the wigs from his window when his countrymen come that way with organs of that quality. The best and newest instruments are of course reserved for the delectation of the city. The old and irretrievably decayed ones are sent to make the tour of the rural districts, where they are in high favor, and pay handsomely, in the summer.

The organ-grinder himself is frequently imported with the instrument; or if not, he is furnished with the means to come hither by the *Impresario*, or by one or more of his relatives and friends who have some years previously enjoyed that distinguished honor. Of course, if left to themselves, that class of Italian gentry would not be likely to come to America, since any knowledge whatever of the existence of this continent is not commonly possessed by Columbus's countrymen of the organ-grinding persuasion. Once arrived here, however, the Italian grinder goes to work with little previous education. His first lesson consists in acquiring the value of the various small coins of the republic, and in indelibly impressing upon his mind the peremptory rule (originating in the abundance of counterfeit quarters and halves) never to make change. As a usual thing, a novice, in addition to the organ, is required to carry also a monkey, wearing a faded blue tunic and a cocked-hat, but it is only the novices who will submit to this exigency of the business. After they have resided a few months in this country they grow ashamed of the monkey, and refuse to carry it. In some cases the wife or daughter of the organ-grinder accompanies

him in his daily peregrinations, and I am inclined to think that their so doing is mutually advantageous; not only because the *Impresarii* are understood to encourage it, but because I know from my own case and from my experience of others, that it is hard to pass—in the rain too—a pretty woman with an anxious face and an extended tambourine without admiring the one and dropping a trifle of coin into the other. Sometimes the woman sings while she beats the tambourine. Indeed, a few days ago I saw an ingenious pair, who deserved all the money they got. The organ must have been a very old one, for it had been so altered as to furnish only a base accompaniment or obligato, which the man ground out of it, while the woman played on a violin of excellent tone. Yes, and played it well, too. There was not a 'slur' where the composer had not written one—a degree of conscientiousness which is not frequently exhibited in higher places. Every note was given with decision and firmness, and even culture. Many persons stopped awhile—though it was in busy, selfish Wall-street—and put a piece of silver on the green baize that covered the old organ; and I was glad to see them do it. Occasionally the organ-grinder accompanies himself with a brass whistle adroitly hidden in his mouth.

The walk in life, literally so to speak, of the organ-grinder, is monotonous in the extreme. The proprietor of the organ charges the peripatetic operator a fixed hire per diem for the instrument, or agrees to take a certain share (which is not, as a general rule, the smaller one) of each day's proceeds. The *Impresarii* also apportion to each grinder his beat—precisely as an inspector of police might do to a private in that respectable and invaluable corps—and any grinder found trespassing on the walk of his *confrère*, is immediately mulct on complaint of the same being made. The capitalists are understood always to send their finest organs and handsomest grinders into the fashionable up-town quarters of the metropolis. The second-class instruments, and less distinguished-looking performers are detailed to the localities which have almost outgrown their fashionable repute, and of which Bleeker-street may be regarded as an appropriate type. The third-class instruments and rather homely grinders, are reserved for the lower parts of the city; while the entirely worn-out engines and decidedly repulsive and dirty artists perform at the doors of drinking-shops and dance-houses. Many of these 'beats' are highly profitable, and are charged to the grinders at correspondingly high rates. A piece of crape on a bell-handle, indicative of a funeral, enhances the value of a 'beat' considerably: the organ-grinder who has been handsomely paid and requested to leave directly he has ground out two or three bars of the 'College Hornpipe' before the door, going off immediately and sub-letting the mourning portion of his beat, to as many of the fraternity as he can find, for half-profits.

Of the appreciation in which the organ-grinder is held in the rural districts, some opinion may be formed, if any body can imagine the publication of such a criticism as the following in a 'Far West' newspaper. An 'organist,' with his wife and child, was tramping it in the wilds of Arkansas :

'Our patrons in the interior will envy the inhabitants of Spoughville, when they learn that we are being favored with a visit from that highly talented foreigner, Professor GRINDINI, and his beautiful and accomplished wife and daughter. These eminent persons, who have been reduced by the political troubles in their unfortunate country to earn a livelihood by the exercise of an art which, in their prosperity, they acquired simply as an accomplishment befitting their station, arrived here on Wednesday, with their instruments, and put up at General BUBBLING's Hotel, where, it is needless to say, they were at once made comfortable by that enterprising citizen and great man.

'The GRINDINI family made their first appearance before the Spoughville public on Thursday evening, and we must say that, although we went to the temporary theatre (which had been hastily fitted up in the dining-room of the hotel) prepared to criticise the performance with severity, we found no point open to censure, either in the mechanical efforts of Signor GRINDINI, or in the singing (if we may call the warbling of that gifted woman by so common-place a name) of Signora GRINDINI. The Signor is said to be unequalled in the world for delicacy of touch on the handle ; and as for the tambourine-playing of the child, it was perfection.

'The performance opened with the air of 'ANNIE LAURIE,' on the organ, by Professor GRINDINI — an air which lost none of its freshness from having been begun on this occasion in the middle of the *thema*, at the point, in fact, where the Professor had left off at his last grinding. The upper notes were exquisite, and in the *fugue* passages, where the air melts slowly and in softest cadences into nothing at all, the Professor was inimitable.

'*'ANNIE LAURIE'* was followed by an air from *Norma*, sung by Signora GRINDINI to the accompaniment of her husband on the organ. This beautiful *cantata*, which was loudly applauded, would have been even more appreciated, had the audience only been acquainted with the soft and beautiful language of the song. Possessing, as we do, this enviable knowledge, we revelled in blissful delight while the artists were performing this magnificent inspiration of the great BEETHOVEN. But why dwell on the delight afforded by that great piece of music ? Why tell of the inexpressible thrill which seized upon the heart, when that bell-like baritone voice of the Signora warbled the poetic Italian words, '*Civis Romanus sum !*'—meaning, 'I love thee more than tongue can tell ;' or when, in a soul-inspiring *adagio*, her voice flew over a hundred notes in a second, as she sang, '*O tempora ! O mores !*'—which may be translated to express, 'Must I die so young and unavenged ?'

'This gem was followed by a German polka, written by the celebrated Herr KANTOFFEL, and performed on the organ by Signor GRINDINI ; and a most magnificent performance it was.

'After this, the child, Signorina ANNITA PAULITA, performed a solo on the tambourine, which we do not hesitate to pronounce the greatest thing we ever heard ; and, as our friends know, we have travelled some. Certainly we never could have believed that so young a child (she is only eight years of age) could so brilliantly have produced those short, thumping, or, as they are technically termed, *costenuto* passages, in so delicate a style as that which greeted us on Thursday night from that little child's tambourine.

'Following this, we had O'CONNOR's adaptation of 'St. PATRICK's Day in the Morning,' arranged as a duet, and performed by the Professor on the organ and the young

Signorita on the tambourine. This piece being encored, the artists were good enough to repeat it, as a trio — the Signora obligingly taking a part with the bones. It was a privilege to listen.

'The Signora then sang, to the *obbligato* of the Professor, a Saxon translation of a familiar English ballad. The Saxon, as is well known, closely resembles our English tongue, which, indeed, is derived from the former, so that the audience had no difficulty in understanding the words. In Saxon the song commences :

'NELLY PLY shoot his ishe,  
Ven he go to shlip.'

The soft passages of this plaintive ditty were given with a degree of what the Italians call *animato con brio* which we have never known surpassed.

'We then had, as a solo on the organ, 'Uncle Ned,' arranged in funereal style, in which, indeed, seeing the solemn character of the words, the song should always be presented.

'And following this, came a grand trio from MOZART's admired opera of the *Puritani alla prima Crociata*. It would be impossible, if even we had space and type, (which, indeed, we have not, for already we are obliged to leave out friend BLACK's horse advertisement to-day,) to give an adequate account of this magnificent piece, at the conclusion of which Mrs. Judge FLOR presented the Signora with a bouquet, an act of considerate kindness characteristic of the sex, and which was loudly applauded.

'This gifted family, who are now on their way to the North, have been prevailed on to give another performance on Saturday evening next, when, by particular request,

[S] The same programme will be repeated.

'Admission, One Dime. There will be no reserved seats, except for ladies.'

#### THE STATIONERY-MAN.

As a matter of course, I am not going to describe here the numerous boys and men (chiefly English immigrants, some of whom will tell you that they 'left Hingland, Sir, on account of the 'orrid persecutions of the haristocracy,') who run about from office to office with boxes of pencils and pens, and cutlery, and other similar conveniences. These persons are great, in their way. They cannot be refused. No power on earth can alarm them. No sarcasms can offend them. You may kick them down-stairs, and possibly you may have done so once or twice in your life; but insult them? — never! What do they care about your declaration that you do n't want steel pens? 'Won't you please try my hink, Sir?'

My object, however, is not with peripatetic stationery-boys, but with the stationary stationery-man. Who does not know him? Lives there the individual with soul so dead, who never to his friend has made an observation concerning the stationery-man? All the world is acquainted with him, as far as a knowledge which is all one side can be called an acquaintance. All New-York has seen him. Every body in the rural districts has heard of him. Indeed, it is a common thing in Connecticut, among persons who have never been to New-York, but who like to pretend to have made that pilgrimage, to claim an acquaintance with the stationery-man, and to ask you: 'Does he stand

there yet?' Of course he stands there yet. That man will never die: he could n't afford to do it. He may pass away at some time within the next fifty years; but when he does so, mark my words: do n't pass up Nassau-street after midnight, if you would not desire to hear the sepulchral voice of a ghostly stationery-man proclaiming, 'Four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes, fo-o o-o-ur cents!'

There have been more pen-and-ink sketches taken of that individual than ever were made of the Duke of Wellington or Tippoo Saib. I have one of them, and I keep it. You might kill me, or burn the house over my head; but induce me to part with that portrait?—not quite!

Because I respect the stationery-man. I admire him. What else can I do, when I see him every day, and at all hours, with his heavy rough coat on in the warmest weather, and his chin buried in that now immortal muffler, standing at the corner under the clothier's awning, in rain or sun-shine, from morn to dewy eve, and, indeed, till eight o'clock at night, proclaiming to the city in general, and to Nassau-street in particular, the cheering intelligence that he will give you, if you are disposed to take them, 'four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes, for fo-o-o-o-ur cents.' I never bought any of him: I never saw him sell any; though I have stood and watched him by the hour. I don't believe he ever effects a transaction. It is his fate, his destiny to stand at the corner of Nassau-street, and repeat those mystic words. He is, I believe, the Wandering Jew of the paper trade. I once plucked up courage enough to speak to him: 'Sir,' said I, 'can you tell me what o'clock it is?' He turned upon me a glassy but yet shining gray eye, and answered me in accents already familiar to my ear: 'Four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes, fo-o-o-o-ur cents!' I hurried on and left him.

No man knows where he dines, or whether he ever dines at all. His comings out and his goings in, are alike shrouded in mystery. I once tried to follow him home. Home? Ha! ha! Seeing him make up his little pack, I determined to track him. The rain was pouring down heavily that gloomy night, as I saw him leave the corner, and direct his steps up Nassau-street. I watched him until he came to within half a block of the end of Nassau-street, and then—I lost him. Out of Nassau-street I know he did not go. I believe he cannot leave Nassau-street. I can; but before I left it on that memorable evening, I heard once more, as from a distance, the mysterious announcement which declared the unchangeable value of 'four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes.'

What manner of man is this? Through how many years has he existed in our globe, and for how many centuries more is he doomed to occupy the corner of Nassau-street, and proclaim to a heedless world his self-sealing destiny? Ah! who can tell?



## THE GLASSPTEEN-MAN.

is almost invariably a German, or, as the profane have it, a Dutchman, of an age any where between eighteen and forty. His peculiarities are a determined inability to make himself understood in the English language, and a violent passion for over-charging. If you are ever asked to give an example of cleanliness, please not to say a Glasspteen-man; for you will tell a story, in addition to furnishing an incorrect illustration. The Glasspteen-man is rather dirty than otherwise, in dress as in visage, and is remarkable for a strong smell of new putty, which, after a gas-house, furnishes the most disagreeable odor known to nosology. He walks about the streets with a frame slung over his back, and containing some score or so of panes of glass of various sizes. His cry of 'Glasspteen!' whence his designation in society is derived, signifies, 'Do you want any glass put in?' His avocation, in short, is to increase the panes of families, or to supply those which have carelessly been removed or broken. If you call him, he will come in with alacrity, but will make no haste to go away again. Once admit him into your house, and he will linger there half the day, unpleasantly mixing the smell of putty with your breakfast and your lunch. He will charge you for putting in a pane of glass exactly double what he is prepared to take; and when you have once employed him, he will make you such a litter of broken glass and dry and new putty in front of your house, as might well induce any one who does not know you, to believe that you have gone extensively into the 'Glasspteen' business yourself. The disgusting way, too, in which he straddles your window-sill in broad day-light, with the big ball of putty before him, as though he had been put there as a punishment for not having taken his physic in the shape of the great oily pill aforesaid, is sufficient to drive you to distraction. You feel an immense relief when, after an hour's fiddling with the window, interspersed with scraps of conversation with the boys below, who have blocked up your door-way to see the pane put in, you observe him get off his perch, close the window, survey it doubtfully for a minute or two, and go away, leaving what the Irish gentleman called 'the foot-print of his hand' in bold outline on the glass. The Glasspteen man drinks lager beer whenever he can get it, and lives, usually, in the attic of a tenement-house; but beyond these habits, and the fact that he is not truthful in his representations of the quality of glass, little is known of this otherwise harmless member of that society which lives by the Street-Employments of New-York.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MR. LOTHARIO'S APOLOGY.

Your coming in last night, my love,  
 Was something sudden. I was helping NELL  
 To tie the ribbons of her rigolette:  
 She put the crimson of her mouth up — well,  
 I'm flesh and blood, and then you, singing, came  
 Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden northern lights  
 Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes:  
 I like such things. I like to see the wind  
 Drive frightened clouds across tempestuous skies;  
 I like the sea, and, when it's easily had,  
 A very pretty woman, very mad!

I liked the dangerous and regal air  
 (You bear a queen's name, and a queen you are),  
 With which you donned your thibet opera-cloak,  
 And clasped it with a diamond like a star:  
 'T was charming in my mistress. But, my life,  
 It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then  
 I should not like to own them. Who would be  
 Proprietor of earthquakes, or loose hurricanes,  
 Or comets plunging in celestial sea?  
 Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,  
 Give him a touch of one and all of these?

Not I. Do n't let a female thunder-storm  
 Brood in your eyes, with every now and then  
 A flash of angry lightning. You have had  
 Your March and April, now be June again;  
 And let your fine-cut eye-brows' silken span  
 Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now  
 (You'll spoil that rose-bud if you twist it so),  
 Give me both hands, that I may say 'Good Bess,  
 The good Queen Bess,' and kiss you, ere I go —  
 The good Queen Bess, whose heart and mind and face  
 Teach me to love *all* women — as a race!

So when I kissed your pretty cousin NELL,  
 I honored one who taught me to admire  
 Fair women in their twenties — do n't you see?  
 But then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her,  
 Her lips quite close — now this is *entre nous* —  
 Upon my soul, I made believe 't was you!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**HISTORY OF THE STATE OF RHODE-ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.** By SAMUEL GREENE ARNOLD. Volume I. 1636-1700. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

To a South-Carolinian born and bred, the history of Medford, Massachusetts, would not promise the most attractive reading, and the history of the Palmetto State itself would probably interest an English student less even than many-volumed HANSARD, or the 'History of Sussex.' As a general rule, local histories, whether of towns, cities, or States, have little interest to readers whose birth-place residence has not been within their limits, and little value except to the historian, the antiquarian, or the person whose ancestors helped to found the city, or consolidate the state. Could one learn from such a history that his farm bounded the spot where a great battle had been fought between the Indians and his forefathers, that his barn stood where witches had been burned, or some aboriginal UNCAS had bled, or that the spring where his cattle drink daily was that near which the under of a state once pitched his tent, he would probably buy and read it, albeit the historical association might never advance the value of his house or land a single penny. One who resided out of the State, or whose ancestry, so far as he knows, terminates with his grand-father, might reasonably cite the brevity of human life, the titles of a thousand books, from HOMER to BUCKLE, which must be read, and suffer its leaves to remain uncut.

Mr. ARNOLD's History of Rhode-Island is more than a special exception to this general rule. It deserves to be read in Oregon as much as in the Providence plantations, and will find its way into libraries across the Atlantic. To be sure, it is the history of a single State, and that State, territorially, the most insignificant in the Confederacy, (a hundred and seventy-four of it would not make one mass) while in respect of population, it does not equal the aggregate of half-a-dozen New-York wards. But it is 'a State which, more than any other, has exerted by the weight of its example an influence to shape the political ideas of the present age, and whose moral power has been in the inverse ratio with its material importance.' In a word, the history of Rhode-Island is the history of ROGER WILLIAMS. The history of ROGER WILLIAMS is the history of religious liberty, (by him first incorporated into a civil government,) in the very State where it first sprang into vigorous life. The history of religious liberty is the history of a principle which this nation has adopted as its precept, which it holds for a watchword and a secret of its imperial greatness. Other men had longed for it or dreamed of it, other

States had blindly striven for that sunderance of Church and State to which *leads*; but ROGER WILLIAMS was the first civil legislator who proclaimed the sanctity of conscience as an unalterable article in his faith, who stamped it upon his code of laws, and then followed the great principle with logical remorselessness all its novel, various, and practical consequences; and Rhode-Island was the State which first crystallized that sublime and simple truth into history. The difference between ROGER WILLIAMS and all other legislators (the Puritans included) was not one of degree, but of kind. It was not for a certain more liberal measure of toleration that he struggled. It was for man's inalienable right to abstract and absolute liberty of conscience. Others limited even their toleration to one or more Christian sects; but as a historian of America says: 'ROGER WILLIAMS would permit the persecution of *no* opinion, of *no* religion, leaving heresy unharmed by law, and orthodoxy unprotected by the terrors of penal statutes.'

At this later day, we can hardly imagine how novel this thorough-going principle was to the law-makers and the state-builders who preceded the *protégé* of Lord COKE. Even that master-builder PLATO, in his model *Πολιτεία*, never conceived it. The essential principle of his republic — the worthlessness of man and the supremacy of the state — is diametrically opposed to it. BAXTER's Holy Commonwealth, worse than heathen PLATO's state, is at its antipodes. Even the wise and good Bishop, whose contemporaries joined with the satirist in ascribing

'To BERKELEY every virtue under heaven,'

and who spent several years of his life in the State which ROGER WILLIAMS founded, writing his 'Minute Philosopher' under the very cliffs of Newport, makes his Mezzorinians glory in that union of Church and State which ROGER WILLIAMS had once and forever sundered. Only in some far-off and inaccessible Utopia, like that of Sir THOMAS MORE, the inhabitants of which were flexible to milder purposes than those whom the Lord High Chancellor of HENRY the Eighth ruled, was no man suffered to be punished for his religion. The trials of Father FITZGERBERT and Dr. LUMBROZO, and the Quaker persecutions, stand in the record against the early Pilgrims of St. MARY's; and the Massachusetts Puritans, whom intolerance in England should have taught tolerance in America, were so far from even that lower merit than religious liberty, as to banish its Apostle from their midst in mid-winter.

The history of the principle of religious freedom begins when the perfect Man, JESUS CHRIST, eighteen centuries and more ago, paid tribute to the CÆSARS and refused to take upon HIMSELF any jurisdiction of temporal power. It includes the protest and secession of the Donatist minority, (whose cry was: '*Quid est imperatori cum ecclesia?*' — What has the king to do with the Church?) when Christianity was the state religion. It registers with high praise the name of ARNOLO of Brescia, an apostle of all liberty, sacred and secular, and the *avant courreur* of the Protestant Reformation. It writes in letters of blood the long struggles of the Waldenses, and the brutal sentence of the Parliament of Aix in 1540. It passes in sad silence over the great Reformation itself, where every creed — LUTHER's, MELANCTHON's, CALVIN's, BUCER's, and the rest — gave to the civil magistrate coercive power in matters of religion. It celebrates the labors of the Anabaptists of 1560

and the noble heroism of the Episcopal JOHN SMITH in 1611, and closes with the record of how, fighting against odds for sixteen centuries in the old world, it at last got the state upon its side, at the founding of Providence by ROGER WILLIAMS, in June, 1636.

If the course of events in Rhode-Island has been thus singularly important, and the epoch of its establishment a cardinal one in the history of the country, it is fair to demand that he who would recite them, should rise above the level of a local historian, and exhibit an ability and breadth of view proportioned to the dignity of his theme. Judging from the first volume of this work, which covers a few years more than the period of ROGER WILLIAMS' life, the requirement of the occasion has been amply met. The master of an ample fortune and leisure; instead of occupying his time with frivolous pleasures or the luxurious gratification of a cultivated taste, Mr. ARNOLD has for fifteen years devoted himself with patient industry and zeal to the preparation for, and the work of writing, this history of his native State. During this period, his contributions to this and other departments of history in the appropriate journals, have been frequent and valuable. Besides those authorities and sources of information accessible to the general student in the various libraries and collections of the Historical Societies, he has made use of the hitherto undeveloped resources of the British State-Paper Office at London, as well as the offices of Paris and the Hague. His history, therefore, from its ability, its painstaking accuracy, and fullness in facts and dates, becomes at once not merely a, but the standard history of the State — a State whose history approaches more nearly than that of any other, to a history of the nation and period.

A good instance of the author's accuracy and research, is found in the brief appendix to his first chapter. The early career of ROGER WILLIAMS had been the subject of frequent and labored investigations, but with little result. The discovery of the SADLER letters (a correspondence between ROGER WILLIAMS and Mrs. ANNE SADLER, daughter of Sir EDWARD COKE) threw some light on his early education, and established the fact of his being a *protégé* of Lord COKE. It was also supposed to have been established that he was a graduate of Jesus College, Oxford. (If we remember rightly, however, Prof. GAMMELL, who wrote a life of ROGER WILLIAMS, calls in question not merely his connection with the University, but the whole story of his intercourse with COKE.) Mr. ARNOLD reviews the entire subject, and examining while in England the records of Cambridge, the Alma Mater of Lord COKE, he finds in the admission-book of Pembroke College the entry, '— WILLIAMS, 29 Jan., 1623.' On the registrar's book he finds that ROGER WILLIAMS was matriculated a pensioner of Pembroke College, July seventh, 1625, and took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in January, 1626-7. Still more decisive evidence he brings to light in the 'Subscription-Book,' where, under date of 1626, beneath the thirty-nine articles, is the autograph signature of ROGERUS WILLIAMS, which, when compared with his known hand-writing, leaves little doubt of their identity of origin.

A better instance of this research is found in the author's finely reasoned vindication of the celebrated patriot, Dr. JOHN CLARKE, from the base conspiracy of his contemporaries of the ATHERTON Company, in the matter of the Connecticut boundary, and the jurisdiction of the United Colonies, and complete refutation of



the slanders against him and his State which had gone unrefuted from his day to our own, sanctioned, too, by such names as JAMES GRAHAM and JOSIAH QUINCY. By letters, now for the first time printed, CLARKE's integrity is established beyond all controversy, and a notable proof is given of the wisdom of judging a man's character by his exalted reputation and virtue in all other relations of life, rather than by the circumstantial evidence which may cloud a single act.

If we have emphasized the importance of the principle of liberty of conscience, fully guaranteed in the charter obtained from CHARLES II. by Dr. CLARKE, it is not because we have failed to appreciate its other remarkable provisions, so admirably set forth by the author in his ninth chapter. It is little wonder that a royal patent, thus distinguished from all other royal patents ever granted, as well as by its acknowledgment of the Indian titles to the soil as paramount, and its purely republican character, should have survived till 1843, (the period of its abrogation,) the oldest constitutional charter in the world.

The chronic difficulties between Rhode-Island and Massachusetts, and the injustice which the weaker State was continually subjected to by the stronger, would almost justify some asperity of speech on the part of a historian and son of Rhode-Island; but we are bound to say that Mr. ARNOLD remains always fair-minded, and judicious in his language. Some new light, to be sure, is thrown upon the Puritan character, (praise of which is the cant of American history,) but every representation of the Massachusetts colonists, is sustained by documentary evidence, even when it is their notorious bigotry, their unscrupulous disregard of the rights of others, their banishments and persecutions, or their brutality and double-dealing with the natives that is recorded. Here and elsewhere he is free from bias, and will not even be enthusiastic, if enthusiasm shall tempt him to be unjust. He nevertheless rises with ease to the dignity and spirit of his theme when the character of the Puritans, the Antinomian controversy, the grand principles of the charter, or the treatment of the aboriginal tribes and the Indian wars, or the character of the government and its patriot founders, is discussed. In general his style is clear, possessing no special excellence or defect, but such as a cultivated gentleman would use in describing simply and clearly facts as he sees them. There are no extravagancies, and only a few inaccuracies, such as that which disfigures the first sentence of the first chapter, where 'transpired' is used for 'occurred.' The most objectionable of these is the frequent interchange of the words 'religious toleration' with 'religious freedom,' as if the two phrases conveyed the same idea, or were less than heaven-wide in their difference.

The divisions of this history are those into which the course of events philosophically separates. They treat successively of the period from the settlement of New-England to the banishment of ROGER WILLIAMS, the Antinomian Controversy, the aborigines of Rhode-Island and the Pequot war, the history of Providence from its settlement in 1636, to the organization of the Government under the preliminary charter in 1647, the histories of Aquedneck, Warwick, and Narragansett, for the same period, the history of the incorporation of Providence Plantations from the adoption of the Parliamentary Charter, May 1647, to the usurpation of Coddington, August, 1651, from this period to the adoption of the Royal Charter, November 1683, then to the commencement of PHILIP's war, then to the trial of the HARRIS

causes, then to the period of the suspension of the charter. The last chapter treats of the period from the commencement of the ANDROS government to the close of the seventeenth century, only seventeen years before which ROGER WILLIAMS died.

The soul-liberty, which he braved pestilence, famine, danger, and death to achieve, and which has now become firmly woven into the texture of our government, in another volume will be traced through its influence upon the manners, habits, and morals of the people; this, and the introduction of slavery into the State, and its relations to the policy and progress of the State, events of which Mr. ARNOLD must soon make mention, will afford him that opportunity to enlarge upon the philosophy of the fundamental principles involved in the settlement of Rhode-Island, which in his preface to this volume, he modestly resigns to other hands, but which none are more competent than he to undertake, and from which he will not readily be excused.

'THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE, OR THE LONG VACATION OF A LONDON CLERK,' is by the author of that capital book '*Tom Brown's School Days*,' the story of a young English boy's life at one of the great schools of England. This volume is an equally entertaining and truthful picture of the sports of the middle classes of the same country. 'The White Horse' is a rude colossal figure cut out in the turf on the Berkshire chalk-hills, which has given its name to a whole district, and which popular legends connect with the name of King ALFRED, who there won his greatest victory over the pagans, and in whose honor festivals have been held on the spot, at very short intervals, ever since the ninth century. 'Scouring the White Horse' is nothing less than a re-touching of the lines of this engraving on the face of the country. The event was celebrated on White Horse Hill on the seventeenth and eighteenth of September, 1857, by twenty thousand people of those parts, with good old English sports, wrestling, single-stick, backsword play, cart-horse races, greased-pole climbing, pig-chases, jingling-matches, foot-races, hurdle-races, and donkey-races. Commissioned to compile a memorial of this local 'pastime,' the author has made it the occasion to gather up the scattered legends and traditions of the country-side, with whatever scraps of antiquarian love, vernacular dialogue, and bits of odd rhyme pertained to, or might illustrate his subject, weaving all this incongruous material, varying from old Saxon chronicles to a sermon defending the uses of English sports, with a charming love-story, in a skilful and agreeable manner. To him, and the graphic pencil of RICHARD DOYLE, we are indebted for a book almost as interesting to the lovers of 'good old England' every where as to the west-countrymen who last year so religiously assisted at the great scouring.

'THORNDAL: OR THE CONFLICT OF OPINIONS,' is, to say the least of it, a suggestive book. As in reading the dialogues of PLATO one continually wishes to take up the cudgels of KALLIKLES, or PRODIKOS, or KRITIAS, the men of straw whom SOCRATES vanquishes so easily, so in reading 'Thorndale,' neither the faith of CYRIL the Cistercian, nor the skepticism of SECKENDORF, nor the Utopianism of CLARENCE seems always best argued or most shrewdly attacked. It may be doubted, too, if a disappointed life, the certainty of approaching death, the habits of a meditative idler, and the weakness of an indecisive character, such as THORNDAL possessed, can

consist with a hearty earnestness after truth, judicial fairness, and balance of mind, but do not rather, compel indifferentism or vacillation. The '*Confessions of Fidei* of an Eclectic and Utopian Philosopher' which occupies the last two hundred pages of the book, has the same merit of suggestiveness, and in some parts, of eloquent originality. So much of it as is a system of psychology is very vulnerable though there is some force in the point of which he makes much, the complexity of the most simple state of consciousness. The tone and general spirit of the eclectic's argument is such as most thinking and religious men will agree with, and his results such as they approve and all desire.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, or rather a collection of essays written to overset the established histories of Mexico and Central America, and to prove the Phœnician origin of those empires, has just been published by ROBERT A. WILSON. That skepticism, which is said to be the characteristic of the age, was never more thorough-going than in the case of Mr. WILSON. If the statements and arguments of his work are true, then it is also true that the accepted histories of the conquest of Mexico by CORTEZ, are romances and fables, with hardly a skeleton of fact; that the civilization of MONTEZUMA and the Aztecs in the zenith of their prosperity, was similar to that of the Iroquois Indians; that a large part of the dispatches of CORTEZ were designedly untrue, and written to impose on the Emperor, CHARLES the Fifth; that BERNAL DIAZ was a myth, that BONTURINI was a credulous impostor; that ROBERTSON, in his history of America, has written nonsense; and that PRESCOTT, who is commonly considered one of the first and the most fair-minded of historians, instead of erecting an enduring literary monument, which will live long after his newly-buried body has mouldered to dust, has only been building castles in air, his histories having no better foundation than the ancient world, which, according to the East-Indian philosopher, rested on the back of a mighty elephant, and the elephant on the shell of a monster turtle, and the turtle on a serpent, and the serpent on nothing.

Besides these difficulties, enough to discourage most writers, Mr. WILSON has to contend with a style not of the clearest or most dignified kind, and a skepticism on the part of his readers which will hardly be inferior to his own. In spite of all however, we venture to say, that had this book been published thirty years ago, Mr. PRESCOTT would never have written of the Mexican conquest as he did; and whoever writes or reads of it hereafter, must take the facts which Mr. WILSON proves, into his account.

FRANÇOIS ARAGO'S BIOGRAPHIES OF DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIFIC MEN have been translated from the French by Admiral SMYTH, BADEN POWELL, and ROBERT GRANT. The first volume of this series of *éloges* of eminent men of science, in their lifetimes members of the French Academy, comprises, besides ARAGO's entertaining, romantic, and egotistic biography of his youth, memoirs of BAILLY, the elder HERSCHEL, LAPLACE and JOSEPH FOURIER. The second volume includes the memoirs of CARNOT, MALUS, FRESNEL, THOMAS YOUNG, and JAMES WATT. Aside from the interest which attaches to any production from the pen of ARAGO, these memoirs have a still higher value. This arises from the simple and luminous account of the discoveries made by the subjects of his biographies in the particular branches of science to which they were devoted. Comprising accounts of men en-

gaged in the most varied pursuits, this volume, therefore, gives no very inadequate idea of the progress of discovery in the field of physical science during the last century.

BUSHNELL'S *NATURE AND THE SUPERNATURAL* is a work to which we had hoped to give more space than remains to us in the present number. We can only hope to indicate its purpose, and praise, in the briefest manner, the remarkable ability displayed in its method, its arguments, and its rhetoric. Conceiving that naturalism pervades the theology, science, politics, literature, and life of the day, and gathers the hostile squadrons of unbelief to a more momentous battle with Christianity than any since its inauguration, he undertakes to find a legitimate place for the supernatural in the system of God, and show it as a necessary part of the divine system itself, thus proving Christianity to be the centre of the plan of the world of nature, vindicating the supernatural truths of Christianity and exhibiting the rational foundation for its supernaturalism. This method avoids the inherent and insuperable difficulties of a punctually infallible and verbal inspiration, and yet shows the ground for a genuine, comprehensive faith in the supernatural origin of the Christian revelation as a gift of God to man. To recapitulate mainly in the author's language — his argument turns on two facts: the fact that we act supernaturally ourselves, which God may do as well as we, and the fact of sin, established by universal observation and universal consciousness. From these he goes on to show that nature is the inferior and instrumental part of the system of God, and complementary to the supernatural, that it is a scheme of causalities disordered by sin, and needing deliverance by the force of some supernatural redemption. Here arises the presumption in favor of such a work as Christianity undertakes and declares to be undertaken. The record of the life of CHRIST, who is called a self-evidencing miracle, is then examined, and the conclusion of the matter is the establishment of those two historic out-posts, CHRIST and His miracles, and the grand working plan and fact of a supernatural grace and salvation.

These are not the pages in which to discuss Dr. BUSHNELL's success or failure in his argument. His book, however, is one which we cannot afford to overlook, both from the conceded ability with which it is written, and the parallelism between his argument for the supernatural in religion, and that of THEODORE PARKER against it.

RUSKIN makes the truthful remark, that 'until common-sense finds its way into architecture, there can be little hope for it.' We take pleasure in calling attention to 'THE HOUSE,' a Pocket Manual of Rural Architecture published by FOWLER and WELLS. This work closes the popular series of Rural Manuals to which it belongs, and we greatly mistake if it be not destined to command even a more generous patronage and a wider circulation than 'The Garden,' 'The Farm,' and 'Domestic Animals,' which have preceded it. It is, like them, a thoroughly practical work, written for the people, in a style which the people can understand, and while containing every thing that one would expect or desire to find in such a work, is brought, by its size and price, within the reach of all.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'MEMOIRS OF A NULLIFIER : ' PART SECOND. — Before we commence the second part of this Memoir, let us remark, that the reader will be struck with the affluence of imagination which the writer exhibits, not less than with the playful character of his humor, always good-natured, and the keenness of his satirical descriptions. But let us take up the thread of his narrative where we left it. He is on the 'downward road,' it will be remembered, through the Mammoth Cave, to the Infernal Regions, accompanied by a disembodied Yankee-peddler, who has an 'affinity' for the spirit of one NEHEMIAH PETTIBONES, who when in the flesh 'owed him ninepence for over eighteen years !'

Journeying thus in company, the travellers at length reach the fabled Styx. Old CHARON is there, all ready with his boat, to take them across, demanding twelve-and-a-half cents from each of them for his ferriage. The Yankee higgles with him for half an hour, trying to induce him to take a ten-cent piece. But it would n't do : and moreover, there was another point, of much more importance, to be arranged. CHARON, who was a custom-house officer, as well as keeper of the ferry, seeing the peddler's parcel of merchandise, proceeds to levy a heavy tariff upon it : which, by dint of 'minimums,' 'appraisements,' 'ad-valorems,' etc., is made to amount to about two hundred and fifty per cent ! This the peddler was unable to pay : and CHARON, declaring the goods forfeited, directs them to be seized for the benefit of the infernal treasury : and driving the Yankee into the boat, sets sail for the opposite shore.

Great and grievous to be borne were the peddler's consternation and despair at this unexpected destruction of his mercantile projects : 'He stood in the hindmost end of the boat, with out-stretched arms and piteous cries, and streaming eyes riveted upon his lost cart, as it remained on the beach, until a thick and pestilential fog, which ever rises from those gloomy waters, at length hid it from his sight.' And here ensues a weirdly-graphic description of the black and sluggish stream over which they were passing : 'Its horrid waters were thickly peopled with huge snakes, and toads, and dragons, and crocodiles,' and every other hideous monster which is born of the slime of a corrupt and putrifying flood. So numerous were they, also, that a passage could scarcely be forced amidst them, while with fierce eyes, and eagerly-stretched, frightful jaws, they glared upon the travellers.

Suddenly, while looking inquisitively among the 'awful critters,' the face of the



Yankee gleams as with intense delight, at some object which he has discovered. It turns out to be a large 'cooter,' (which we take to be a sort of snapping-turtle) that incautiously, and in an evil hour for itself, rose to the surface, only a few feet from the boat: 'The creature, however, seemed instinctively to know the enemy of its race, and as briskly as possible, retreated toward the bottom. It was an abyss upon which nothing living could look without a shudder, and into which it seemed that nothing could venture without destruction.' Nevertheless, head-foremost the eager Yankee plunges in; when: 'At the sight of a native of Connecticut, the monsters, lately so fierce and hungry, scampered away in all directions, tumbling over each other in their fright!' Down dived the peddler; and the dark flood, closing over his course, concealed him for a short time from view. At length he emerged, however, bearing triumphantly aloft the captive 'cooter,' and regained the boat: and there, seating himself in the bottom, with his back to his fellow-voyagers, he took a jack-knife out of his pocket, and fell busily to work. The sound of much cutting and scraping was heard, but his operations could not be seen. At the first habitation, however, that was reached after crossing the river, the Yankee produced and offered for sale an article which he called 'an elegant tortoise-shell comb,' and he sold it, for a high price, to an old woman who had died of love and green apples!

'Proceeding into the interior,' they presently reach the judgment-seat of old RHADAMANTHUS, where sentence is passed upon all who arrive in the infernal dominions. The court was sitting, and business seemed to be carried on with a dispatch quite unknown to our 'upper' tribunals. Presently one of the constables calls out:

'VIRGIL HOSKINS! — VIRGIL HOSKINS!'

'Here!' answers the Yankee peddler, quaking up to the bar.

RHADAMANTHUS was seated with a great number of huge account-books before him: 'VIRGIL HOSKINS is your name, is it?' said he: 'here it is, among the Hs, pp. 49,358: ah, VIRGIL, there is a terribly long account against you. Let's see a few of the charges:

'VIRGIL HOSKINS, Dr.

'JUNE 27, 18 —: To selling, in the course of one peddling expedition, 497,368 wooden nutmegs, 281,532 Spanish segars, made of oak leaves, and six hundred and forty-seven wooden clocks.'

'What do you say to *that* charge, HOSKINS?

HOSKINS: 'Say to it? Why, that was counted, in our place, about the greatest peddlin' trip that ever was made over the Potomac.'

RHADAMANTHUS: 'June 29, 18 —: 'To stealing an old grind-stone, covering it with cotton cloth, smearing it over with butter, and selling it as a cheese.'

HOSKINS: (*in great surprise*;) 'Jimminy! — you would punish a man for *that*, would ye?'

RHADAMANTHUS: 'December 13, 1780: To making a counterfeit dollar out of pewter, when you were six years old, and cheating your own father with it.'

HOSKINS: 'My parent was real glad when he found it out: he said it showed I had a *genus*.'

RHADAMANTHUS: 'To taking a worn-out pair of shoes, which you found in the road, and selling them to an old lady, as being the actual shoes of Saint PAUL.'

HOSKINS, (*with exultation*.) 'I made four dollars and twelve and a half cents by that operation!'

RHADAMANTHUS: 'July 2, 18—: 'To taking an empty old watch-case, putting a live cricket into it, and then selling it as a patent-lever in full motion.'

HOSKINS: 'He! he! he! — wal, that *was* one of the 'cutest tricks I ever played in all my life!'

RHADAMANTHUS: 'It would occupy me a week, HOSKINS, to go through all the charges against you. I really am getting entirely out of patience with New-England, for it gives me more trouble than all the rest of the world put together. You are sentenced to be thrown into a lake of boiling molasses, where nearly all your country-men already are, with that same old grind-stone tied to your neck.'

After the Yankee had been thus disposed of, there were a few other cases. Among the rest, an old Virginian was condemned for fishing on Sunday; a Kentuckian for horse-stealing; a Georgian for hard-swearing; and a South-Carolinian for taking part with the General Government against his own State.

Leaving the court of Rhadamanthus, the 'NULLIFIER' and his companion KALOUF pursue their journey, not 'into the interior' of the infernal dominion, but toward one of the provinces on its borders, milder in its climate, and less fearful in aspect. The sub-terrestrial picture is drawn with wonderful scenic effect. Let us segregate and condense some of the elementary accessories: To the left, stretched a vast ridge of mountains, of immeasurable height, whose summits were hidden from view: their midway rocks were bare and blackened; continual thunders rolled around them; and incessant flashes of the fiercest lightnings played against their blasted sides: deep caverns pierced their base, whence issued the elements in their strength: furious winds roared out of some, while others vomited forth torrents of molten minerals, or volumes of murky flame. Occasionally, through infrequent gaps in the mountain, glimpses might be caught of the region beyond, for the most part veiled in a deep and awful gloom: save when, from time to time, a gleam of lurid light would flash through the darkness, a volcano blaze forth with fiercer fury, or the broad bosom of a burning lake be lighted up with a redder, ruddier glow. Turning from this region, however, they soon entered a country much more earthly in appearance. 'Indeed,' says our 'NULLIFIER,' 'any one who will travel through certain portions of North or South-Carolina, in the month of August, may see whole districts little less hot and desolate. The sand was knee-deep, the atmosphere oppressively warm, and the earth parched and shadeless. 'Sulphur-springs' were numerous; but during my whole journey, I saw not a single drop of water; and there appeared to be a great scarcity of all other fluids. I believe I may safely say, that if there be any vice from which the inhabitants are free, it is that of hard-drinking.'

But the reader must not forget that KALOUF, our traveller's diabolical companion, is on his way to be married; and at length the twain reach the habitation of the parents of the bride, where every thing betokens the exalted notion which the family entertain of their consequence and gentility. A 'numerous and fashionable company' was fast assembling. Too lazy to use their own wings, some came mounted on huge ravens or vultures; others trotted up on the backs of tigers or hyenas; while the old women came trooping through the air on broom-sticks. All things indicated that a most uproarious frolic was about to take place.



Among the various preparations, howbeit, which meet our traveller's eyes, he is especially struck with a sort of infernal barbecue which was being cannibalistically cooked in the yard; reprobates roasting whole, upon spits before large fires: 'The reader must understand, moreover, that such is the nature of these captives, that no punishment or process to which they may possibly be subjected, can ever put an end to their sensation and existence. Thus the operation of being roasted, carved, and eaten, by a number of voracious devils, instead of destroying or diminishing, greatly increases the capacity for further suffering. For, in that case, each separate particle becomes endowed with a distinct life, and a keener sensibility to pain; and the portions which had composed the body, scattered probably thousands of miles apart; a finger here, a rib there, a slice of the tender-loin somewhere else; are allowed no rest, until they search each other out, and reunite in their former shape; a business which cannot require less than many centuries of crawling to accomplish: and it is no sooner done, perhaps, than another crew of hungry demons catch the re-integrated culprit, and inflict upon him a repetition of the same tedious and disagreeable process.'

Among the unlucky wights, 'thus converted into roasters,' our nullifying traveller sees several whose faces he remembers. One is 'a high dignitary of the bench, and author of a big book, upon a spit made expressly to suit him, with *'eight points'*—a learned South-Carolina Judge, who was in the habit, while holding court, of beating his own constables when they attempted to preserve the peace; and an old woman named WILLIAM SMITH.' But the most conspicuous personage of them all was 'a little bald-headed old man, who seemed to be in a constant passion. He was incessantly scolding the cooks, either for turning the spit too fast, or too slow, or for letting it remain still. Nothing could please him. He had once been, while upon earth, somewhat notorious as a member of Congress from Rhode-Island!'

The black fiddlers have given the signal for the dancing to begin; beaux 'dressed most flamingly,' and young ladies with garments even shorter than BURNS' 'cuttie sark,' are capering away, and the fun growing 'fast and furious,' when all at once the alarm is given: '*The enemy is upon us! — the enemy! the enemy!*'

All was now confusion and dismay: the devils rushed forth and prepared for a bold defence, and new recruits poured in from all quarters. Having sallied out with the rest, our 'NULLIFIER' is enabled to survey the invading enemy, approaching in hostile array, and in vast numbers. They are armed with long spindles, and a great variety of patent weapons, of curious form and contrivance. Among their numerous leaders, there were three who seemed to be preëminent. The one in front, who commanded the right wing, was mounted on a large cow, of the real English breed, and dressed in a shining suit of new broadcloth. The reader will perceive, without much trouble, from the remarks with which he endeavors to animate the courage of his followers, that he belongs to a subterranean army of PROTECTIONISTS. He animates them with the assurance, that 'of all the discoveries which have enlightened and benefited the race, *Political Economy* has been carried to the highest *points*,' and established conclusions never before dreamed of; such as:

'That two and two do not make four, but something else, not explicitly determined as yet:

'That the higher the tax upon articles of merchandise, the lower will be the price: and that no limit can be assigned to the cheapness thus to be attained:

'All which,' adds the General of the Right Wing, 'is proved in that invaluable work, *'The Register,'* published by me, at five dollars per annum. Let us establish the reign of these grand principles! Look at *me*, my countrymen! Do you see this new coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons, of superfine blue broad-cloth? They are a present to me from the Pawtucket Manufacturing Company. In the last ten years, I have received in presents 2847 coats, 1938 waistcoats, 2551 pairs of pantaloons, 1496 hats, and 13,683 pairs of shoes, as tokens of admiration of my talents, and as a slight remuneration for my services in raising prices and manufactories. Come on, then, my brave soldiers! — calico shall soon sell for two dollars a yard, and each of you shall be dressed as fine as I am!'

This editorial 'leader' will be as readily recognized, even at this distant day, as the leader of the left wing, who was 'mounted on a large sheep!' He bore in one hand *'The Olive-Branch,'* and in the other a pamphlet, entitled *'The Rubicon.'* He made a speech, in the same vein as that of the other commander, and then gave the word for the forces which he led, to 'move on to the charge!' They advance, but are brought to a stand by a small rivulet of sulphur: 'Ah, my friends!' exclaims the dismayed General, 'this must be the Rubicon — do n't let us pass the Rubicon!' So *this* division of the army was brought to a dead halt.

'A far mightier spirit, nobler in form, prouder in bearing, and fiercer and more intellectual in aspect,' next advances with gleaming eye, and a port like an angel of light: 'He rode upon a large Kentucky boar, that upreared his bristles, and scattered the foam from his long, keen tusks, as his rider spurred him furiously about, marshaling his forces. His banner was a piece of coarse hempen cloth; in one hand he bore aloft a knife and fork — in the other a pack of cards. Hark! — he is prepared to speak, and the whole army is hushed in expectation: when lo! a most strange and uncouth figure rushes forward. It is the Rhode-Islander, half roasted, with the spit still sticking through his body! He had not been well-watched by the infernal cooks; and 'discovering that speechifying was going on, he had broken loose, determined to have his share.' All attempts to arrest him prove ineffectual. He succeeds in mounting a convenient eminence, and with vehement tone and gesture, begins; when: 'At the awful sounds of his voice, the whole multitude, devils and spirits of all sorts and degrees, scattered in universal dismay. Every purpose was forgotten, except that of escape from the horrid noise.' Partaking in the general panic, our 'NULLIFIER' and his travelling companion, flee in hot haste, and neither pause nor look behind them, until they find themselves safely back in the upper world.

Let us leave this scene of 'Nullification' Disaffection, and Stronghold of Protectionists, and pass to a 'higher sphere' of upper-world love and affection.

No sooner has our traveller and his companion returned to the earth, than the former visits the house of the father of his adored LAURA — the most exquisitely graceful, beautiful, and lovely of her sex: the truth bursts upon him all at once, that he is '*again the Victim of Love!*' And what madness was this, by which he was overcome! Had he forgotten the bond with the DEVIL, to which he had subscribed, and the tremendous penalty attached to its violation? Was he willing to purchase a fleeting pleasure, at the price of everlasting anguish? These awful

reflections, however, were always instantly dispelled 'by the magic of the dear one's presence,' and he resigns himself to the overpowering passion which it inspired. The fear of distant pain outweighed the temptation to present pleasure. Possession of *her*, he reasoned, would be cheaply purchased at *any price* whatever. 'For *thirty years*' was the bond: how could he hesitate? 'Would he not enjoy with *her* a whole life-time of supreme felicity?'

Of *course* it would: so, time and place fitting, (all of which is very beautifully described,) he offers himself, and is accepted. He remains with her for several days afterward, being 'unable to tear himself from her presence.' The necessity of settling some affairs, preliminary to his marriage, which his LAURA had consented should take place soon, calls him to the city; where he remains only eight or ten days, when a messenger from his betrothed's father informs him of her sudden and dangerous illness. The messenger had been two days on the road, and the distance was between sixty and seventy miles. By KALOUR's power he might have traversed the distance in a few moments: but he had left that useful adjunct ('playing the Devil,' it is to be supposed) in the country. Mounting a fleet horse, he arrives only in time to 'seek *her* grave, and pour over it tears of unutterable anguish and despair.' A fervid picture of unshaken-love and devouring grief, will afford here a good example of our 'NULLIFIER's style of writing in this kind:

'I WAS conducted to the spot where LAURA was interred. She had chosen to be buried, not in the crowded and monumented church-yard, but in the quiet solitude where I first met and last beheld her. There, in the midst of the scenes which when living she had loved to frequent, the relics of the beautiful maid reposed. The lofty trees beneath whose shade she had so often passed the summer noon in maiden meditation, now waved their leafy branches above her grave; the silver stream that had soothed her ear with its murmuring flow, now seemed to wail along its pebbly channel with a constant dirge; while the flowers which her own hand had planted, breathed around their dying fragrance, and shed their melancholy bloom. In unutterable anguish I threw myself upon the spot where my buried love was laid; where, separated from me only by a few feet of earth, and a sod not yet green, now mouldered that dust which had been once perfection. I felt that she whose presence alone rendered earth lovely and life delightful, was no more; and for me nothing remained but to bewail her loss with an eternal grief. Hour after hour rolled on, while, regardless of the flight of time, I remained stretched upon that sacred grave, pouring forth alternately the lamentations of love, the groans of anguish, or the imprecations of despair. The long day passed away; the evening came and departed, and was followed by the gloomy twilight; until at length the silver moon and diamond stars glittered in the mid-night sky. As I looked around on the calm of nature, and the solemn magnificence of the heavens, a softer and less vehement feeling stole insensibly over my thoughts: 'Ye wild solitudes,' I exclaimed, 'ye lofty hills, and ancient woods, and gushing fountains, and springing flowers! — ye can sympathize, ye can weep with me, for ye know what I have lost! Through your deep recesses my LAURA delighted to wander, or to repose beneath your quiet shade; and ye were witnesses when she vowed to me the first love of her virgin heart. But never again shall ye behold her nymph-like step, and graceful form. That shape of beauty now moulders coldly in the grave, and over it my heart must break, or my tears never cease to flow! Ye bright and everlasting stars! it is to your realms of life and love that her pure spirit has ascended. But if the remembrance of any thing earthly ever enters an angel's thoughts,



or thrills an angel's heart, I know that even in that blissful heaven I am not forgotten. Perhaps, at this moment, from some one of yonder radiant worlds, my LAURA looks fondly upon me with pitying and celestial love.'

While he is thus speaking, his eye accidentally turns to a single star, in a particular quarter of the heavens. He at once recognizes it as one which 'his LAURA' had fancifully selected one night as her future habitation. In the ardor of the moment, he determines to visit it, and forthwith summons his attendant devil: 'KALOUF, I have good reason to believe that my LAURA now inhabits yonder brilliant star: put on your wings, and take me there as quickly as possible.' KALOUF gazes upward, with a sigh, and explains that he can't do it: his limits are the earth and the lower regions: the fair domain of the skies he is forbidden to enter: 'All I can do, is to enable you to get there alone:' and he adds, that living, as he had, at the centre of the earth, he had found out what was the mystery of gravitation, and knew how to modify or destroy it: 'an enemy of motion, you shall no longer be subject to its power.'

Accordingly, the demon, (by a process which our 'NULLIFIER' 'does not consider himself at liberty to divulge,') extracts every particle of weight from his body, and he stands upon the earth as light and free as an ethereal spirit! 'Now,' said KALOUF, 'you know that whenever you begin to move in any direction, and meet with no obstruction, you can keep on forever with undiminished velocity. In order that you may safely reach the star which you wish to visit, it is only necessary to apply some propelling power, to be sure that you start in a straight line toward it, and to guard against starvation by the way. I will see to all these, and will attend you some thirty or forty miles of the journey, to satisfy myself that you are getting on prosperously, and keeping in the right course.'

And hereupon the diabolical compounder begins his preparations. In an hour or two a large quantity of fulminating *matériel* is provided, which is disposed with great care, beneath an immense bag of provisions, made, by a similar process, as light as the aeronaut himself! Seated upon the bag, fire is applied to the powder below, and as it explodes, our 'NULLIFIER' is launched into the air 'with a velocity far exceeding that of a cannon-ball.' KALOUF spreads his broad black wings, and goes flying alongside, having hard work to keep up, occasionally pushing the star-voyager on one side or the other, to give the proper direction to his flight. We must let the intrepid aeronaut relate the incidents of this high-flown excursion in his own uncondensed words:

'THE earth faded gradually from my sight, as I flew swiftly upward through the blue expanse. My heart dilated with pride and exultation as I looked down upon the diminished world. 'Contemptible mortals!' I exclaimed, 'that inhabit yonder lump of dirt, I renounce all fellowship with you, and bid you and your vile world farewell forever! While you are chained to the dull earth, and crawl like worms along its surface, I mount into the skies, and roam at pleasure through the sapphire fields of heaven. Possessed at once of the substance of a mortal and the freedom of a disembodied spirit, I can fly from star to star, and explore every quarter of the universe!

'I thus spoke in the vanity of my heart, as I rose triumphantly into the ethereal regions. But alas! soon did I repent bitterly of my foolish presumption. For some time I went on quite prosperously, and toward the end of the seventh day, found my-

self almost in contact with the star at which I intended to stop. But, of course, I was moving in a straight line, without the power of varying its direction. Imagine my unutterable vexation and consternation, when, after a journey of so many millions of miles, I found that I should miss the planet by about fifteen inches! KALOUF and I had made some slight mistake in our calculation. For several miles I passed so near to its surface that I was continually endeavoring to grasp the tops of the trees with my hands, but alas! I could not quite reach them.

'Meanwhile, as I passed along, I had a fair view of the celestial nymphs who inhabit that lovely star. They are indeed charming beyond any thing that mortal fancy ever dreamed of. Were 'the statue that enchants the world' suddenly animated with a soul, and it were to step from its pedestal warm with the fresh glow of young existence, it would not look one thousandth part as beautiful. I almost thought one or two of them half equal to my lost and adored LAURA. Deeply did I lament that I could not alight, and pass the rest of my days in that delightful country. But the power which impelled me onward was above my control. I took a last sad look at the fair creatures whom I was never to behold again, and was hurried away with undiminished velocity into the regions of illimitable space.

'As I travelled onward, I continually hoped that some time or other I should arrive at a stopping-place. I saw, and passed by, innumerable worlds, but was so unfortunate as to miss them all. . . . I know not for how many months or years I travelled onward. At length I seemed about to pass the utmost limits of the creation. The planets had totally faded from my sight, and the scattered rays of a few distant stars only feebly penetrated the increasing gloom. I shuddered with agony and horror as I perceived that I was leaving forever the realms of life and light, and entering the boundless solitudes where COLD and DARKNESS still maintain their primeval empire. Suddenly, my flight was interrupted by a wall of immeasurable height. In this wall was a gate of immense size, through some slight crevices of which flashed forth gleams of the intensest radiance. Beside this portal there stood keeping guard a creature so prodigious that my eyes could not half discern his size. 'You little rascal!' exclaimed the grim giant, 'what are you doing here with that big bag of bread and meat? Back to the vile world from whence you came, and never again let me catch you in this forbidden region!' Thus speaking, the huge monster seized me with his strong hand. Whirling me around his head, and giving full sweep to an arm at least a thousand miles in length, he hurled me back toward the earth with the velocity of a thunder-bolt.

'I thus returned, even more rapidly than I had left it, toward my native world. The giant had thrown me with so true an aim that I followed almost exactly the route by which I had come. Proceeding at the rate of about ten thousand feet in a second, in eighteen months I again beheld that world of which I thought I had taken an eternal farewell. My usual ill-luck seemed again to attend me; for I found myself going a little too much to one side. Fortunately, however, I passed over the centre of the Arctic circle, and thus came in contact with the North Pole, which projects several thousand miles above the surface. I seized it, and arrested my flight; and then jumping off toward America, I landed in the State of Connecticut.'

Where the 'NULLIFIER' landed; how he was received and treated; what wonderful adventures afterward befell him; the thrilling history of a Life in Death; and how, at the last, even the DEVIL himself is nullified—lo! all these things are written, and will appear, in a third and concluding 'Part,' in our next number.

EDITORIAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER: NUMBER THREE.—And so we commenced the Magazine. WILLIS, whose whole heart was in it, was at the same time the editor of the *Philadelphia Daily Gazette*: but for his twin brother, his pen was not idle. Dear WILLIS! how he did work for us! When we forget it, when the tears swell not to our eyes as we think of it, may our right hand forget its cunning! After going to see Colonel STONE, as mentioned in our last number, we dropped down with Mr. EDSON to see Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, at the office of the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, then in the near neighborhood of the present Custom-House. Mr. BRYANT was in, and WILLIAM LEGGETT was writing at an adjoining desk. Our business was briefly announced: we wanted the 'cheap commodity of advice.' Mr. BRYANT, in conversation with us, remarked that he had rather edit the daily '*Evening Post*' than a monthly magazine. 'I have been through the mill,' said he, 'in the old '*United States Review*.' Your work hang on you like an incubus, for a month at a time: whereas now I am a free man every day, after two o'clock.' Nevertheless, Mr. BRYANT promised us his 'good word,' and perhaps a future 'ink-shed' from his pen. How well both of these promises have been kept, even up to the present time, the columns of the '*Evening Post*' and the pages of this magazine will abundantly bear witness.

When the books of the KNICKERBOCKER were passed over to us by its then publisher, we received from that gentleman not a few manuscripts: among which was a 'parcel of stuff' by old FLINT, as it was termed; and this 'stuff' was that noble series of papers on '*Peace-Societies*,' which met with such cordial reception, both at home and abroad. We have been informed that they were published in pamphlet-form, and very widely circulated by the Peace-Societies of Great-Britain. Let us, by a single brief extract, afford our present readers some idea of the 'stuff' which composed the articles in question. The following description of the horrors of war, in our judgment has seldom been exceeded:

'AFTER many gorgeous scenes in which princes have conferred honors and swords upon commanders, who are to go forth and fight manfully for their country and their king! after beauty and innocence — strange infatuation! — have smiled upon the future murderers, and with their hands have waved them on to their bloody purpose; the terrible pageant, externally all glitter, pomp, and circumstance, and within all hunger, disease, corruption, and misery, marches, with its squadrons and divisions, cavalry and artillery, banners displayed, pennons streaming, and martial music resounding; and as the squadrons move on in their regular and serried ranks, the admiring multitudes from city, village, and field, gaze with quickened pulses and throbbing bosoms, and say, as the host moves by, 'This is glorious war!'

'The grand army, plundering alike friend and enemy, in its passage, has finally passed the broad stream or mountain-range or frith of the sea, that separates their country from that of their foe. Long columns of smoke stream up from their line of march, indicating that villages are burned and fields trampled in the dust; that unoffending peasants, who know nothing about the causes of the invasion, contribute their last blanket and last loaf — it may be, are harnessed to the artillery, to drag forward the cannon to fire upon their kindred and countrymen. Their wives and daughters are violated under their eye; and their fathers and mothers and helpless

infants, are left to die of destitution and despair, as they are forced away as prisoners of war. These are the exploits which have been consecrated with fasting and prayer!

'In the progress of march, a district of country many leagues in extent has been desolated with fire and blood. Before them are green fields and populous villages, and a country bright with all the cheerfulness of cultivation and life. Behind is desolation and silence! Their foe has been preparing to meet them; and now hundreds of thousands of soldiers, waiting an appointed signal to murder each other, are separated only by a narrow interval, which the desolation of war has not yet touched.

'We are told that it often happens in such cases that the sentinels of the opposing armies, the night before battle, meet, interchange salutations and mutual kind offices, but a few hours before they are called out to cut each other's throats. In what strong relief do such facts present the guilt of those merciless rulers, who thus convert men formed to love and help each other, into deadly enemies!

'The signal is given to go forth to the terrible work. Forthwith the explosion of artillery, in long-repeated and terrible bursts, is heard. Squadrons of cavalry thunder over the plain. Steel clangs with steel, in the desperate conflict of life for life. In the midst of smoke, darkness, and the infernal din of all that is astounding in the last fierce efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair, the combatants feel a strange unconcern and indifference to life—a madness like that which arrack and opium give to the desperate Malay—which they feel in no other position; an indifference which renders them careless to consequences, and causes them, with an unblanching eye, to note the streaming carnage, and hear without feeling the wild wail of death-groans around them. For a moment, the central arena is a *mêlée* of infantry and cavalry in wild confusion, in which the clang of sabres is heard over the fierce shouts or the cries of agony. The veteran mercenary, trained to coolness, even in this horrid scene, watches with eye and hand, and braced muscle, the moment to thrust home his steel to his opponent's bosom; happy, if, while intent on that issue, an unwatched foe seize not the unguarded moment and vital space, and give him the death-blow he was meditating for another. Some of the fallen wretches are uttering loud cries for water. Others implore the passing friend or foe to finish their agony. Over the bodies of the wounded travel the cavalry, at the height of their speed. The grinding wheels of the artillery plough other half-expiring victims deep in the soil. Others, still breathing, still supplicating mercy, are thrown beneath masses of the dead, into the fosse, to make a bridge of bodies. On this point of fierce conflict, a park of artillery is finally brought to bear; and victors and vanquished, and the untouched warriors in the thickest of the fight, are promiscuously swept away in columns. The loud 'hurrah' of the conquering assailants pursuing their foe, is replaced by the low and expiring moans of the dying. Such is battle. Forty thousand young and vigorous men lie dead, or dying, on the field. Thousands of war-horses are scattered in confusion among them. Greedy and heartless plunderers, the vampires of battle, are gathering up the wrecks, and stripping the dead, and giving the last fatal thrust to the dying; while intermixed among them are friends and relatives—children, parents, wives—searching, and yet fearing to find among the fallen, those dear to them as life. Such is the central point of the picture; and burning towns and a smoking and desolated country, in all the visible distance, form the back-ground. Extravagant and abhorrent and out of nature as this spectacle may seem, it has been presented, with the reality of horrors a hundred-fold more revolting, in every period of history, and in the fairest portions of every civilized country.

'The battle, however, is past: a battle fiercely contested from the rising to the setting of a summer's day. What heart would not sicken at the horrid spectacle! What ruler, whose nature was not waxing fiendish, would not pause before he yielded any contribution of influence to produce a scene thus abhorrent and accursed in the sight of God and men? My heart bleeds at the sight! for all these fallen were my brethren, with nerves as susceptible, hopes and fears as intense as my own; and they had equal claims to continue to caress their children, behold the bright sun, and exult in feeling life and admiring God's beautiful creation. I look abroad where yesterday there were so many thousand men, with hearts beating warm, so many villages, groves, farm-houses, peasants, birds singing in the branches, and the hope of harvest waving in the breeze. It now presents smouldering ruins, a soil polluted with blood, covered with corse — a picture all loathsomeness and horror!

'Were I to follow the letters and messengers to forty thousand dwellings, announcing to mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, widows, orphans, the names of the slain; were I to attempt to delineate the general result of sweeping disease in all the immediate vicinity of the battle, and of individual poverty, helplessness, and despair, blasting the bereaved cottages, (for most of the fallen were dwellers in cabins,) the picture of misery would be too vast and indistinct to produce a clear perception of the result. Life-blood poured out as water, may have swollen to a river without presenting the eye and the heart with distinct conceptions of the amount of misery which has been caused in consequence.'

This eloquent article, with an able paper upon TALLEYRAND, written by one who had known long and well the wily minister and surpassing wit, were the specialité of our opening number. It was the writer of this last-named article who first told the dry bon-mot of TALLEYRAND, which so took the conceit out of a young coxcomb at some table in Paris where he chanced to be dining. 'My mother,' said the dandy, 'was renowned for her beauty. She was certainly the handsomest woman I have ever seen.' 'Ah!' said TALLEYRAND, looking him through, and 'taking his measure' at once, 'it was your *father*, then, who was not good-looking!' But this is a digression.

We may say, here, that the reception given to the first number of the KNICKERBOCKER issued under our supervision, by the universal press of the country, was cordial in the extreme: and the kindness then exhibited by our contemporaries, let us most gratefully add, has been continued up to the present time — a quarter of a century. The general 'spirit of the press' was well expressed by the '*New-York American*,' which, in the person of our friend, its editor, CHARLES KING, Esq., now the honored head of Columbia College, said: 'The KNICKERBOCKER has changed Proprietor and Editor, and has improved by the change, both in the matter and manner of its articles. A vain-glorious tone of superiority, unsustained by real merit of any sort, has given place to the quiet and gentle address of men who respect the judgment of their readers, and aim not, by proclaiming their own excellence, to forestall public opinion.' And long afterward it was said: 'The KNICKERBOCKER, which has been constantly advancing in interest since it passed into the hands of its present proprietors, is now the first magazine in America. The number for the present month is an honor to the country.'

In the second number of the Magazine, issued under our editorial charge, there appeared *one* article, from the pen of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, which was no less



remarkable for its trenchant style, than for its triumphant success in abating a 'literary nuisance.' It was entitled '*American Poets and their Critics*;' and consigned to deserved contempt and oblivion one Dr. J — Mc H —, of Philadelphia, author of much poor prose and poorer verse, at one time editor and publisher of a monthly periodical, and who, for some inscrutable reason, was permitted by Mr. ROBERT WALSH to occupy the chair of poetical criticism in the short-lived '*American Quarterly Review*,' of which he was the editor. It is not too much to say, that literally and literally speaking, this paper killed the quarterly critic 'very dead' indeed. He never published another line in this country; but went abroad, and printed in London, in two volumes, a long prosy poem in twelve 'books,' called '*The Antidileuvians*,' of which *Blackwood's Magazine* gave this ample and comprehensive critique: 'To compare these two volumes with a couple of bottles of small beer, would be greatly to belie that fluid!' The article cut the little Doctor to the very quick. He used to visit the 'Athenæum' in Philadelphia, where the *KNICKERBOCKER* was taken, and smuggle it away under other publications, to prevent its being read; but it 'would n't do;' the librarian invariably 'twigged' him, and again exposed the purple-covered *missile* to general view. The article really created more sensation than we remember to have seen excited by any one paper in any American periodical. It was a cheerful but most cutting notice of the reviewer's pretensions and failures. It took a view of his critical efforts, in which he had pronounced Lord BYRON, 'a poor titled rhymester,' whose 'hobbling poetry had pestered the world;' whose writings had 'not a particle of soul in them,' and who 'bullied the crowd into reading his bad English;' in which, also, he condemned the best productions of Sir WALTER SCOTT, whom he called an 'unknown Scotchman,' as 'stupid, slovenly, full of blackguards and scoundrels, as common as Scotch thistles,' 'disgracefully constructed,' etc.; concluding with a piece of advice to Sir WALTER, that 'the sooner he quitted writing, the better it would be for his reputation.' Of WASHINGTON IRVING his opinions were, that he was 'a disagreeable, lassy writer,' whose 'style was awkward,' and whose 'silly productions were only calculated for the pages of two-penny primers to amuse children.' He pronounced HALLECK 'a contemptible *doggerellist*,' with 'no satirical power;' PERCIVAL he dubbed as 'senseless;' and he condemned entirely the best works of our great author, COOPER. BRYANT, he said, in the pages of the '*American Quarterly*,' was 'not worth reading,' and had 'never written a passage fit to remember.' The writer in the *KNICKERBOCKER* contrasted these paltry opinions with the brilliant success of the writers thus mentioned; and then, in order to show what weight ought to be attached to the opinions of *such* a critic, he proceeded to examine *his* works. To this end, he brought up from among 'the weeds on Lethe's wharf' a large number of dead and gone volumes by the same writer, that had been buried by the '*North American Review*,' and other public authorities. He bared these failures to the day, and a more ludicrous unurning has seldom been made. The public felt that the *exposé* had been a desideratum, and with one consent they applauded the circumstance. The popular journals of the time gave their full assent to the article, and their choicest laughter at the 'subject.' The writer proved beyond cavil that all the productions of the critic evinced his want of taste, and ability in his judgment of poetry, since so much of his own was not only common-place, but

ridiculous; and since every prose-volume from his pen, of which great numbers had been written, had fallen still-born from the press. He contended justly, that no man could judge rightly of others, when his own writings contained so many faults of taste and execution as to *fail at once*. And this, we conceive, was the best possible criterion. Who would have heeded the opinions of GIBBON, if his 'JUVENAL' had been proved to be a miserable performance, unfaithful to the original?—or of JOHNSON, if his writings had been tame and flat, abounding with errors of grammar and taste?

Nothing, as we have said, could be more cordial than the reception of this article by the public. The '*New-York American*,' a high and standard literary authority at that period, eulogized it as 'a capital article, wherein the impostures of that miserable literary charlatan, the Hibernico-Philadelphia-Reviewer, are most justly and humorously exposed. The fact of the editor of the '*American Quarterly*' allowing so absurd a charlatan to figure in that publication, renders him respectable enough, in a literary point of view, to receive the lashing which has been administered to him by the KNICKERBOCKER.' Such, let us repeat, in concluding our remarks upon this portion of our narrative, was the universal judgment of the public press. The 'little Doctor,' like a 'twopenny-dip,' was snuffed into darkness, *from the very day that the article in question appeared*.

It is no longer ago than last summer, that we remember reading in a daily journal an account of a visit paid to our friend and neighbor over the river, Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING: and in the course of a conversation, pleasantly enough reported, and not invading implied privacy, was mentioned a remark of the courteous host: to the effect that he had, in former days, not been entirely inescapable to adverse and disingenuous criticism: and the very 'Philadelphia publication' (the *Monthly Magazine* to which we have alluded) was mentioned as having 'not a little annoyed him.' That the drone of such a stingless wasp should for one moment have 'annoyed' such a writer as GEOFFREY CRAYON, is of itself ample excuse for the paper which 'finished' his 'critic,' and for our reference to it here.

We shall have somewhat to say, in an ensuing number, touching a *few* of the papers which succeeded the foregoing, in the same volume; articles which attracted much attention at the time, and the history of the origin of which will not, we think, be without interest to the reader. In relation to two of these, Mr. JAMES K. PAULDING, not then personally known to us, addressed us a letter so warmly commendatory, that it was for many months afterward a solace and a reward to us in our labors for the 'Literary Guild' of our common country. Without straying farther to these at present, we may say, in closing this subsection of our narrative, that the other papers in the volume mentioned, the Fourth, which excited the most attention, were the first and second of a series of articles from the learned pen of Prof. SAMUEL L. METCALF, upon '*Molecular Attraction*' and '*Terrrestrial Magnetism*,' *The Past, the Present, and the Future*,' and a paper by the author of the article upon TALLEYRAND, on '*The Secret Police of Napoleon*.'

The length and variety of matter in this department of the present number, and the 'short month' in which we scribble, have saved our readers from the pangs, *this time*, of any farther gossip touching the old-time history of our *Magazine*.

GOSPEL WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Seldom have we regretted a 'circumstance' more, than our inability to be present, in compliance with the courteous and kindly invitation of the officers of the 'New-York BURNS Club,' at their late *'Centennial Anniversary in Honor of Robert Burns.'* It was simply impossible for us to be present: and hence, we 'mourned the more, because we mourned in vain:' but our heart was with the Club, and the numerous and 'goodlie companie' which they had assembled around them: for we were present at the first dinner of the Club, after its formation, at the old Waverley-House, in Broadway, (Dr. CUMMING, of the *'Scottish Journal,'* presiding; BRYANT and HALLECK on our right and left — and the *Haggis* 'ancient, and of a fish-like smell,' but fortunately, removable, bodily.) Since then, we have seldom been absent from the anniversary festival of the Club, under its various presidencies. Now that the reports of the proceedings of the British festivals in honor of the 'immortal memory of ROBERT BURNS' are reaching us in detail, we are enabled to say, that *thus far*, we have seen *no* festival equal, intellectually or 'creature-comfort'-ly, to the Astor-House Festival. The wide-reaching, all-embracing picture of the *universal* tribute to BURNS, given by BRYANT, as chairman, in his opening, has not been *approached* by any thing in its kind which we have seen from Britain. Mr. ARCHIBALD ALISON, presiding at Glasgow, came far short of this portion of BRYANT's speech; and the estimate of the MAN and the BARD, by our countryman, we will leave it to any Scottish lover of BURNS to classify in the comparison. Our old friend and contemporary, Mr. FULLER, formerly of the New-York *'Evening Mirror'* afternoon journal, now travelling abroad, was at the Centennial Anniversary at Dumfries, Scotland! Think of *that* — for as HALLECK says, 'The Poet's tomb is there.' His letter in the *'Daily Times,'* in our city, descriptive of that event, is replete with interest; but as before these pages will meet the eyes of our readers, it will doubtless be widely copied by the thousand-and-one BURNS-loving editors of our country, we refrain from 'appropriation:' save only this matter-full extract from a letter of the venerable LEIGH HUNT to the Managerial Committee of the Festival. He says:

'WHAT is the reason of this difference between the fond love of the memory of such a man as BURNS, and the no love at all for those other great men, SHAKESPEARE himself not excepted? For personal regard mixes little with our astonishment at SHAKESPEARE's genius, perhaps because of the very amount of the astonishment, and because we know little personally about him. The reason is, that BURNS we do know; that we are astonished at him, but not enough to be oppressed with the astonishment; and that he fulfils all the other conditions necessary to universal regard. He is allied to the greatest minds by his genius, to the gravest by his grave thoughts, to the gayest by his gay ones, to the manliest by his independence, to the frail by his frailties, to the conscientious by his regrets, to the humblest ranks by his birth, to the poorest among them by his struggles with necessity; above all, to the social by his companionship, and to the whole world by his being emphatically a human creature, 'relishing all sharply, passionate as they,' excluding none from his sympathy but those who have no feeling for others, and having a reserve of pity in his contempt even for those, because they were not their own makers, and are but a sorry, losing kind of devils, after all.

He even ventured, like good, brave, pious Uncle TOM, to pity the very devil himself, and wish him penitent, and out of his den; which is what few Christians, very few indeed, have ventured to do after him: though assuredly it is an expression of the profoundest Christian charity, and does him immortal honor.'

The London journals are half-filled with the proceedings of the Burns' Festival in all the principal cities and towns in Great Britain. At the Sydenham Crystal Palace, *fourteen thousand* persons assembled to do honor to the 'immortal memory' of SCOTIA's Great Bard! Why could not *some* one of the 'Circulating Mediums' among our multitudinous humbugous 'Spiritualists' have echoed the spirit of BURNS, as it looked down upon that *one* assemblage out of thousands? Not in *their* 'bosh,' but in such simple, forceful, inimitable, simple language, as he himself would have used, revisiting again 'the glimpses of the moon' one hundred years after he was born? And *apropos* of this, let us quote here the brief remarks of his son, at the dinner we have mentioned, at which Mr. ALMON, the 'learned Chairman' of the occasion, presided. That gentleman closed with the remark: 'I have detained you too long: and I conclude in the words of the poet:

'A LAST request permit me here,  
When yearly ye assemble a',  
One round, I ask it with a tear,  
To him the bard that's far awa.'

Having resumed his seat 'amidst tremendous cheering,' during which 'the whole atmosphere was filled with waving handkerchiefs,' Colonel JAMES GLASSFORD BURNS, son of the immortal Poet of Scotland, who was received with the most enthusiastic applause, responded as follows:

'I HUMBLY thank my God that HE has spared me to live to see this day, a day on which so many thousands in almost every part of the globe are paying homage to the genius of the bard of Scotia. My mother once told the late Mr. M'DIARMID of Duffries that my father once said to her: 'JEAN, one hundred years hence they'll think mair o' me than they do now.' How truly his prophecy has been fulfilled, the proceedings here and elsewhere amply testify. I feel most grateful to you for the opportunity you have afforded me of being present at this, one of the most influential of these gatherings, presided over, as it is, by the celebrated and talented author of the History of Europe; supported by such well-known and distinguished men as JOHN HALIBURTON, Principal BARCLAY, Sir DAVID BAEWATER, Mr. MONCKTON MILES, and Mr. GLASSFORD BELL. In no place will the day be hailed and celebrated with more enthusiasm than in the far East, where I spent so many and such happy years. In proof of this I may quote a few lines written by my old friend, Colonel GEORGE AUGUSTUS VORCE, the author of many a Burns' birthday ode. In a poem of his, entitled 'The Exile in India,' he says:

'The music of Scotia is sweet midst the scene,  
But ah! could you hear it when seas roll between!  
'T is then, and then only, the soul can divine  
The rapture that dwells in the songs o' lang syne.'

As a leal and true Scot, and a warm admirer of the genius of the bard, I have joined in doing honor to his memory. As his son, permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for the same.'

What wonder, that 'cheers,' loud, long, and reiterated, should have accompanied

these modest remarks from a son of ROBERT BURNS? - - - Would that it were possible for us to communicate to every lover of true satirical humor who reads the KNICKERBOCKER, the 'observations' which we heard the other evening from the lips of a waggish friend 'up-town,' who is not only thoroughly 'up' in the ancient classics, and a diligent student in old and modern English literature, but an accomplished proficient in the acquisition and utterance of the modern languages of Europe. The subject of conversation had turned upon *Shakspearian Commentators of the Modern Time*, and what they were doing for posterity: the

— 'MEN who view,  
IN SHAKSPEARE, more than SHAKSPEARE knew.'

He said that the 'inner sense,' the 'interior comprehension,' of the *German* mind, had not only brought out new beauties in SHAKSPEARE, which were almost equal to some of the 'good things' of GOETHE, but that they had also greatly aided the appreciation of other and later poets by our modern bards. And, as an illustration, speaking of CAMPBELL, he said: 'There was a man of mind: of great poetic culture: an æsthetic *Thinker*, who had always a stand-point: his 'inner sense' was at times conspicuous. His defect was in imagery: in his details, he was not always felicitous; as for example, in that line of his in 'The Battle of Hohenlinden':

'Far flashed the *red* artillery.'

'Now, it is well known,' said our friend, 'that artillery is *not* red: not one person can be found who can truthfully say that he has ever seen a red cannon; nor was there a single cannon, as actually appears from the ordnance reports, in that engagement, which was not of brass. How much better, then, to have written:

'Far flashed the *brass* artillery!'

A bright brass cannon *would* 'flash,' in the light of its exploding charge; a red cannon never.' BURNS, too, was mentioned: and an emendation of the following lines in his '*Cottar's Saturday Night*' was suggested, which we confess had never struck us before:

'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

The last two of these lines are certainly open to improvement. Looking at a distance upon a hawthorn hedge, as you see that beautiful feature in an English landscape, you *see* that it is white with blossoms: but it is the *smell* of those blossoms which you *feel* with your 'inner sense: ' so that when that smell is borne to you upon the evening breeze, your mind *extracts* from that invisible agent of pleasure the entire delight of the scene. *This*, then, by the introversion of the æsthetic German mind, should be the rendering:

'Beneath the *scent-white* thorn that *mills* the evening gale!'

'A moment's reflection will convince any poetically-framed mind how very much more impressive is this reading than the other!' Without altogether adopting our friend's version, we ventured to 'introvert' the subject, by coming back again to SHAKSPEARE: and we endeavored to repeat to him the 'new reading' of a part of



*Macbeth*, which an enthusiastic French student of SHAKESPEARE once gave to our departed correspondent and friend, 'JOHN WATERS,' (the late HENRY CARY, Esq.,) and which *he* could repeat to edification: 'Ah! your Mossieu' SHAK-ES-PIER! He is gr-r-aa-nd — mystérieuse — soo-blime! You 'ave reads ze MACABESS? — ze scene of ze Mossieu' MACABESS vis ze Vitch — eh? Superb sooblinitée! W'en he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-oynt ze, Vitch!' she go away: but what she *say* when she go away? She say she will do s'omesing dat aves got no naäme! 'Ah, ha!' she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aa-t vizout ze tail — *but*, I'll do! I'll do! I'll do! *W'at* she do? Ah, ha! — voila le graand mystérieuse Mossieu' SHAK-ES-PIER! She not *say* what she do!' This *was* 'grand,' to be sure; but the prowess of MACBETH, in his 'bout' with MACDUFF, awakens all the mercurial Frenchman's martial ardor: 'Mossieu' MACABESS, he see him come, clos' by: he say, (proud *empressement*,) 'Come o-o-n, Mossieu' MACADUFFS, and d — d be he who first say 'Enoffs!'' Zen zey fi-ght — moche. Ah, ha! — voila! Mossieu' MACABESS, vis his br-r-right r-r-appier 'pink' him, vat you call, in his body. He 'ave gots mal d'estomac: he say, vis grand simplicité, 'Enoffs!' What *for* he say 'ENOFFS?' 'Cause he got enoffs — plaänty; and he *ex-pire*, r-r-ight away, 'mediately, pretty quick! Ah, mes amis, Mossieu' SHAK-ES-PIER is rising man in La belle France!' Let not this sketch be inferred to be a caricature: it is simple truth, every word of it: authentic in *manner* as well, so far as manner can be conveyed by memory, and by pen and ink. - - - We mentioned, in a recent number, that we should advert again to a conversation which was held in the sanctum, with an English friend, who, digressing from the subject of *Stereoscopes*, gave us so vivid an impression of the outward aspect of St. PAUL's Cathedral. He was speaking of the great difficulty, if not utter impossibility, of laying *City Rail-road Tracks in London*, such as we have in this our goodly metropolis: 'Why, you might as well talk,' said he, 'of a bridge across the straits of Dover! The city is too hilly to admit of tracks, unless they were suspended. Again: the traffic is so great that vehicles in the main streets, running East and West, are compelled to move along in 'solemn procession' two ranks going one way and two the other. When any thing happens to obstruct the way, and interrupt the motion, the effect is felt often for a mile or more; and all are brought to a stand-still, unless happily you can turn down some by-street and so take another route, which may lead you back again to the same avenue you left some mile or so off. I well remember once having an invitation to dine with a friend who resided in one of the streets running into Tavistock-Square. The dinner was to be entirely '*en famille*:' so I dressed myself as soon as I could despatch my correspondence, after 'change; and about half-past five, started in a hack, with keen appetite, for the Square. We proceeded at a good jog-trot until we got about half-way up Cheapside, when we came to a dead stand-still. I sat patiently for ten or fifteen minutes, when I put my head out of the front-window, calling: 'Jarvey, what's the matter?' 'Do n't know, Sir, on'y sumthin's stopt th' way, Sir.' Now this was decidedly valuable information! I waited perhaps ten or fifteen minutes longer when I *again* inquired: 'Do you see no chance to pull out, and go down Milk-street, and so get up to Holborn?' 'Vy, Sir, all them 'ere cross-streets is blocked up.' Well, after about three quarters of an hour we moved slowly on, and arrived at Holborn; when going up

the hill, (by the way, it is very steep,) a carriage broke down some little distance ahead, and there was another full stop! Here was nearly another hour's detention. But to come to the climax of my story: I arrived a little before eight o'clock: my friend, however, was so fashionable, that dinner was not announced till after eight. When it was, (there was only one guest beside myself,) O ye gods! what a recompense for all my sufferings of patience and gnawings of appetite! My friend, true to his word, gave me '*verainment un dinner en famille*:' a little '*Potage Jul en*,' fried soles, and a rump-steak: all very excellent, but no more than I got at home at any time when I preferred it for a change! And pedestrians in London are not much better off than those in carriages, for *they* too must keep to the left, and just go in double-file; or, if in haste, must dodge in and out, and on and off the side-walk; and wo to the unlucky wight who is in haste on a dirty day, for in dodging off the foot-way, he will get ankle-deep in blackest mud, unimaginable, even in New-York. Yet the streets are well swept; still the prodigious travel makes them, in a few hours, what we should call impassable. Since I left my 'fader-landt' great, very great alterations and improvements have been effected in the 'Modern Babylon;' and I much doubt if an absence of thirty years and more would not make me almost a stranger to many localities familiar to me in my boyhood's years. I read, a few weeks since, that it was contemplated (possibly by this time it may be consummated) to take down 'Temple Bar,' the only remaining Gate of the City of London, the barrier between the two cities, London and Westminster. This is truly *Vandalic*! A relic of antiquity, that can never be replaced, to be demolished—and for what? for 'modern improvement,' forsooth! Here it was that the monarch himself was obliged to knock, and his heralds sound a blast, before the gate could be opened to admit him within the limits of the city. It was mere form, 't is true; but then it goes to show to what extent the burghers claim their ancient privileges. True, this gate was somewhat an obstruction in the thoroughfare; but why not let it stand a memento of olden times, and widen the street each side? This modern idea of effacing every thing antiquated, is barbarous. The same modernizing mania prevails with us Americans. See how the *progressives* have torn down our old stone churches, almost the only antique edifices we had, made sacred by their venerable ancestors worshipping for generations within their walls! But no! The old Octagon Church, it may be, must be torn down; the old pulpit whence some worthy man of God has proclaimed his MASTER's word; the little lectern, where stood the precentor or the chorister; the old oaken pew—all, *all* must give way for something modern—something fashionable! 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!' Our excellent friend paused, for a tear was swelling to his cheek; and pleasant as we thought the sanctum that night, it was easy to see that at this moment 'his thoughts were elsewhere.' An old city, like an old friend, cannot be replaced. - - - THERE was an editorial wail, from Maine to California, when it was announced, some time since, that ALBERT PIKE, of Arkansas, had been killed on a hunting excursion in a distant north-western region: but the poet, the legislator, the keen sportsman, the military commander, the widely-known and widely-cherished friend and companion, refused to be 'finished.' He suddenly appears in Washington, 'in his habit as he lived;' but the 'personal evidence' would not be taken: his friends regarded him in the light of a 'defunct;'

and they determined to hold a 'wake' over him; and hold it they *did*, at JOHNNY COYLE's, whose house on this occasion must have been the 'AMBROSE's of Washington, with a select number of the friends of the 'lamented deceased,' who also 'honored the company with his presence.' Although, from being so 'early' with the KNICKERBOCKER, we are 'late in the day,' so far as this 'Wake' is concerned, we yet cannot refrain from a reference to it, and to the proceedings which were consequent upon it. If we were to print in these pages the extended 'Song' which was sung upon the occasion, to the 'moving' air of '*Benny Havens, O!*' we should be obliged to accompany it with so many gossiping reminiscences of not a few of the personages named, and adroitly personified in it, that we should be held 'liable' for undue 'personalities.' We can only thank our old and esteemed friend 'MAC' for forwarding to us the 'Proceedings,' printed for private circulation, and present a few characteristic stanzas from a poem by 'One of the Mourners,' entitled '*The Old Arkansas Gentleman Alive Again:*'

'THE fine Arkansas Gentleman restored to life once more,  
Continued to enjoy himself as he had done before;  
And, tired of civilized pursuits, concluded he would go  
To see some Indian friends he had, and chase the Buffalo.  
This fine Arkansas Gentleman  
Close to the Choctaw line.

'The rumor of his visit had extended far and near,  
And distant chiefs and warriors came with bow, and gun, and spear:  
So when he reached the council-grounds with much delight he sees  
Delegations from the Foxes, Sioux, Quapaws, Blackfeet, Pottawottamies,  
Gros Ventres, Arrapahoes, Camanches, Creeks, Navajoes, Choctaws and  
Cherokees:  
This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.

'He went to sleep among these friends, in huts or tents of skin  
And if it rained or hailed, or snowed, he did n't care a pin;  
For he'd lined his hide with whiskey and a brace of roasted grouse,  
And he did n't mind the weather any more than if he slept in a four-story  
brown-stone front, tin roof, fire-proof, Fifth Avenue house:  
This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.

'Now, whilst he was enjoying all that such adventure brings,  
The chase, and pipe, and bottle, and such like forbidden things,  
Some spalpeen of an editor, the LORD had made in vain,  
Inserted in his horrible accident column, amongst murders, robberies,  
rapes, and thefts, camphene accidents, collisions, explosions, defalcations,  
fornications, seductions, abductions, and destructions, under a splendid  
black-bordered notice, the lamentable news that he was dead *again*.  
This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.

'The other papers copied it, and then it was believed  
That DEATH at last had taken him, so recently reprieved:  
They mourned him as a warrior, a poet, and a trump,  
And with eulogies, eulogies, biographies, reviews, articles, criticisms on his  
productions, doubts whether he had ever fought, wrote, hunted buffalo,  
or indeed lived at all: and one incredulous pagan, 'JOHNSE HOOPER,' of  
the *Montgomery Mail*, always denied his dying plump:  
This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.

'Behold in this excitement our distinguished friend arrive,  
We 'knew from a remark he made' that he was still alive;  
Then every journal joyously the contradiction quotes,  
The tailors take his measure, and the banks renewed his notes:  
This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.



'But JOHNNY COYLE, an Irishman, the news refused to take,  
He swore no gentleman alive should chate him of his wake :  
So he called his friends together as here you plainly see,  
And has set out the spirits to lay the body *under* the table decently.  
This fine Arkansas Gentleman, etc.'

We should like to have heard our friend JOHN BROUGHAM 'chant' this, in the 'rich Irish brogue' which he knows so well how to assume. Our old correspondent was honored at his 'wake' by the presence of some of the first men in the nation: and he must have been as much flattered as he was when CHRISTOPHER NORTH pronounced so cordial an eulogium upon his admirable contributions to 'BLACKWOOD'S Magazine.' - - - THE KNICKERBOCKER, in the palmy days of the stage, was the favorite repository of dramatic incidents and criticism. A reference to our early volumes would reveal some of the most characteristic and original anecdotes of GEORGE FREDERIC COOKE, KEMBLE, MATTHEWS, MACREADY, and other leading English actors. Dr. FRANCIS, in his capacity of physician to some of these famous actors, has garnered in our pages and elsewhere, charming *memorabilia* of the American Stage. We have now to thank a friend for an original and hitherto unpublished letter of EDMUND KEAN. He wrote it on his last visit to New-York, while suffering the consequences of his capricious recklessness, and intended to publish it in '*The New-York American*.' It is a curious memorial of the man, and those troubled times of the drama. It illustrates the conscious error and the frank repentance of a child of genius, as thus described in a volume of essays by one of our contributors: 'While the histrionic achievements of KEAN identify his name with the progress of dramatic art, his actual life and habits pertain rather to a sphere without the limits of civilization. A wild vein belonged to his very nature, and seemed indicative of gipsy or savage blood. It gleamed sometimes from his extraordinary eyes, when acting, so as to appal, startle and impress every class of observers. A man once cried out in the pit, at the demoniacal glare of his optics, as SHYLOCK meditating revenge on his creditor: 'It is the Devil!' His poet-biographer compares him to the van-winged hero of 'Paradise Lost;' and WEST, the painter, declared he had never been so haunted by the look of a human face as by that of KEAN. Something of this peculiar trait also exhibited itself in his action and tones, and made his audience thrill with the fierce energy of his soul. But while it thus subserved the purposes of art, and was in fact an element of his genius, it infected his private life with a reckless and half-maniacal extravagance, that was fostered by his addiction to stimulants, an unprotected infancy, and the precarious and baffled tenor of his youth and early manhood.'\* The following is KEAN's letter:

'MR. EDITOR: With oppressed feelings, heart-rending to my friends and triumphant to my Enemies, I make an appeal to that country famed for Hospitality to the Stranger and mercy to the conquered. Allow me to say, Sir, whatever are my Offences, I disclaim any intention of offering any thing in the shape of Disrespect toward the Inhabitants of New-York. They received me from the first with an Enthusiasm grateful in those Hours to my Pride, in the *present* to my memory. I cannot recal to my mind any Act or Thought that did not prompt me to an unfeigned Acknowledgement of their

\* BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS. By H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Favours as a Public, and profound Admiration of the private Worth of those Circles in which I had the Honour of moving.

'That I have committed an error, appears too evident, from the all-decise Voice of the Public; but surely, it is but Justice to the Delinquent (whatever may be his enormities) to be allowed to make Reparation where the Offences were committed. My misunderstanding took place in Boston. To Boston I shall assuredly go, to apologize for my Indiscretions.

'I visit this Country now under different Feelings and Auspices than on a former Occasion. Then I was an ambitious man, and the proud Representative of SHAKESPEARE'S Heroes. The Spark of Ambition is extinct; and I merely ask a Shelter in which to close my professional and mortal career.

'I give the Weapon into the Hands of my Enemies: if they are brave, they will not turn it against the defenceless.

EDMUND KEAN.

'Washington Hall, Tuesday, Nov. 15, 1825.'

Eloquent repentance and contrition! - - - 'It sometimes happens,' (writes a friendly correspondent from Logan, Ohio, from whom, by the way, our readers have heard 'to edification' more than once,) 'in the course of one's practice in the legal profession, to meet with very queer law, and very queer documents, in the way of 'Petitions,' 'Answers,' and 'Replies,' especially in the Courts of *pie-poudre*, presided over by country justices, who are frequently judges both of law and fact, *à la mode*. I give you below, an exact copy of an 'Answer' filed, not by the defendant himself, but by his attorney, being a country pettifogger of the first water in and about his vicinage, into whose tender mercies are committed the interests of his clients, with the full assurance that Equity will prevail. And lest even 'Old KNICK' himself should doubt the truth of the copy, I send him the original for ocular inspection, hoping that he may file it again in the Court of the Grand Assize of Literature. In order to perceive the *pertinency* of the document, I premise that the defendant, CHILCOAT, was sued as guarantee by HUMPHREY DAVIS, upon a promissory note, given by CHILCOAT as part of the price of the purchase-money of a certain piece of land, bought by C. from D. CHILCOAT also gave as the balance of the purchase-money, one cow, and a town lot in Bloomington. The defence set up, was the paper before alluded to, of which the following is a true copy, *sans* the bit of red string which bound together the fractional parts of a sheet of foolscap, upon which it was written in the manner of fancy attorney:

'THE Defendant, JOSHAWAY CHILCOAT Clames A set off and Judgement Against the Plative HUMFRY DAVICE In A Sute Now Pending July the 24 A D 1858 the Plative Clames A Balance on the Paiment as a surplus on The Land as back payment Defendant, as set off Clamed from the 1 Plative Pay for one Milk Cow \$2500 2 one town Lot in East bloomville sold to the Plative at \$35.00 3 Eitom is Paid, a noat of Hand Paiaible from TOMAS WILES Dis Counted one Dollar and the Intrust for less than the value of said noat, sined over With out Recorse or Return In Law the Plative agreed to look to the maker only for Pay Calling for \$41.00 All of the Above A Counts Was Paid on the 12 Day of March A D 1858 the Deflandant Clames for fraud and Descitful Afermations and Deceivid the Defendant to the amount 75.00 on the quality of the land and the quonity and quality of the timber Allso Deceivid the Defendant on the a mount Cleared of said land and the A mount of botum land on said



Plase Acres of botoms in All of the off set of the Defendants Clame is the amount of 176.00 Defendant

JOSHAWAY CHILCOAT.

We have the 'original' of this, and can vouch for its authenticity: *verbatim, et literatim, et spellatim, et punctuatim*. Schoolmasters must be at a discount among the pugnacious litigants of our sister State: although our Eastern sisters are not 'before' her. - - - It did not need the assurance of our correspondent, 'S. F. B.,' that we had already cordially commended a production from the same pen, to insure a cordial welcome to the subjoined lines. They bear their own recommendation to us, as they will to our readers. The writer pleasantly observes, in a note accompanying the effusion: 'Once upon a time, tenants' wives used to ride behind the good man, as he jogged along to pay the rent, and bear on their arm a basket of new-laid eggs or a fat fowl — proof of good-will as well as house-wifery. My verses are a far less substantial tribute: 'but such as they are,' will you accept them as a thank-offering for the 'good words' with which you so kindly took the New-York public of last year by the button, and bespoke a friendly hearing for a dramatic bantling of mine?' With pleasure:

*'The Message from the Turret.'*

'I CAST a fresh-blown rose  
To the waves of the dark blue sea,  
And marvelled if ever the swelling surge  
Would bear it back to me:  
'T was swept from my view, with its fragrant  
breath,  
Like the cherished One that was claimed by  
DEATH,  
In a sad hour — long ago!  
Away! away! 't was torn from my sight,  
And a sadness fell on my heart like night,  
As the SEA murmured deep and low:  
'The waves of TIME, as they onward roll,  
Ne'er return with the hopes of youth to  
the soul!'

'I threw a laurel spray,  
'T was borne aloft 'mid the roar  
Of the foam-crested waves, as they leapt  
On that stormy ocean shore:  
But the emblem of fame and triumph won  
Uprose and fell as the flower had done,  
And returned — ah! never more!  
The voice within me in anguish cried:  
'Ever thus — ever thus, the loved have died  
Or grown cold: the fame I have striven to  
win  
Hath been crushed by envy or blighted by  
sin,  
Till my heart hath grown sick and sore!'

'In my grief, I sobbed: 'What is left,  
When forever are borne away  
The hopes and dreams that from age are reft,  
And Night obscures Life's day?  
When sorrow cankers with cruel ruth  
The laurels of fame and the roses of youth:  
For like laurel-wreath, and rose in its prime  
Of man's spring-time, swift to flee,  
Was the cherished love, and the promised  
fame,  
In the sweet short morn of youth that came,  
Which I ne'er again may see!  
Then what can TIME's wave bring back to  
atone  
For the blighted hopes, forever flown?'

'While I spoke, at my feet was cast  
A fragment with sea-weed twined  
Of some hapless vessel's shivered mast,  
Rent by the angry wind:  
Dripping, decayed, with shells bedecked,  
Was this message sad from the vessel  
wrecked,  
But — the form of a Cross it bore!  
'O answer blest to my moan!' I cried:  
'Blest symbol of HIM who lived and died,  
Guiding us to that brighter shore  
Where the waves of Passion no more shall  
roll,  
And Peace shall harbor the sin-tossed  
soul!'

Such 'bantlings' require no praise. - - - Is the writer of '*An Unexpected Mishap*' reasonably sure he has not 'mistaken his man?' Is he quite certain that he is not 'seen through,' as though he were a piece of glass — 'half-cracked,' at that? If not aware of the fact, let us hint it to him gently: assuring him that he will find it quite impossible to smuggle a 'puff' into these pages, however disguised in the shape of a made-up 'Incident' that is only equalled in its stupidity by its thin-

transparency: just as 'a jackass is the same as a mule, only *more* so.' 'Try it on' again, and watch the 'eventuation!' - - - 'JUDEX' writes us from Baltimore as followeth: 'The following is a literal copy of a letter written some thirty-six or seven years ago. Thinking that such a beautiful specimen of cacography might be entitled to a nook in your periodical, I have taken the trouble to forward it to you:

'Mr

'JOHN FERGESON

'Marchent

'Baltemor, United Stats

'North America.

'DEAR SIR: 'YOUR FATHER ADAM FERGESON wished me to write to you if i could have any opertunety he has no particalar word but wishes you to write to him frequently he as not herd from you for a considrabel time and he is very anches for you to write emedelly the writer of this is a Nephew of JAMES LAMB,s indiana Staate his son is come to his farema near Philedelphe if you know the name of it or a direction to find him send word in your Father,s Letter and how far distent Baltmor is from Philedelphe if thare be any Paketa or Steem Bots gos between them: you may write if thare be any Malt made in your Town or near to it or any Ales or Weskey made and what is the pryces of them i am a Malster and I can Brewe ale I was broght up in the Farming i am thinking of coming to my Uncal soon you may write the Pryces of your Markets the pryces of Clouths men an wi mons Shoos if thare be any sheep keep,t with your Farmers or any Particular news in your Country no Mor at present but remans your

'Truley,

R ——— M ———.

'Sauchie

'March 27 18 —.'

Rare 'marchant' that! - - - ONE of the most pleasing and effective pictures which we have recently seen, is a large engraving from the burin of JOHN C. McRAE, Esq., representing 'Robert Burns in his Cottage Composing the Cottar's Saturday Night,' after the fine painting by Sir WILLIAM ALLAN. It is in all respects admirable. There is honest 'ROBIE,' the world's favorite *now*, in the homely garb in which he was wont to tread the fields, with the pen in his hand which is to record his immortal poem. Could we say more? - - - ALL our readers are not lawyers (thank the Fates for *that*!) but those who are *not*, equally with those who *are*, will appreciate the dry satire of the subjoined. Missouri is the State wherein the scene occurred:

'BEING once opposed to Mr. S —, late member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the Jury, upon a disagreement between them: 'Here my brother S — and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light: and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S —'s head [here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large chuckle-head of his opponent] is a *squash*! I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference — undoubtedly an honest difference — of opinion. We might argue about till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders

that support it, would say at once, that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be.' All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.'

And this reminds us of a similar 'hit' once made upon the eloquent ELISHA WILLIAMS, of Columbia County, on the Hudson. He was 'powerful' before a jury: and one day, in the Circuit-Court of that ilk, he had made a most profound impression, alike upon the jury and upon the 'Court.' His legal opponent was a mere pettifogger, but 'smart:' and he said: 'Gentlemen of the Jury, and your Honors, I should despair of the triumph of my client in this case, after the eloquent appeal of the learned counsel, but for the fact that common law is common-sense. No man could like better the piece which the learned gentleman has spoke, than what *I* like that piece. He spoke it good. I've heered him give it three times afore; once at Schodack, in a rape-case: once at Kiak, on a suspicion o' stealin'; once to Poughkeepsie, on a murder-case; and the next time at Kakiak, about a man who was caught a—— Wall, he *always* spoke it good: but *this* time, he's re-ally beat himself. But what does it all *amount* to, gentlemen of the jury? *That's* the question: and you can answer it as well as *I* kin, and better tew!' And so they *did*, and quickly! - - - Now that some of the English weekly journals are sending back to us, from the KNICKERBOCKER, the 'Sayings' of Mr. Dow, Jr., 'an eccentric American clergyman' (!) we propose to give them another instalment: suggesting at the same time that our London contemporaries, by exchanging with the San Francisco '*Golden Era*' newspaper, can have communication with the Rev. Mr. Dow at 'first hands.' The British press agrees with us in this: that Dow's 'Proverbial Philosophy' beats the 'soft and silly TUPPER out of sight.' But hark to the California oracle:

#### ON ASTROLOGY.

'My hearers, what is an Astrologer but a mere mortal, after all? He can no more burst open the iron-barred doors of the FUTURE, than a soft-shelled nigger can butt his head through a nether mill-stone. He may feel the pulses of the stars to find out the why and the wherefore of corns, cholera, ear-ache, tooth-ache, dyspepsia, and the sprue; he may tell how city lots and the lots of individuals will turn out: he may *pretend* to all this; but he *knows* no more about it than a pewter dog. There is just as much dependence to be placed upon his predictions as there is upon the signs of a coming storm, when an old ram stands with his tail to the north-east. Study *yourselves*, my hearers: peruse carefully your *hearts*, and their inclinations; and let all Astrologers pass to spring-fodder: in other words, go to grass!'

#### SLEEP TO THE GUILTY.

'THE man who back-bites his neighbor; who acts dishonestly, lives immorally, and votes spuriously; who lounges lazily, judges rashly, and condemns instantly; who throws a quid of tobacco into the contribution-box, and takes out a three-cent piece to buy more; such a sinner cannot coax Sleep to his bed-side. She won't do it: he may fall into a snooze: he may partake of the first section of a 'cat-nap:' but ere he is aware, a skeleton NIGHTMARE looks in at the window, and gives a horse-laugh at his misery!'

## SLEEP TO THE INNOCENT.

'ON the other hand, my hearers, look at the man who goes to bed with a sense of having done his duty to his MAKER, his neighbor, and himself. He falls calmly asleep in the arms of SOMNUS, who beckons his friend MORPHEUS, while REASON slumbers, to come and guide his wandering fancy over the blissful world of dreams. Is he a business man? — the banks pay specie, and discount freely: is he a lawyer? — his clients are all wealthy, and full of suits: is he a preacher, like myself? — his sheep yield good fleeces, and are content with such fodder as they get. Oh! my hearers, it is a blessed thing to lie down at night with a light stomach and conscience! You ought to see *me* sleep sometimes! — 'fourteen mile a 'our, and surroundin' objects rendered invisible by the extreme velocity with which I snooze.'

## THE DISCONTENT OF HUMANITY.

'MAN, my hearers, is the frotful babe of trouble and care. He often frets because he can't find any thing to fret about. You give him his own way, and he don't like it: he wants his own way of having his own way. I know the world: nobody has looked sharper than I have, for a chance of honest happiness in it: but the bubbles that rise on the stream of TIME are altogether vanity. I've been down the stream, and I've watched the blubbers: and I tell you, my hearers, that all along by the margin of said stream, nests of young HUMBUGS are continually being hatched.'

## ON LOVE.

'LOVE, like electricity, pervades all bodies. My heart sinks into my trowsers-pocket, when I meditate upon the evil which it has caused. It comes before you know it, and makes you feel queer. Look at yon miserable self-martyr, with the fire of liquid damnation gleaming through his carbuncle nose: the pangs of despised love pour through every pore of his ruby proboscis. What constitutes the staple of his hard reflections? — tears, kisses, partings — saw-dust, soft sawder, and soft-soap!'

## THE HOUSE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

'I LIKEN the Human Body to a House. The big bones are the main timbers. The ribs are laths, well plastered — or rather rafters, that run into the ridge-pole, or backbone. The mouth is the door, and the nose is the chimney — especially for smokers. The throat is the entry, that leads to the kitchen of the stomach, where all sorts of food are cooked. The lungs are the bellows, that blow the flame of life, and keep the pot of existence always boiling: but the HEART is the great chamber, where a great variety of goods are stored; some good; more middling; many bad. My hearers, if you have any rubbish in that chamber, clear it out, and make room for goods which are saleable in the markets of the Virtuous. The chambers of *some* hearts present an awful dirty appearance. Take the bran-new broom of Decision, brush out the dirt of Sin, and sand the floor with Virtue.'

## UPON EGOTISM AND DANDIES.

'I DETEST egotism and vanity as a cat does a wet floor. There are some vain persons in this world, who after a long incubation will hatch out from the hot-bed of Pride a sickly brood of fuzzy ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of Pomposity, with all the self-importance of a speckled hen, with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people.'



This may not be equal to the dignified and tasteful style of 'Bro. SPURGEON:' but there is much good sense here exhibited, 'nevertheless and notwithstanding,' 'SPURGEON is n't coming,' it seems. . . . *The Princeton Review for January* contains three or four papers of more than usual profundity and excellence, even in that well-established journal. The paper on '*The Unity of Mankind*,' an extended review of an able work upon this theme, by Professor J. L. CABELL, M.D., of the University of Virginia, is, in our judgment, one of the best, if not *the* best, of the articles in the number. It enlists thought, challenges scrutiny, and is sound in its deductions. Of the opening paper in this issue, '*Praying and Preaching*,' perhaps it may not be over-presumptuous, that even a simple layman like ourselves may have a respectful word or two to say hereafter. This is preëminently one of those instances in which 'something (so far at least as details are concerned) may be said on *both* sides.' We remark, among the '*Short Notices*' of the present Review, a brief consideration of the work of Mr. E. LORR, '*Inspiration not Guidance nor Intuition*,' of which, upon its publication, an editorial notice, necessarily brief and incomplete, appeared in the Review department of this Magazine. It appears to us, perhaps from a too cursory perusal of the notice in question, that it fails to present, or rightly to *state*, the point at issue. That point, to our conception, was, whether *Guidance* is *Inspiration*. Inspiration, as taught in Scripture, conveyed to the sacred writers the very *words* of God. They are, therefore, as they were received and written, His infallible words. The fact that they were conveyed by inspiration of God, is to us the ground of their infallibility. The words of God are infallible, *because* they are His words. The Scriptures are His words, because He conveyed them to the writers by Inspiration. '*All Scripture is given by Inspiration of God.*' The Scripture is that which was written, namely, the *words* which were written, by the sacred penmen, prophets and apostles. Now if, according to the express declarations of Scripture, that is Inspiration which gave to the sacred penmen the words they were to write, then Guidance cannot be inspiration. For Guidance did not convey words to the writers. It was an influence on their faculties, assisting them in the selection of the words which they wrote. They selected the words, it is said, under the infallible guidance of the SPIRIT. But this is not Inspiration. It is a theory, purely hypothetical; not taught in Scripture; not proved; not necessary in the case: but invented by men, to justify the supposition that words selected by men are, by Divine guidance of their faculties in making the selection, made the real and infallible words of God. No such process was necessary; and the Scriptures teach nothing of it. It is an invention of men; no two of whom, perhaps, mean exactly the same by it. Some call it an inspiration of guidance; some an inspiration of superintendence, elevation, direction, suggestion: some affirm it of *all* the Scriptures; some of a *part* only. Some say it was infallible; some that it merely preserved from error: other some, that it was uniform in degree; others, again, that it was excited unequally, according to exigency. Is there no difference between this vague, undefined, unproved speculative theory, and the explicit assertions and doctrine of Scripture? Does the one afford us as clear, definite, and solid ground of confidence in the Divine authority and infallibility of the Scriptures as the other? With assertions of deference to the superior judgment of the reviewer, upon this theme, we must aver, that we



think not. . . . We are very rapidly coming back to *The Radcliffian Style of Literature*. If you doubt it, reader, take up one of the popular weekly journals, and read the exciting 'STORIES' so extensively advertised, and so extensively read: 'The Hour of Doom!' — 'The Demon of the Bloody Hand!' — 'The Cave of Horrors!' — 'The Dead Secret.' Observe how they for the most part romantically commence: 'All was dark. The hurricane howled: the wet rain fell: the thunder rolled in an awful and OSSIANLY manner! . . . On a beetling rock, lashed by the Gulf of Salerno, stood Il Castello di Grimgothico. . . . At that moment the bell of Il Grimgothico tolled one. STILLETTO and POIGNARDINI, with drawn sabres, appeared upon the battlements:' and quite a 'scrimmage' ensues, of course. But the best, the most faithful satire, in this kind, which we have ever seen, was a burlesque from the pen of MARRYATT, in an unclaimed sketch of his, written in his early days for a London periodical. It appeared, if we remember rightly, in the London '*New Monthly Magazine*,' then under the editorship of THOMAS CAMPBELL. It was a representation of a novel, after the Italian school: and was so sanguinary in its details, that every character in it was either killed, or committed suicide; and each and every one of them (including the narrator!) 'fell, and expired without a groan.' The subjoined extract will serve to show how very 'thrilling' were the incidents of the novel:

'ABSENPRESENTINI felt his way by the slimy wall; when the breath of another human being caught his ear: he paused, and held his own breath.

'No, no!' muttered the other: '*the Secret of Blood and Gold*' shall remain with me alone. Let him come, and he shall find death!'

'In a second the dagger of ABSENPRESENTINI was in the mutterer's bosom: he fell without a groan.

'To me alone the Secret of Blood and Gold, and with me it remains!' exclaimed ABSENPRESENTINI.

'It does remain with you!' cried PHOSPHORINI, driving his dagger into his back.

'ABSENPRESENTINI fell without a groan; and PHOSPHORINI withdrawing his dagger, exclaimed: 'Who is now to tell the secret but me?'

'Not you,' cried VORTISKINI, raising up his sword, and striking at where the voice proceeded. The trusty steel cleft the head of the abandoned PHOSPHORINI, who fell without a groan.

'Now will I retain the secret of blood and gold,' said VORTISKINI, as he sheathed his sword.

'Thou shalt!' exclaimed the wily Jesuit, as he struck his stiletto to the heart of the robber, who fell without a groan. 'With me only does the secret now rest by which our order might be disgraced: with me it dies!' and the Jesuit raised his hand. 'Thus to the glory and the honor of his Society does MANFREDINI sacrifice his life.' He struck the keen-pointed instrument into his heart, and died without a groan.

'At this most monstrously appalling sight, the hair of FIFTIANTERISCKI raised slowly the velvet cap from off his head, as if it had been perched upon the rustling quills of some exasperated porcupine, (I think that's new,) his nostrils dilated to that extent that you might with ease have thrust a musket-bullet into each, his mouth was opened so wide — so unnaturally wide — that the corners were rent asunder, and the blood slowly trickled down each side of his bristling chin, while each tooth loosened from its socket with individual fear. Not a word could he utter: his tongue was paralyzed:

his heart was not; it throbbed against his ribs with a violence which threatened their dislocation from the sternum, and with a sound which reverberated through the dark, damp, subterrene ——

But the rest is too 'thrilling!' - - - From a work of rare interest and historical value, *'Memoir of Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, Prepared by Himself at the Request of his Children,'* which will be referred to more particularly in our next, we take the subjoined account of the arrest and *Execution of Andre*, upon a spot not three miles from where we write:

'THE express sent with the papers found in Major ANDRE's boots, did not intercept Gen. WASHINGTON on his return from Hartford, but passed him on the road, and kept on to West-Point. On the twenty-fifth, while at breakfast with two of Gen. WASHINGTON's Aids, who had actually arrived at his quarters, ARNOLD received the letter from Lieut.-Col. JAMESON. Knowing that the Commander-in-Chief would soon be there, he immediately rode down to his boat, and was rowed down the North River to the British sloop-of-war 'Vulture,' which then lay in Tappan Bay, below King's Ferry. This was the same vessel that brought up Major ANDRE from New-York. Not long after ARNOLD's abrupt and sudden departure from his quarters at ROBINSON'S House, on the east side of the Hudson, opposite to West-Point, the express delivered the dispatches to Gen. WASHINGTON, who immediately repaired to ARNOLD'S quarters. By this time the plot was all discovered, and the guilty traitor had escaped. I took on Major ANDRE, under a strong escort of cavalry, to West-Point, and the next day I proceeded down the Hudson to King's Ferry, and landed at Haverstraw, on the west side of the Hudson, where a large escort of cavalry had been sent from the main army at Tappan, with which I escorted the prisoner to head-quarters.

'After we arrived at head-quarters, I reported myself to Gen. WASHINGTON, who ordered a court consisting of fourteen general officers, to sit and hear the case of Major ANDRE. On the twenty-ninth of September, the president of the court (Gen. GREENE) reported to the Commander-in-Chief that they had come to the conclusion, 'that Major ANDRE, Adjutant-General to the British Army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that, agreeably to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion that he ought to suffer death.'

'On the thirtieth of September, the Commander-in-Chief, in general orders, approved of the aforesaid opinion, and ordered that the execution should take place the next day, at five o'clock P.M.

'On the first of October, 1780, a vast concourse of people assembled to witness the solemn and affecting scene, when the execution was postponed, in consequence of a flag having arrived from the enemy. Gen. GREENE was appointed to meet Gen. ROBERTSON at Dobb's Ferry; but as no satisfactory proposals were received from Gen. ROBERTSON, Gen. GREENE returned to head-quarters and reported to Gen. WASHINGTON. The Commander-in-Chief then ordered that the execution should take place on the second of October. Major ANDRE, having received his regimentals from New-York, appeared in the complete uniform of a British officer, and, in truth, he was a most elegant and accomplished gentleman. After he was informed of his sentence, he showed no signs of perturbed emotions, but wrote a most touching and finished letter to Gen. WASHINGTON, requesting that the mode of his death might be adapted to the feelings of a man of honor. The universal usage of nations having affixed to the crime of a *spy, death by the gibbet*, his request could not be granted. As I was with him most of the time from his capture, and walked with him as he went to the place of execution, I never discovered any emotions of fear respecting his future destiny before I reached Tappan, nor of emotion when his sentence was made known to him. When he came within sight of the gibbet, he appeared to be *startled*, and inquired with some emotion whether he was not to be shot. Being informed that the mode first

appointed for his death could not consistently be altered, he exclaimed, 'How hard is my fate!' but immediately added, 'It will soon be over.' I then shook hands with him under the gallows and retired.

'If it comported with the plan of these memoranda, and I could trust my feelings, I might enlarge greatly in anecdotes relating to this momentous event in our revolutionary war, and especially those which relate to this most accomplished young man. Some things relating to the detention of ANDER, after he had been sent on to Gen. ARNOLD, are purposely omitted, and some confidential communications which took place, of a more private nature, serve rather to mark the ingenuous character of the man, than to require being noticed at this time. I will, however, remark, that for the few days of intimate intercourse I had with him, which was from the time of his being brought back to our head-quarters to the day of his execution, I became so deeply attached to Major ANDER, that I can remember no instance where my affections were so fully absorbed in any man. When I saw him swinging under the gibbet, it seemed for a time as if I could not suppress it. All the spectators seemed to be overwhelmed by the affecting spectacle, and many were suffused in tears.'

How universal this *personal* tribute! - - - 'WE too are a 'SWAMPER!' was one proud exclamation, when we read, in the quietude of our country sanctum, the recent *Proceedings at the Annual Dinner of the Hide and Leather Trade of the City of New-York, at the Metropolitan Hotel*. There were assembled among that 'goodlie company' some friends of ours for nearly a quarter of a century and a better class of the 'Solid Men' of New-York could not be found in all her expanded limits: and let us add, in a whisper, that *better-looking* men, hale, sound, handsome men, could not be picked out of any 'precinct' in Great Gotham. It is but recently that '*The Swamp*' and its celebrities were amberized in verse in these pages: they should be again, in plain prose, if at this late hour we had but time and space. The 'SWAMP' is solid: in the 'Great Tin-panic,' not a 'SWAMPER' was swamped: each and every hide and leather dealer of that ilk rode out the financial storm in safety; while some who had removed from that locality to a more rarefied atmosphere, 'swelled up and bu'st!' - - - 'SPEAKING of children,' writes a correspondent from far-off Saginaw, in Michigan, 'I have one, *me judice*. Last summer I picked up a small sand-turtle from the road, and put it upon the house-floor. BILLY (three year old) was all astonishment at its perigrenations. 'BILLY,' I inquired, 'what is it?' A moment sufficed for his reply: 'Frog on a sled!' Many an older head might have been longer in fixing upon so apt a similitude. 'BILLY' spent some weeks in your city last summer; and was more completely satisfied with the 'Bus' than any other town ordinance with which he became acquainted. Upon his return home, he concluded to buy a 'Bus,' and informed his 'Aunty' of his determination: 'Aunty,' he said, 'we'll have lots o' fun! Who shall we let ride?' 'Oh!' said his Aunt, 'Papa, mamma, grand-pa, grand-ma, DICKET, NELLY,' and about a dozen more familiar names: when BILLY interrupted her with: 'Stop, Aunty: there'll be no room for us: I'll have to buy *two* 'Busses.' He had a dozen on his cheek, 'n 'less-na-mint!' And this generous little soul was kept away for our 'Side-Table' last month! Never mind: he is here *now*, any how, and very welcome. - - - WE have always had an admiration and a warm regard for BAYARD TAYLOR; a MAN, as modest as he is gifted: but we have never studied him in the light of a COMET. When he crawled up like a snake upon his cr-ah—stomach, and looked over into the '*Voring Foss*,' no'th-east-by-no'th half-

no'th from the north coast of Norway, held on to a twig, and peered over, like WEBSTER, to 'see whether, with his short sight (he wears an eye-glass) he could fathom the depth of the abyss below,' then we 'felt' for him: it was a terrible position: and a late welsh-rarebit, that same night, made us 'unhappy' and restless, in regard of his probable safety. But 'B. W. RICHMOND, M.D.,' in a manuscript 'pome' now before us, regards 'Bro. TAYLOR' as a comet — a married comet. Four of the Doctor's twelve stanzas will 'satisfy the sentiment:'

'WHAT set thee wandering, brave Old Fire,  
And keeps thee flashing on thy track?  
Did the sun that lit thy young desire  
Grow pale and turn to darkness back?

'Thou'rt the BAYARD TAYLOR of the skies,  
Wild-wandering through the fields of life;  
O'er starry tracks and Milky-Way,  
To seek thy sorrowing soul a Wife!

'What hast thou seen, old Blazing Star!  
While rushing on thy flaming way?  
Have suns expired beneath thy gaze,  
And smitten sparks blazed into day?

'And didst thou see that shining Hand  
That rolls the suns out into space,  
And gaze into his flashing eye,  
Or glance upon his burning face?'

Here is grandeur as well as extravagant thought. - - - Look at *this* picture of the 'Great Babylon,' sent us by a friend:

'ABOUT two o'clock in the afternoon, while we were yet thirty or forty miles from the metropolis, a friend pointed out to me an indication of its whereabouts. A little above the horizon, and as far in the distance as I could strain my vision lay a long line of watery-looking cloud, like the first faint distant view of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania, seen when the early morning light touches it in October. This was the smoke-cloud that always over-hangs London, be the day never so fine or clear — a cloud the extent and volume of which may be gathered from the fact, that the vegetation is earlier by a fortnight on the west and south-west sides of the metropolis, than at the northern and eastern sides — a circumstance alone attributable to the severity of the north and north-east winds being mitigated in their passage over London by the mokes belched from a million of coal-fires into the hazy air. About ten miles from London the carriages, wagons, carts, indeed vehicles of every description began to thicken, and every eminence of the highway, that over-looked a long onward reach of the road, showed the mass denser and more dense as it neared the metropolis.

'And this is London, is it not?' said I, as we entered upon a broad continuous street, and saw others commencing on either side.

'Not yet: wait a bit,' said the bluff alderman-like coachman.

'We rose a slight ascent: 'That is London!' said the driver with conscious pride, as he pointed with his whip: '*there's the village!*'

'I turned my head, (for with boyish eagerness I had been looking right and left,) and before me lay the British metropolis, spread all around to the horizon in every direction — a thousand domes, towers, steeples, and turrets piercing the dim atmosphere, St. PAUL's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower among them; a wilderness of architecture thirty miles in circumference! It was a sight to be seen, but it defies description.'

Yet this was London twenty years ago. - - - TRAVEL upon the Hudson is fully 'under way' for the season. We *near* 'up-river' travellers find therein good reason to rejoice. Now, whether Rockland or Cedar-Hill 'occupiers' go to town by our new 'West-Shore Rail-road,' (when it is completed,) or by the 'ISAAC P. SMITH' steamer, upon the 'Beautiful River,' we have equal occasion to felicitate ourselves. The 'ISAAC P. SMITH' has been put in perfect order, throughout, and

a more safe, beautiful, and commodious steamer sails not on the near waters of our glorious Hudson. Every body who has been to Albany in the 'swift-sure' and elegantly-commodious day-boat, 'ARMENIA,' Capt. L. P. SMITH, knows what an officer *he* is. Not a *part* of his boat, or its machinery, but he knows as well as they who made them. His brothers, DAVID, TUNIS, and their sons, head and sub-officers of the 'ARMENIA,' the 'SMITH,' and the 'EDWIN,' are 'like unto him.' They are *all* 'Steam-boat and Engineer,' by thorough education and long experience. We have voyaged thousands of miles upon their boats on the Hudson, and never yet met with the slightest accident. - - - As an instance of '*Comparative Honesty*,' we commend the following to the consideration of the Rockford (Ill.), 'author' of '*The Death of the First-Born*,' sufficiently alluded to in our March number. The sly, dry, appreciative and unctuous reporter of the 'sayings and doings' of 'Mrs. PARTINGTON' is at the bottom of the felicitous illustration: 'One of our compositors came into the office on a Monday morning, and looking into a drawer where he kept his bodkins and other implements of the kind, he remarked that there was much difference between the honesty of an office like ours, and a 'daily' office. We asked him his reason for the remark. He took an orange from the drawer, and holding it up, said: 'This orange I put in here on Saturday, and it is here now: yesterday I was down in one of the daily paper-offices, and a man who was 'off' had left an orange in his drawer, and *I stole it!*' We saw in an instant the truth of his remark.' - - - PERHAPS our New-Haven correspondent 'P. S.,' who gives us some good '*Clerical Anecdotes*,' never read the following, of Dean SWIFT:

'An ignorant tailor, zealous over-much, waited upon the Dean to express his fears that, for a clergyman, he was too convivial, and not sufficiently conversant with the Scriptures, concerning passages of which he had come, he said, to examine him. SWIFT answered his few stupid questions with great good nature; and when he had concluded, expressed a wish to consult *him*, as he should needs be *au fait* in the matter, in relation to a doubtful point contained in an important chapter of the Bible. 'We read,' said the Dean, 'in Revelations, that the Angel of the Lord stood with one foot on the land, the other on the sea. Now, what I wish you to inform me — with the same freedom that I have answered your queries — is, how much cloth would it take to make the angel alluded to a pair of pantaloons that should fit him as he stood!'

The 'Snip' immediately retired. - - - ALTHOUGH an utter 'detestant' of a labored pun, or a 'laboring' punster, we yet affect a neat and unpremeditated example of this kind of pleasantry: such, for instance, as one we heard, not ten minutes since, from the lips of an eloquent and witty 'father in the Church.' A German shoemaker, in the little village which is shut from sight by the vivid screen of 'Cedar-Hill,' was arrested by one of our metropolitan officers, and taken to town, to confront his first wife, who was 'after' him with the LAW's 'sharp stick,' to secure a participation in the earnings which it was alleged he was now sharing with a *second* life-companion. 'Which wife,' asked a voluble and unreflecting by-stander, 'will he be obliged to take?' 'He is a shoe-maker,' answered our ready divine, 'and must of course stick to his *Last*. This 'ruling' is as old as the Roman law: '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*' Now this instant and responsive pun would have made either LAMB or HOOD 'laugh consumedly.'







## MARIE DE ROHAN

DAUGHTER OF THE DUC DE CHEVREUSE

Expressed by Lapouché & Kuntz from the Original Portrait

BRUSSELS & LONDON

tokens of repentance, my father seemed to me only a man of naturally kind feelings, but carried beyond himself at times by stubborn and systematic opposition to all his tastes and likings. I fancied my mother attacked by a sort of nervous disorder, a kind of hypochondria. My father gave me to understand as much, though always maintaining with regard to the subject a reserve which I thought very fitting.

My mother's feelings toward my father seemed to me indefinable. The looks which she fixed on him seemed at times inflamed with a strange expression of harshness ; but it was only a flash, and the next moment her beautiful humid eyes, and her countenance, which had an unalterable charm, testified to nothing save tender devotion and most loving deference.

My mother was married at fifteen, and I was close on my twenty-second year when my sister, my poor Helen, came into the world. A short time after her birth, my father, issuing one morning with anxious brow from the room where my mother was languishing, made me a sign to follow him into the garden. After two or three turns in silence, he said to me : 'Maxime, your mother is growing stranger than ever !'

'She suffers so much, father !'

'Yes, no doubt ; but she has a very singular fancy : she wishes that you should study law.'

'Study law ! How can my mother want me, at my age, with my birth and position, to go and dawdle on the benches of a school ? It would be ridiculous !'

'So I think,' said my father drily ; 'but your mother is ill, there is nothing more to say.'

I was at that time a simpleton, very much inflated by my name, my youthful consequence, and little successes in society, but my heart was sound : I adored my mother, with whom I had lived for twenty years in the closest intimacy that can bind two human souls. I ran to assure her of my obedience ; and she thanked me with an inclination of the head and a sorrowful smile, at the same time bidding me kiss my sister, who was asleep on her knee.

We lived within half a league of Grenoble, so that I could go through a course of law without quitting the paternal roof. My mother informed herself day by day as to the progress of my studies, with an interest so lively and persevering, that I came to ask myself whether there was not behind this unusual attention something more than a sick woman's fancy ; whether, perhaps, my father's dislike and contempt for the positive and troublesome side of life, had not wrought some secret ravages in our resources, which an acquaintance with law, and a familiarity with business might, my mother hoped, enable his son to repair. However, I could not dwell on this thought. I re-

membered, it is true, having heard my father complain bitterly of the disasters which our fortunes had undergone in the revolutionary times; but his complaints had long since ceased; and, indeed, I had never been able to avoid thinking them quite unjust, as our position with regard to property seemed to me most satisfactory. We lived, in fact, near Grenoble, in our hereditary family chateau, which was spoken of throughout the country for its grand seignorial air. My father and I would often hunt for a whole day without leaving our own land or our own woods. Our stables were ancient and large, and always filled with valuable horses, which were my father's passion and pride. We had besides at Paris, on the Boulevard des Capucines, a handsome house, where a comfortable abode was secured to us. Lastly, in the habitual style of our house, there was nothing to betray the shadow of pinching or contrivance. Our table, too, was always served with a particular and refined delicacy, which my father appreciated.

Meanwhile my mother's health was almost insensibly but steadily declining. A time came when that angelic disposition changed. That mouth which—in my presence at least—had uttered none but gentle words, became bitter and attacking: every step that I took outside the chateau, drew forth sarcastic and painful remarks. My father, who was spared no more than I was, bore these attacks with a patience which seemed to me meritorious on his part; but he began to spend his time more than ever away from home, feeling, as he said, the want of ceaseless diversion and change. He always desired me to accompany him; and my love of pleasure, the impatient eagerness of my age, and, in a word, the weakness of my heart, made him find me only too ready to obey.

One day in the month of September 185—, some races, for which my father had several horses entered, were to take place on a course at no great distance from the chateau. We started, my father and I, early in the morning, and breakfasted on the course. Toward the middle of the day, as I was galloping on the border of the race-course, so as to follow more closely the progress of the struggle, I was suddenly joined by one of our servants, who had sought me, he said, for more than half an hour; he added that my father had already returned to the chateau, where my mother had sent for him, and where he begged me to follow him without delay.

'But, in Heaven's name, what is the matter?'

'I think Madame is worse,' the man replied. And I set off like a madman.

On arriving, I saw my sister at play on the grass-plot in the middle of the great court-yard, which was silent and deserted. She ran to meet me as I got down from my horse, and while embracing me, said with a mysterious air of business, and almost of joy, 'The cure is comé.'

Still I saw no unusual excitement in the house, no sign of disorder or alarm. I hastily ascended the staircase, and was crossing the *boudoir* which adjoined my mother's room, when the door gently opened, and my father appeared. I stopped before him: he was very pale, and his lips were trembling. 'Maxime,' he said, without looking at me, 'your mother wants you.'

I would have questioned him; but he made a sign with his hand, and hastened to a window, apparently to look out.

I entered the room. My mother was half-reclining in her easy-chair, over the side of which hung one of her arms, as if nerveless. Suddenly I discerned once more on her face, now of a waxen pallor, the exquisite gentleness and delicate grace which suffering had recently banished: the angel of eternal rest was already plainly spreading his wing over that calm forehead. I fell on my knees: she half-opened her eyes, raised with difficulty her drooping head, and covered me with a long look. Then with a voice which was only an interrupted breathing, she slowly said these words: 'Poor child! — I am worn out, you see — do not weep! You have neglected me a little latterly: but I was so ill-tempered! — We shall meet again, Maxime: all will be explained, my son. — I can speak no longer! — Remind your father of what he has promised. In the battle of life, be strong, and forgive the weak!'

She seemed exhausted, interrupted herself for a moment, then raising her finger with an effort, and looking steadily at me, said: 'Your sister!' Her death-colored eyelids closed, then she opened them again suddenly, and stretched out her arms with a stiff and ominous gesture. I uttered a cry, my father ran in, and pressed for a long time to his breast, with heart-rending sobs, the poor corpse of a martyr.

Some weeks later, at the formal request of my father, who, he said, was only obeying the last wishes of her whose loss we wept, I left France, and began that life of wandering in the world which I have led almost to this day. In a year of absence my heart, which became more and more loving as the wretched impetuosity of my age died out — my heart, I say, urged me, more than once, to go and plunge again in the fountain of my life, between my mother's grave and my little sister's cradle; but my father had himself fixed the exact duration of my travels, and he had not brought me up to treat his wishes lightly. His correspondence, affectionate but brief, announced no impatience about my return. I was all the more terrified, when, on landing two months ago at Marseilles, I found several letters from him, all recalling me with feverish haste.

It was on a gloomy evening in the month of February, that I again saw the massive walls of our ancient dwelling, standing in relief from



a slight fall of snow which covered the country. A bitter icy blast blew at intervals; flakes of hoar-frost fell like dead leaves from the trees in the avenue, and settled on the damp earth with a slight but mournful sound. On entering the court-yard I saw a shadow, that seemed to be my father's, on one of the windows of the great saloon on the ground-floor, which in the latter part of my mother's life was never opened. I rushed forward. On seeing me, my father uttered an indistinct exclamation; then opened his arms to me, and I could feel his heart beating violently against mine. 'Thou art frozen, my poor child,' he said: (contrary to his custom, he used the 'thou.') 'Warm yourself. This room is cold; but I keep to it now by preference, for one can at least breathe in it.'

'Your health, my father?'

'Passable, you see.' And leaving me near the chimney, he resumed the walk which I seemed to have interrupted, pacing to-and-fro the immense saloon, faintly lighted by two or three tapers.

This strange reception had astounded me. I looked at my father in a state of stupefaction.

'Have you seen my horses?' he asked suddenly, without stopping.

'My father!'

'Ah! stay—you are right! You are just come. (After a silence.)

'Maxime,' he resumed, 'I wish to speak with you.'

'I am listening, father.'

He seemed not to hear me, continued walking for some time, and repeated several times at intervals: 'I wish to speak with you, my son!' At last he heaved a deep sigh, passed one hand across his forehead, and suddenly sitting down, pointed me to a chair in front of him. Then as if he wished to speak, but could not summon up the courage, he fixed his eyes on mine, and I read in them an expression of anguish, meekness, and entreaty, which, in so proud a man as my father, touched me deeply. Whatever might be the wrongs he had so much difficulty in confessing, I felt in the depth of my soul that they were already freely forgiven, when on a sudden this look, which did not quit my face, assumed a wonderful and vaguely terrible fixity; his hand tightened on my arm; he rose in his chair, and sinking back immediately, fell heavily on the floor. He was no more!

The heart neither reasons nor calculates. That is its glory. In an instant I had divined it all: a single minute had sufficed to reveal all at once, without a word of explanation, but by a flash of irresistible light, the fatal truth, of which a thousand facts repeated daily before me for twenty years had aroused in me no suspicion. I understood that ruin was about me, in the house and on my head. Alas! I know not whether, if my father had left me overwhelmed with benefits, it would have cost me more and bitterer tears. My regret and deep

sorrow were united to a pity, which, ascending from a son to a father, caused a strangely bitter feeling. I had ever before me that entreating, humiliated, distracted look: I was in despair that I had been unable to say a word of solace to that unhappy heart before it broke, and I cried madly to him who no longer heard me: 'I forgive you! I forgive you!' O God! what moments were those!

As far as I have been able to conjecture, my mother when dying, made my father promise to sell the larger portion of his property, to pay off entirely the enormous debt which he had contracted by spending every year a third more than his income, and afterward to reduce his expenditure strictly in proportion to what remained. My father had tried to keep his engagement: he had sold his timber, and part of his land; but finding a considerable sum thus in hand, he had employed only a small part of it for the extinction of his debt, and had essayed to restore his fortune by intrusting the remainder to the detestable chances of the Bourse. This completed his ruin.

I have not yet been able to sound the depths of the abyss in which we are swallowed up. A week after my father's death I fell seriously ill, and it was with difficulty that, after two months of suffering, I was able to leave our hereditary chateau on the day when a stranger took possession. Happily an old friend of my mother, living at Paris, who formerly had charge of our affairs as notary, came to my help in this sad position; and offered to take upon himself the task of liquidation, which to my inexperience seemed one of inextricable difficulty. I left the care of arranging the business of succession to the property entirely in his hands; and I presume that his task is finished to-day. No sooner had I arrived yesterday morning, than I ran to his house: he was in the country, and is not to return until to-morrow. These two days have been cruel: uncertainty is truly the worst of all evils, for it is the only one which suspends the elasticity of the soul and postpones its courage. Ten years ago I should have been greatly surprised, had any one prophesied that the old notary, whose formal language and stiff politeness so highly amused my father and myself, would one day be the oracle from whom I awaited the decree that was to decide my destiny! I do my best to be on my guard against exaggerated hopes: I have made approximate calculations that there would remain to us, after all debts are paid, a sum of from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty thousand francs. It is strange if a fortune of five millions does not leave at least this wreck. I purpose to take ten thousand francs for my share, and seek my fortune in the new States of the Union; the remainder I shall leave to my sister.

Enough of writing for to-night. It is a sad occupation to evoke such remembrances. Still I feel that it has somewhat restored my calmness. Truly labor is a sacred law, for even the slightest applica-

tion of it will result in an indescribable satisfaction and serenity. For all that, man does not love work: he cannot slight its indisputable blessings: he tastes them daily, and makes a boast of them; and on the morrow betakes himself to work again with the same distaste. There seems to me a singular mystery and contradiction about work; as if we felt in it at the same time punishment and the divine fatherly nature of our JUDGE.

*Thursday.*

ON awaking this morning, I received a letter from old M. Laubépin. It was to invite me to dinner, apologizing at the same time for so great a liberty: it contained no communication relative to my affairs. I drew an ill omen from this reserve.

In the interval before the hour appointed, I brought my sister from her convent, and took her for a walk about Paris. The child has no suspicion of our ruin. In the course of the day she indulged in several pretty expensive fancies. She laid in a large stock of gloves, rose-tinted paper, sweetmeats for her friends, perfumes, extraordinary kinds of soap, and small pencils—all very useful things no doubt, but not so necessary as a dinner. May she never know it!

At six o'clock I was at M. Laubépin's house, Rue Cassette. I do not know what our old friend's age may be; but as far back as I can recollect, I remember him just such as I saw him to-day — tall, lean, with a slight stoop, white hair in some disorder, a piercing eye under bushy black eye-brows, a face showing both vigor and refinement. I recognized too the old-fashioned black coat, the professional white cravat, and the hereditary diamond in his frill: in short, all the outward marks of a grave, methodical mind, that was attached to traditions. The old gentleman awaited me before the open door of his little drawing-room; after a low bow he took my hand lightly with two of his fingers, and led me up to an old lady of a very plain appearance, who was standing before the mantel-piece. 'The Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive!' said M. Laubépin in a strong, deep, emphatic voice. Then immediately turning toward me, and in a more humble tone: 'Madame Laubépin.'

We sat down, and for a moment there was an embarrassed silence. I had looked for immediate instruction as to my exact position; perceiving that it was deferred, I presumed it could not be of an agreeable nature, and this presumption was strengthened by the looks of discreet compassion with which Madame Laubépin furtively honored me. As for M. Laubépin, he watched me with a curious attentiveness which I fancied not free from malice. I remembered then, that my father had always claimed to discern in the heart of the punctilious scrivener, under all his pretence of respect, traces of the leaven of the bourgeois, the roturier, and even of the Jacobin. This leaven I thought

was fermenting a little just now; and the old man's secret dislikes seemed gratified at the sight of a gentleman thus on the rack. I began talking at once, in the attempt to show, spite of the prostration I really felt, that my mind was perfectly easy. 'Why, M. Laubépin,' I said, 'you have left the Place des Petits Pères, that dear Place des Petits Pères. I would not have believed you could make up your mind to it.'

'The truth is, Marquis,' replied M. Laubépin, 'it is not a fickleness that suits my age; but when I gave up the profession, I had to give up the office, since one cannot take down an escutcheon so easily as a sign.'

'But you still do some business?'

'Yes, Marquis, in the way of friendly assistance. Some families of distinction and consideration, whose confidence I have been so happy as to gain in the course of a forty-five years' practice, are still pleased, in cases of unusual delicacy, to seek advice from my experience, and I think I may add, that they seldom repent following it.'

When M. Laubépin had finished paying himself this tribute, an old servant came in to announce dinner; and I had the advantage of conducting Madame Laubépin into the adjoining room. The conversation throughout the meal turned on the most insignificant trifles; M. Laubépin not ceasing to fix on me a piercing look of doubtful meaning, while Madame Laubépin, when offering me any dish, would use that tone of grief and compassion which we assume by a sick man's bed. At length we rose, and the old notary led me into his study, where coffee was immediately served. Bidding me be seated, and turning his back to the fire-place, M. Laubépin then began: 'Marquis, you have done me the honor to intrust to my care the settlement of the inheritance of the late Marquis Champcey d'Hauterive, your father. I was preparing to write you no later than yesterday, when I learned your arrival in Paris, which enables me to give you a *viva voce* account of the results of my zeal and labors.'

'I have a presentiment, Sir, that the result is not a happy one.'

'No, Marquis, it is not; and I will not conceal from you that you will have need of courage to hear it: but I am used to proceeding methodically.'

'It was in the year 1820, Sir, that Mademoiselle Louise Hélène Dugald Delatouche d'Erouville was sought in marriage by Charles Christian Odier, Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive. Invested by a tradition of ages, as it were, with the management of the affairs of the Dugald Delatouche family, and moreover long since on a footing of respectful intimacy with the young heiress of that house, I had to use all the arguments reason could furnish, to oppose the inclination of her heart, and turn her aside from this melancholy alliance. I say melancholy alliance, not that M. de Champcey's fortune, spite of certain

mortgages with which it was even then burdened, was unequal to the of Mademoiselle Delatouche; but I knew M. de Champcey's disposition and temper, which were partly hereditary. Under the seductive and chivalrous exterior, which marked him and all of his house, I saw plainly obstinate thoughtlessness, hopeless imprudence, a mad love of pleasure, and lastly, implacable selfishness —'

'Sir,' I broke in roughly, 'my father's memory is sacred to me, and I expect it to be so to all who speak of my father in my presence.'

'Sir,' the old man resumed with a sudden violent emotion, 'I respect the feeling; but when I speak of your father, I can with great difficulty forget that I speak of the man who killed your mother, who was a heroine, a saint, an angel!'

I rose in great agitation. M. Laubépin took a few paces up and down the room, and seized my arm. 'Pardon, young man,' he said, 'but I loved your mother. I wept for her. Be kind enough to forgive me.' Then standing before the mantel-piece he added in the most impressive tone habitual to him: 'I had the honor and vexation of drawing up your mother's marriage-contract. In spite of all I could say, your mother's property was not settled on herself; and it was not without great effort that I contrived to introduce into the deed a protecting clause, declaring inalienable, without your mother's legal consent, about a third of her real property. A vain, and I might say, Marquis, cruel precaution of blundering friendship; for this fatal clause had only the effect of preparing the most unendurable torture for her whose peace it was intended to secure: I mean those struggles, quarrels, and scenes of violence, the echo of which must more than once have reached your ears, and in which was torn piecemeal from your unhappy mother, the last inheritance — the very bread of her children.'

'Spare me, Sir, I beg.'

'I bow to your wish, Marquis. — I will speak of the present only. As soon as I was honored with your confidence, my first duty, Sir, was to request you not to accept an inheritance which would bring with it such heavy obligations.'

'That measure, Sir, seemed to me an outrage on my father's memory, and I had to refuse it.'

M. Laubépin darted at me one of his familiar inquisitive glances, and resumed: 'Apparently you are not unaware, Sir, that for want of having adopted this course, legally open to you, you stand responsible for the burdens of the estate, even should they exceed its value. Now, it becomes my painful duty to inform you, Marquis, that this is exactly the case offered by the premises. As you will see in these papers, it is quite clear that, after selling your hotel on unhopd-for terms, you and your sister will still remain indebted to your father's creditors in a sum of forty-five thousand francs.'



I was truly overwhelmed by this news, which surpassed my most painful apprehensions. For a minute I listened stupidly to the monotonous ticking of the clock, on which I fixed a vacant stare.

'And now,' M. Laubépin resumed after a silence, 'the time is come to tell you, Marquis, that your mother, in anticipation of possibilities which to-day are unhappily realized, deposited with me certain jewels, the value of which is estimated at about fifty thousand francs. To prevent this slight sum, henceforth your sole resource, from passing into the hands of the creditors of the estate, we can avail ourselves, I believe, of a legal subterfuge which I shall have the honor of pointing out to you.'

'It is entirely useless, Sir. I am too happy to be able, by the help of this unexpected reserve, to pay off my father's debts in full, and I will ask you to devote it to that purpose.'

M. Laubépin bowed slightly. 'Be it so,' he said; 'but it is impossible for me not to point out to you, Marquis, that when once this deduction is made from the deposit in my keeping, there will remain, as the whole fortune of Mademoiselle Helen and yourself, only a sum of four or five thousand francs, which, at the present rate of money, will give you an income of two hundred and twenty-five francs. After saying this, Marquis, allow me in a confidential, friendly, and respectful manner, to ask you whether you have thought of any means for securing your subsistence and that of your sister and ward, and what are your plans?'

'I confess I have no longer any plans, Sir. Any which I might have formed are irreconcilable with the absolute destitution to which I find myself reduced. If I were alone in the world, I would become a soldier; but I have my sister, and I cannot bear the thought of seeing the poor child reduced to labor and privation. She is happy in her convent, and is young enough to stay there some years longer. I would accept with all my heart any occupation which would enable me, by practising the strictest economy, to earn enough to keep my sister at school, and save up a dowry for her in the future.'

M. Laubépin looked at me steadily. 'To attain this honorable end, you ought not at your age, Marquis, to think of entering on the slow promotion of the public service or official duties. You would want a situation that should secure you, from the outset, five or six thousand francs a year. I am bound to tell you, that in the present state of society, this *desideratum* can certainly not be had for stretching out your hand for it. Happily I have to make certain propositions touching yourself, of a nature to influence your position at once, and with no great trouble.' M. Laubépin fixed his eyes upon me with a more penetrating gaze than ever, and continued: 'In the first place, Marquis, I am to be the spokesman for a clever, rich, and influential speculator.'

This individual has conceived the idea of a considerable enterprise, the nature of which shall be presently explained to you, and which can only succeed with the special coöperation of the aristocratic class of this country. He thinks that an ancient and noble name like your own, Marquis, figuring among the founders of the undertaking, would win for him some sympathy among the special public to which the prospectus is to be addressed. In consideration of this advantage, he offers you, to begin with, what is commonly called a bonus, namely, ten shares which will cost you nothing, their value being reckoned at ten thousand francs now, and probably at three times that amount if the speculation succeeds. Besides ——'

'Stop, Sir; such degradation is not worth the pains you are taking to explain it.'

I saw the old man's eye suddenly gleam under his thick brows, as if a spark had shot from them. A slight smile relaxed the stiff wrinkles on his countenance. 'If the proposal does not please you, Marquis,' he said, speaking thickly, 'it pleases me no more than yourself. In any case, I thought it my duty to submit it to you. Here is another, which may gratify you more, and it is really more attractive. I count, Sir, in the number of my oldest clients, a worthy merchant who has retired from business some little time, and now quietly enjoys, with an only and therefore adored daughter, an *aurea mediocritas* which I estimate at twenty-five thousand francs a year. Chance would have it, that three days ago my client's daughter was informed of your position; I had occasion to think, and even reason to know, that the young lady, who, by the way, is pleasant to look on, and possessed of inestimable character, would not hesitate for a second to accept from your hand the title of Marchioness of Champcey. The father consents, and I await only a word from you, Marquis, to tell you the name and abode of this — interesting family.'

'This decides me altogether, Sir. From to-morrow I will renounce a title which in my position is ridiculous, and which seems, moreover, to expose me to the most wretched schemes of intrigue. The original name of my family is Odier; it is the only one I will henceforth bear. And now, Sir, while I admit to the full, how lively was the interest which induced you to become the bearer of these curious proposals, I will beg you to spare me any others of a similar character.'

'In that case, Marquis,' M. Laubépin replied, 'I can say absolutely nothing further.'

Here being taken with a sudden fit of merriment, he rubbed his hands together with a noise like crackling parchment. Then he added, smilingly: 'You will be hard to dispose of, Monsieur Maxime. Yes, yes, very hard to dispose of. It is strange, Sir, that I did not sooner notice the striking likeness which nature has been pleased to exhibit in

your face to your mother's. The eyes and the smile especially—but let us keep to the point, and as you are determined to owe your living to honorable labor alone, allow me to ask what talents and aptitudes you may possess?’

‘My education has naturally been, Sir, that of a man brought up to riches and idleness. Still, I have studied law, and even have the title of advocate.’

‘Advocate! The deuce, you are an advocate, are you? But the title is not enough; in the career of the bar, more depends on yourself than in any other—and in it—well—do you feel yourself to be eloquent, Marquis?’

‘So far from it, Sir, that I believe myself quite incapable of speaking two sentences extempore in public.’

‘Hm! That is not exactly what you can call being a born orator. You will therefore need to look elsewhere; but the matter requires fuller consideration. Besides, I see you are tired, Marquis. Here are your papers, which I beg you will examine at your leisure. I have the honor to wish you good night, Sir. Allow me to light you. Pardon, am I to wait for fresh instructions before I apply the proceeds of the sale of the gems and jewels in my keeping to the payment of your creditors?’

‘Certainly not. And I expect you further to deduct from this reserve the proper remuneration for your kind offices.’

We had reached the landing on the stairs. M. Laubépin, who stoops a little in walking, drew himself up to his full height. ‘In all that concerns your creditors, Marquis,’ he said, ‘I will respectfully obey you. As to myself, I was a friend of your mother, and I humbly but earnestly beg your mother's son to treat me as a friend.’ I gave the old man my hand; he pressed it hard, and we parted.

Returned to the little room which I occupy under the roof of this hotel, now no longer mine, I wished to prove to myself that the certainty of my utter misery did not plunge me in a despondency unworthy a man. I set myself to write an account of this decisive day in my history, studying to keep the precise style of the old notary, and his language, compounded of stiffness and courtesy, of mistrust and good feeling, which, even while my soul was overwhelmed, more than once made my spirit smile.

This, then, is poverty; no longer the hidden, proud, poetic poverty which in imagination I bravely bore in mighty forests, deserts, and savannahs; but sheer misery, want, dependence, humiliation, something even worse—the bitter poverty of the sometime rich man; poverty in a black-coat, hiding its bare hands from old friends passing by! Courage, my brother, courage!

*Monday, April 27th.*

I HAVE waited five days in vain for tidings from M. Laubépin. I confess I did seriously reckon on the interest he seemed to take in me. His experience, business acquaintances, and extensive connections gave him the means of serving me. I was ready to take all necessary steps, under his guidance; but, left to myself, I have absolutely no idea in which direction to turn my steps. I thought him one of those who promise little and perform much. I am afraid I was mistaken. This morning I decided to go to his house, under pretence of returning the documents which he intrusted to me, and which I have found painfully correct. They told me that the good man had gone to taste the pleasures of the country, in some chateau or other in the heart of Brittany. He will be away two or three days longer. This news completely upset me. I not only experienced the vexation of meeting with apathy and neglect where I had expected to find the warmth of devoted friendship; I had, in addition, the annoyance of returning as I went, with an empty purse. My intention was to have asked M. Laubépin to make me an advance on the three or four thousand francs which we shall have left after paying off our debts in full; for, in spite of living like a hermit since coming to Paris, the trifling sum which I managed to put aside for my journey is completely exhausted, so completely exhausted that after making a genuine pastoral breakfast this morning,

‘*Castaneæ molles et pressi copia lactis,*’

I was obliged, for my dinner this evening, to have recourse to a kind of swindle, the melancholy history of which I will here record.

‘The slenderer a man’s breakfast, the stronger his desire for dinner. I felt the full force of this axiom to-day, even before the sun had finished his course. Among the promenaders who were attracted this afternoon to the Tuileries by the mildness of the weather, and who watched the first smiles of spring playing on the marble faces of the sylvan deities, might have been noticed a man, still young, and irreproachably dressed, apparently studying the reawakening of nature with unusual anxiety. Not satisfied with devouring the fresh verdure with his gaze, it was not seldom that this person might be seen to pluck from their stems young appetizing shoots, and half-unfolded leaves, and to lift them to his lips with the curiosity of a botanist. I am in a position to assert that this alimentary resource, which had been pointed out to me by narratives of shipwreck, is of a very middling value. Still, I have enriched my experience with some interesting ideas; thus I know for the future that the leaves of the chestnut are exceedingly bitter to the taste, no less than to the heart; the rose-tree is not bad; the lime is oily and pretty agreeable; while the lilac, seasoned with pepper, is, I think, unwholesome.

Still reflecting on these discoveries, I walked in the direction of Helen's convent. On setting foot in the parlor, which I found as full as a hive, I felt more than usually deafened by the noisy chat of the young bees. Helen came in, her hair in disorder, her cheeks inflamed, and her eyes red and flashing. She held in her hand a piece of bread as long as her arm. As she kissed me with an absent air, I said: 'Well, my child, what is the matter now? You have been crying?'

'No, no, Maxime, there's nothing the matter.'

'What is it now? Come ——'

She lowered her voice. 'Oh! I am very unhappy, my poor Maxime, there.'

'Indeed! Tell me about it while you eat your bread.'

'Oh! I am sure I am not going to eat my bread; I am far too unhappy to eat. You know Lucy, Lucy Campbell, my best friend? Well, we have had a deadly quarrel.'

'Bless me! But be easy, my darling; you will be friends again, I am sure.'

'O Maxime! it's impossible, you see. Things have been too serious. It was nothing at first, but one gets warm, you know, and loses one's head. Fancy, we were playing at shuttlecock, and Lucy counted the points wrong. I had six hundred and eighty, and she had only six hundred and fifteen, and would have it she had six hundred and seventy-five. It was a little too bad, you must confess. Of course I stuck to my number, and she to hers. 'Very well, Mademoiselle,' I said, 'let us consult these young ladies; I appeal to them.' 'No, Mademoiselle,' she said, 'I am certain my number is right, and you do n't play fair.' 'Very well, Mademoiselle,' I said, 'and you are a liar!' And then she said: 'For my part, Mademoiselle, I despise you too much to answer you.' It was lucky Sister Sainte Felix came in at that moment, for I believe I should have struck her. After what has passed, you can see if it is possible for us to be friends any more. It's impossible; it would be mean. Still I can't tell you what I suffer; I don't believe there is any body in the world so unhappy as I am.'

'Certainly, my child, it is hard to fancy a heavier misfortune than yours; but, to tell you my mind about it, you brought it on yourself a little, for the most wounding expression in the quarrel came from your mouth. Tell me, is your Lucy in the parlor?'

'Yes, there she is in the corner yonder.' And she pointed out to me, with a dignified and discreet nod of the head, a very fair-complexioned little girl, who also had inflamed cheeks and red eyes, and seemed to be giving a very attentive old lady an account of the drama which Sister Sainte Felix had so luckily interrupted. While speaking with a fire worthy of the subject, Mlle. Lucy darted from time to time a furtive glance at Helen and me.



‘Well, my dear child,’ I said, ‘have you confidence in me?’

‘Yes, I have great confidence in you, Maxime.’

‘Well, then, this is what you will do: you will go and place yourself quite gently behind Mlle. Lucy’s chair; you will take hold of her head, like this, from behind, and kiss her on both cheeks, like that, heartily, and then you’ll see what she will do.’

Helen seemed to hesitate a few seconds, then set off in haste, and falling like a thunderbolt on Mlle. Campbell, caused her nevertheless the sweetest surprise. The two unhappy children, now united again forever, mingled their tears in a touching group, while the aged and worthy Mme. Campbell blew her nose with a sound like bagpipes.

Helen came back all radiant to find me. ‘Well, my love,’ I said to her, ‘I hope now you will eat your bread?’

‘Oh! indeed no, Maxime; I have been too much excited, you see, and besides, I must tell you a new scholar came to-day, and gave us a feast of puffs and cakes and cream chocolate, so that I’m not at all hungry. Indeed I am very much troubled, because in my distress I forgot just now to put my bread into the basket again, as we ought to do when we are not hungry at lunch, and I am afraid of being punished; but when I go through the court-yard I shall try to throw my bread down the cellar-grating, without any one seeing it.’

‘What! my little sister,’ I returned, blushing slightly, ‘you are going to throw away that great piece of bread?’

‘Well, I know it isn’t right; for perhaps some poor people would be very glad to have it; would n’t they, Maxime?’

‘Certainly they would, my dear child.’

‘But what am I to do? Poor people do n’t come in here.’

‘Let us see, Helen; you give me the bread, and I will give it in your name to the first poor man I meet: shall I?’

‘Oh! that will do!’ It struck the hour for retiring: I broke the bread in two, and ignominiously slipped the pieces into my overcoat pockets.

‘Good-by, dear Maxime,’ said the child; ‘come again, soon, won’t you? And you’ll tell me if you met a poor man and gave him my bread, and whether he liked it.’

Yes, Helen, I did meet a poor man, and gave him your bread; he carried it away like a stolen loaf to his lonely garret, and he did like it; but it was a poor man with no courage, for he wept while devouring the gift bestowed by your beloved little hands. I will tell you all this, Helen, for it is good you should know that there are heavier troubles in the world than your child troubles; I will tell you every thing, except the poor man’s name.

NOTE. — To the first part of M. FEUILLET's admirable romance, undoubtedly the most interesting and exciting story of domestic life produced within the last five years, we add the following particulars from an honored correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER at Brussels :

'LE ROMAN D'UN JEUNE HOMME PAUVRE,' The Story of a Poor Young Man, by OCTAVE FEUILLET, is the title of a fiction which, under two distinct and even contradictory forms, has gained a success unrivalled since the palmiest days of VOLTAIRE. Having passed numerous editions as a novel, and being read by every body, it was dramatized, and after an immense run in Paris, is now performed to crowded audiences on almost every stage from which the French language is spoken. This is perhaps the first instance where a first-rate novel, without the aid of the composer, has been highly successful on the stage.

The author is yet quite a young man, but his literary career from its very outset has been distinguished by a brilliancy and good fortune seldom vouchsafed to those who woo the muse until they have passed through the fierce ordeal of disappointments, heart-sores, and despair. He never made a failure; his earliest production pleased the public, and his last has enrolled his name in letters of gold on the annals of French literature. The Empress sent for him to tell him how she had wept over his book, and then made the Emperor compliment him. From that moment every one wished to read a work that had called forth such distinguished applause.

M. FEUILLET's writings evince an almost feminine sensibility, a delicate sense of honor, a tendency to the ideal and preference for the romantic, combined with an adherence to the precepts of the realist school. You recognize the local-color; the descriptions are truthful; the incidents not too improbable; the motives are well analyzed; the actions consecutive and consistent.

This is precisely the charm of M. FEUILLET's books. The pure romantic is not suited to our matter-of-fact taste, no more than the supernatural in the plots of some old fictions: it is so difficult to create the illusion or to preserve it. We are very much inclined to ask, like children: 'But is it all true?' On the other hand, intense reality is painful. It may be interesting, instructive when wrought by a master's hand like THACKERAY's. But we like something to look up to, something that we feel is better than we are, a sort of apotheosis of frail human nature. It is the difference between science and poetry, anatomy and sculpture. Poetry becomes ridiculous when founded upon a gross absurdity in facts, sculpture grotesque when regardless of anatomical laws. M. FEUILLET, then, is a real artist who has written a 'French novel' without monstrosity of invention, immorality of conception — a French novel without flippancy, irreverence, or scoffing. He is entitled to honor and success.

Personally, he is a singular instance of how frequently genius loves to pair with eccentricity. A martyr to nervous sensitiveness, he shrinks from contact with the world. He cannot cross a bridge without spasms, and it is said has never gone from his side of the Seine to the other. He has never in his life entered a railway carriage. When the Emperor invited him to Compiègne, the Court carriages were sent for him, as he could not be induced to take an hour's ride in the cars, even to figure among the distinguished guests at the imperial *fêtes*.

## H E S P E R I A .

FOREVER westward rolls the sun,  
And ever westward sweep the skies ;  
The heavenly courses there are run,  
Where, clad in gold, the evening lies.

So march the nations toward the west ;  
Across the mountains, o'er the streams ;  
As toward some bright Elysian rest,  
The tribes of earth pursue their dreams,  
But from the world's expectant eyes  
The land of sun-sets, yet afar,  
On glimmering wings forever flies,  
Alluring toward the evening star.

But shall this vision, in its flight,  
Ne'er list the wooing voice of Time ?  
Shall not HESPERIA on the sight  
Arise resplendent and sublime ?  
Behold, upon the evening seas,  
Three lonely barques, in strange suspense,  
Are rocking in the western breeze,  
That wafts the smell of continents.

A light ! a light ! far gleaming through the night,  
On seas unknown,  
In a nameless zone,  
Like the opening glimpse of some unveiled delight,  
It flashes golden mysteries on the sight.

And when on Morning's cloudy altar Dawn  
Her rosy incense burned, and golden smoke  
Enwreathed the Day on flaming axle drawn,  
A New World on Colombo's vision broke,  
That flashed prophetic glories far and bright,  
Eclipsing morn's serene and orient light :  
Before him unknown regions stretch afar ;  
Above him HESPER burns — his guiding star.

A world is found, where, lost in golden dreams,  
HESPERIA sleeps, amid her murmuring streams :  
Embedded queenly on enchanted plains,  
She sleeps in beauty 'twixt two guarding mains.

About her couch the whispering forests lean ;  
And mountain shadows round the sylvan scene  
Their curtains hang, where dreamy water-falls  
Their slumberous music pour through leafy halls.

While thrones are flashing in the eastern realms,  
And war, with flaming shields and glittering helms,  
Is rocking earth beneath his thundering tread,  
The West with twilight shades is overspread,  
The fall of Empires and the din of Time  
Have waked no echoes in this sun-set clime :  
The Ages here have moved with noiseless pace,  
Nor left a shadow on HESPERIA's face.

Before this sepulchre of nations stands  
COLUMBUS, great discoverer of lands !  
About him visions of the future wait,  
Like purple glories round the morning's gate ;  
Which at his potent sign,  
In one resplendent line  
Of deeds triumphant, shall advance to grace  
The youngest nation of the human race.

The car of Conquest halts upon the shore,  
And flings a gleam of arms on realms before  
Unknown ; where coming years shall lift their bright  
And starry ensigns in the bannered light.  
HISPANIA's sun illumines the Aztec's tomb ;  
Her flaming triumphs light his fearful gloom :  
While Christians lift the Holy Cross on high,  
Beneath the arching of this Western sky.

And thus the dream of nations is revealed,  
The mystery of ages is unsealed ;  
While earth's Eternal KING  
Is stooping now to fling  
The portals of the sun-set wide,  
And mankind to their Eden guide.

The voice of chosen Genius calls the land  
Of shadows forth with Eastern realms to stand.  
And lo ! COLUMBIA comes arrayed sublime :  
A crown of stars upon her head ;  
A continent beneath her spread,  
Begirded by the fruitful zones ;  
While round her dance to sweetest tones  
The blooming Seasons : with the chime  
Of tuneful Nature comes this fairest clime,  
And seals to earth the proudest morn of Time.

## OVER THE PAHRI:

A FRAGMENTARY LEGEND OF SAN-FRANCISCO.

WHILE as yet there remained a sentiment of Sundayness in its season to the suburbs of San-Francisco, before that sordid, thankless El Dorado had hustled the green fields on the north, with all their home-suggestiveness, all their ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, into the Bay; while as yet the Presidio, the Lagoon, or the Mission San-Dolores was full of picturesque recreation for hebdomadal excursionists, who, for an hour of congenial companionship, or delicious aloneness, might give their hearts an airing, and treat themselves to a brimmer of the old familiar feelings, putting the Satan-City behind them; while as yet the comfortable Dutch clock ticked conservatively, as if for all time, in the old Switzer's house hard by Washerwoman's-Bay, and that hospitable gray-beard laid the solid board with pork and greens of his own raising, and the fat Frau Mamma set the musical-box going, and said if Captain Sutter would only drop in now, 'dat was pesser as coot be;' while as yet Frank Schaeffer had a chop and hot punch, and a gentlemanly game, and a 'shake-down' for his friends, in the snug adobe cottage whither no insolent street had come; while as yet there was a small but commodious grave-yard to get away to, wherein you might lie, if so disposed, without crowding, and be readily found as often as any sentimental friend might think your rude head-board worth the walk and a sigh; while as yet the presence of the First Lady illumined Frank Ward's home at night, and blessed the darkness round about it: in those days, I took Mr. Karl Joseph Krafft by the hand every Sunday afternoon, and said to him:

'Come thou with me —  
 If from gray dawn to solemn night's approach  
 Thy soul hath wasted all its better thoughts,  
 Toiling and panting for a little gold,  
 Drudging amid the very lees of life  
 For this accursed slave that makes men slaves —  
 Come thou with me into the pleasant fields:  
 Let Nature breathe on us and make us free.'

And so we made our Sabbaths—in giddy equestrian scamperings to the Presidio or the Mission; or sitting on a great stone, padding with our naked feet in the waters of the North Bay; or pantingly climbing Telegraph-Hill, to take the seaward and mountainward view from its summit; or leaning over the rude railing of some rare inclosure in that true type of a frontier grave-yard, almost enjoying the precious quiet of the dead, released from the hurly-burly that fairly drove us living distraught.



There was naught more Californian in our quick experience of the metropolitanish bustle at our backs, than in this necropolis of 'Forty-Nine.' It numbered not many citizens, for only the richest of us could afford the luxury of extramural interment, with its sentiment of privacy and plausible security from disturbance. A grave cost sixty dollars, and one got but a clumsy hole at that price; a coffin of the roughest boards not less than thirty, and your hasty hearsing in a mule-cart as much more; a priest, if you must be extravagant, taxed you an ounce or two, and it was but short measure of farewell benediction you got for that: as for your 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' a practical demonstration of the formula, by the most irreverent of shovel-flirters, came to ten dollars; and your lop-sided cross or rough-hewn head-board of knotty pine, painted white, and inscribed by the least expert of black-letterers with the little that was known of you, ('— SMITH, Maryland; aged —. Died, July 4th, 1849,') was an 'ounce' for monument and legend.

So we showed but few tablets in memory of us; for, however munificent we Old Californians may have been in our golden lives, we stood no nonsense in our iron deaths.

Nor was our thriving little City of the Dead by any means sacredly forbidden to the sacrilegious shifts of unscrupulous speculators; for gentlemen's sons, 'cleaned out at monte,' or otherwise 'dead broke,' were wont to live on corpses at a pinch, selling ready-made graves, guaranteed against squatters, to other gentlemen's sons *deader* broke than themselves, for three ounces a-piece. And when 'Bones,' of the 'Aguila de Oro,' bethought him of investing his surplus pile in a hearse and pall, with the appropriate 'properties,' he found he had 'struck as pretty a streak of luck,' he said, 'as the next man could scare up.'

'Now, why should we fash ourselves,' homilied the philosophic Krafft among the streets of that Silent City: 'why should we fash ourselves for Colton-grants and government-reserves, and sites at the head of navigation? Are we not nice and dead, and comfortably disposed, as gentlemen of independent leisure, who may take their ease in their snugget of inns? Why should we fash ourselves for our twelve per cent a month, and our collateral securities, or for the uncereemonious fellows who will be squatting on our darling fifty-varas, regardless of Spanish titles and American revolvers? Why should we fash ourselves for the price of lumber that is rising, or the fire that is waiting for our flimsy tenement, or the rent that is not paid, or our heart that would surely have been broken by-and-by? Are we not commodiously quartered here, and every way cosily and decently disposed? Are not our lodgings of the cheapest, and our fare free, and our landlord

liberal, and ourselves at rest — nice and dead ; nice and buried ? Is not our claim sure ? Why should we fash ourselves ?

‘THE house is not  
Highly timbered :  
It is unhigh and low.  
When thou art therein  
The heel-ways are low.  
The side-ways unhigh ;  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh :  
So thou shalt in mould  
Dwell full cold,  
Dimly and dark.  
Thus thou art laid,  
And leavest thy friends :  
Thou hast no friend  
Who will come to thee ;  
Who will ever see  
How that house pleaseth thee ;  
Who will ever open  
The door for thee,  
And descend after thee.’

‘*Mais, que voulez vous ?* Thou hast made thy fortune, thy *pile of dust* : why shouldst thou fash thyself ?’ asked Mr. Karl Joseph Kraft. ‘Yesterday,’ he said, ‘I bought a water-lot — that top-sail schooner lies at anchor there ; but for all that, here’s a butterfly. Yesterday my bark came from Valparaiso, and brought me a cargo of ponchos and serapes. No sale for ponchos and serapes ; but what of that ? there goes a fellow singing —

‘I set my heart upon nothing, you see :  
Hurrah !’

‘Why should we fash ourselves ?’

Thus to quote with an odd aptness, almost comical, bits of quaint verse and snatches of foreign song, was one of Mr. Kraft’s peculiar accomplishments.

Once, on one of these Sunday saunters, we were returning toward from a visit to the old Switzer already alluded to ; Mr. Kraft had been more than usually characteristic and entertaining, fitting himself, with his infallible cosmopolitan faculty, to the place and the occasion with the grotesque Alpine legends and fag-ends of Tyrolese ditties ; now quizzing the Dutch clock, now teasing the parrot ; anon gracious to our revered host, or gallant to the comfortable *frau*, and winning both simple hearts with eloquent praises of their dear Captain Sutter, who, to their compatriotic pride, stood for every thing that was great and glorious.

As we leisurely followed the breezy road that is now Sansome-street,

toward the cluster of canvas houses and blue tents that formed the north-western outskirts of San-Francisco then, we halted to contemplate a neat white cottage of tiled adobes that stood apart from any other dwelling, in a refreshing garden-spot cleared from the bush, on the right of, and a little lower than the road.

A very fly in amber was that tremendous little homestead, and 'how the devil it got there' the very duet of wonder that rose to our lips. There was a pretty white paling in good repair, and two sun-flowers and a hollyhock, and a plucky morning-glory climbing desperately at the back-door; and there was a brood of adolescent fowls, and a demure dog, of mastiff extraction but mild demeanor, somnolently filling the sunniest of the flags that made the truly imposing pavement in front; and there were drab paper curtains of a chaste pattern at all the windows; the green paint of the doors was fresh and smart; homely, comfortable smoke ascended from the chimney, and hung in fond delay over all the house; and the declining sun made a golden benediction at the portal.

As lost in astonished satisfaction we contemplated this phenomenon in white-washed adobes, the tones of a manly and cultivated voice — clear, ringing, and measured, as of one reading aloud or reciting — fell upon our ears, and I recognized the quaint charm of Roscoe's Dirge:

'Oh! dig a grave! and dig it deep,  
Where I and my true-love may sleep!  
*We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,  
Where thou and thy true-love shall sleep!*

'And let it be five fathom low,  
Where winter winds may never blow!  
*And it shall be five fathom low,  
Where winter winds shall never blow!*

By the time the voice had got thus far, the sympathetic intelligence of Mr. Krafft had caught the trick of the verse, albeit new to him — that weird echo of repetition, its *ding-dong-bellish* burthen; and descending lightly from the road, he stepped over the prostrate dog, that listlessly stirred its tail and pointed one ear as he passed, and the next moment stood in his oddest, but still graceful attitude of philosophic attention, at the door, which happened to be a hand's-breadth ajar. The voice continued:

And let it be on yonder hill,  
Where grows the mountain-daffodil!  
*And it shall be on yonder hill,  
Where grows the mountain-daffodil!*

And this time the refrain was rung in pairs, as it were — Mr. Krafft joining the witch-like music of his peculiar chaunt, to complete that strange vocal chime:

'The rhyming and the chiming of the bells.'

For a minute the voice was still : perhaps the reader had paused to explain the mysterious phenomenon ; but there was no stir within, and presently again, very slowly, very clearly, as though to challenge or invite the echo :

‘ And plant it round with holy briers,  
To fright away the fairy fires ! ’

With impressive deliberation and a most weird remoteness of tone, that might have been ventriloquial, Mr. Krafft responded, the voice within waiting solemnly for the token :

‘ We ’ll plant it round with ho-ly briers,  
To fright a-way the fai-ry fi-res ! ’

‘ And set it round with celandine  
And nodding heads of columbine ! ’

(Mr. Krafft — and so on to the end :)

‘ We ’ll set it round with cel-an-dine  
And nod-ding heads of col-um-bine ! ’

‘ And let the ruddock build his nest  
Just above my true-love’s breast !  
*The rud-dock he shall build his nest  
Just a-bove thy true-love’s breast !* ’

‘ Now, tender friends, my garments take,  
And lay me out, for Jesus’ sake !  
*And we will now thy gar-ments take,  
And lay thee out, for Jesus’ sake !* ’

‘ When I am dead, and buried be,  
Pray to God in heaven for me !  
*Now thou art dead, we ’ll bury thee,  
And pray to God in heaven for thee !  
Benedicite !* ’

and the door was flung wide. Mr. Krafft bowed, cap off, to an intellectual-looking man, of thirty years perhaps, in dressing-gown and slippers, and with a large carved meerschaum-pipe in his hand.

‘ God save all here ! ’ said Mr. Krafft.

‘ You are welcome,’ responded the stranger, smiling. ‘ It is to you, Sir, then, that I am indebted for my echo — a graceful trick, poetically conceived and happily executed : my dirge were much too earthy without it — the airy element so essential to complete its sprightliness ; and you would seem to be the very Ariel for the occasion. But how came you here ? ’

‘ Merely idly, almost impertinently, Sir. But you have sights and sounds about you that one may not easily get by, if his eye and ear be scholarly, and his heart true to the old familiar memories. Sun-

flowers and holyhocks, cosy curtains and a genial chimney, and the tenderest of lyrics delivered in the fine declamation of a *bel esprit*, are not common-places as yet in our El Dorado: they are the goldsmith's work, as dainty and *rococo* as Benvenuto Cellini's among our crude ore. Is the dirge your own?'

'My own, Sir? Oh! no: I am but the common singer of another's dainty strains. But enter — enter! while I persuade the fire to join me in a cheerful welcome; for these ungentle blasts from the sea, which come every day another day too often, still take one's blood by surprise.'

'Let us congratulate ourselves,' said Mr. Krafft in a philosophic aside to me, as our interesting discovery fell back from the door: 'it's to be hoped he's cracked — one of those entertaining, ever-fresh creatures known as 'madmen,' because they are more free than other men, and have a way of their own, with their wise surprises, eloquent incoherencies, and other such intellectual zig-zagry. But let us not fash ourselves for that yet: there are cracks that let in the light, you know; and his, no doubt, is one of them. We shall see.'

The fact is, my eccentric friend cultivated a hearty penchant for more or less crazy people, and himself the oddest of humanity, hailed the faintest trace of oddness as to opinion, language, or manners in another, as a promise of congenial companionship. In the graceful, affable, and evidently enlightened proprietor of the hollyhocks, the drab curtains, and the canary-bird, he discovered lively signs of that 'zig-zagry' he so fancied, and he rejoiced accordingly. For an above-the-average man, of pure tastes, and elegantly nurtured, to be so housed, so surrounded, so attired, and so employed in San-Francisco in 'Forty-Nine,' he must (he argued) be either very great, very rich, or very mad: if he were very great, he would pretend to know us; if he were very rich, we should be sure to know him: he is therefore either here because he is mad, or mad because he is here. But let us enter, and sympathize with him as well as men may who labor under the disadvantages of a stupid sanity.

Well, at the end of an hour we came forth again, and took the way to town; a ripple of soothing, silver talk was in our ears, only broken by small tumults of refined eloquence or melodious falls of verse and song — what else? Merely the harmonies of a delicate spirit, and the ineffaceable impressions of a presence to which nothing of disclosure or discovery attached itself, by way of explanation, to make it common-place: simply a name — Philip Grey of New-Orleans — no more. The cottage, the canary-bird, the curtains, the comfortable dog remained for us to 'fash' our wits about, in all the romantic 'zig-zagry' of adventurous guessing.

'Philip Grey!' talked Mr. Krafft in his waking-walking sleep.



‘And that is all.’

‘And that should be enough. Let us not look our glorious gift-horse in the mouth.’

‘But the zig-zagry, my friend?’

‘We will not fash ourselves for that. If the gentleman is not mad, it is not because he lacks the acquirements and tastes to be so, gracefully. He has mind enough to rave, and he would rave delightfully. Only a name, that’s true; but ‘Philip Grey’ is a fair romance to find on a Sunday saunter, between the wild restlessness of that city and the wild rest of those disordered graves.’

Oahu, of the Hawaiian group, is an insular paradise, and the loveliest vales of earth have nothing to surpass the loveliness of its Nuuanu valley. The Nuuanu road, leading from the many-tribed town of Honolulu, is a primrose path of dalliance and delight; and like too many such paths in the heart’s garden of allurements, it terminates abruptly in a headlong precipice—the Pahri—sheer down, I dare not try to remember how many hundred feet; but when last I stood on its brink, clouds enveloped me like a cloak, the wayward Undine of water-fall on the right was chapleted with a gay iris, and the great stone I tossed over into the abyss might be falling to this hour, for any sound of bottom it sent up.

When King Kamehameha, first of the name, ‘The Solitary One,’ hero and usurper, drove his enemies at the points of his flashing spears, foot by foot through that heartless garden, which mocked their death-hour with all its rainbows and cascades and flowers, he staid not till he stood in terrible triumph on the dizzy edge of the Pahri, whence the last of his foes, wincing from his lance-point, had flung himself, with all his warlike harness on, into mid-air with a yell; and ever since, ten thousand skeletons have bleached among the pleasant plains down below.

One excelling night in June, 1850, that glorious leap was surpassed in completeness of effect, by a solitary aspirant to the fame of a consummation so imposing. A gay and handsome horseman—horse and man alike possessed of a desperate devil—rode out through the cool, bland moonlight of that mocking vale, leading in a dance of death the four-footed measure of his bewitched steed. He flung back the laughter of the water-falls with dreadful glee, and defied the fire-flies with the uncanny glitter of his eyes—still dancing, singing on; till the mad beast braced himself on the brink of the Pahri, and pawed the very edge with his daring hoof. Then the gay and handsome gentleman uncovered his head; and as the dewy breeze from the remotely-sounding sea tossed his brown locks in the moon-light, he flung a parting stave to the world:

'To joy a stranger, a way-worn ranger,  
In every danger my course I've run;  
Now hope all ending, and Death befriending,  
His last aid lending, my cares are done.'

Turning his horse, he rode back a hundred yards:

'No more a rover, or hapless lover,  
My griefs are over, my glass runs low;  
Then for that reason, and for a season,  
Let us be merry before we go!'

And again he faced the Pahari:

'Let us be merry before we go-o-o!'

A fierce plunge of the spurs; a cap dashed to the ground; a wild cheer; a sharp scream from the horse; a dark mass flung straight out in the face of the moon; a keen whizzing, piercing to sky and sea; a mighty crash of boughs and branches, down, down, down below — and then again the happy tinkle of the water-fall, the bland mocking of the moon, the genial prattle of crickets!

Hurrah for Philip Grey! whoever, whatever he was. Mr. Krafft was right about the zig-zagry.

#### L I T E R A R Y   P U F F I N G

In letters we observe a lengthened sway  
Of an ill custom, which must pass away;  
Since, while it lasts, it makes each little clod,  
Whose fingers scribble, deem himself a god.  
It was not so, I ween, in DRYDEN's time,  
Not so when BURKE developed the sublime,  
Not so when JOHNSON swooped on eagle's wings,  
And GIFFORD's satire slew all authorlings;  
Not so, when Scotch reviewers, English bards  
Were cut and shuffled like a pack of cards;  
Not so, in fine, when books were really read,  
And what was said about them truly said.

The *fashion* now with critics is to puff;  
They 'damn,' like MACBETH, him who cries 'enough';  
But keep on puffing till they can no more —  
Having exhausted all their windy store,  
And poured out praises without stop or stint —  
All lead being gold that issues through their mint.  
If one, more honest, ever dare to blame,  
Packs of pert puppies whimper at his name;

And every bardling, who the lash has felt,  
 Prints paper pellets and prepares to pelt —  
 And each conductor of a paltry sheet  
 Writes awful things, his ruin to complete;  
 Warns the community that spite and spleen  
 And gall and envy make his pen so keen;  
 That when he proves a book is thin and poor  
 'T is personal envy of the 'great obscure,'  
 And in his heart some vengeful motive lurks  
 When he finds fault with Mister NOODLE's works.  
 Enormous quack! because you never had  
 The judgment to distinguish good from bad,  
 Or wish the public — easy dupe! — to gull  
 Into the reading of what's tame and dull,  
 Think you no man has courage to be true,  
 For the TRUTH's sake, unawed by such as you?  
 Puff, if you will, until your bellows burst,  
 But yet (see SHAKESPEARE) do not be so 'curst,'  
 As to impugn that criticism fair,  
 Which calls geese, *geese*, and dunces — what they are.

This fashion to extol all books alike  
 Is apt to foster dulness and to strike  
 At real talents, which, like flowers, refuse  
 To grow where weeds are nurtured by those dews  
 That on their leaves and blooms alone should fall;  
 Let us be just, or never praise at all.  
 The nightingale, 't is said, refused to sing:  
 'Why?' asked a critic who praised every thing;  
 'Because, great sir,' the nightingale replied,  
 With very proper dignity and pride,  
 'Because the frogs, of whom you rave and rant,  
 Make such a constant croaking that I can't.'

We never shall in literature excel  
 Till we have critics who can *winnow* well;  
 No wonder that our British neighbors laugh  
 At the few grains among our heaps of chaff,  
 When to preserve the chaff we take vast pains,  
 But to their own salvation leave the grains.  
 When it shall be our *fashion* to bestow  
 On real genius the rewards we owe;  
 When mediocrity wins not the prize,  
 And small pretensions cease to blind our eyes;  
 When we find out that imitation's stuff,  
 And the true critic's business, not to puff —  
 Then shall we have, but never until then,  
 Men who can write both prose and verse like *men*.

## MR. JOLLYGREEN'S WESTERN TOUR.

CALEB JOLLYGREEN took great credit to himself for having, as he thought, effectually cured his nephew and myself of literary ambition. For my own part, I had followed Uncle Caleb's advice, which he knew, while I also followed my own bent, which he did not know. A prominent compiler of price-currents had applied to honest Caleb for a clerk to assist him, and the old gentleman, with many doubts of my accepting such a 'snug little opening,' had recommended me. I was very glad to obtain the place, as it insured me a living, while it occupied about half my time in the currents' dingy den, leaving the other half for literary dissipation, and dreams of cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces. When I went to Caleb to inform him of my good fortune, he was seized with other doubts; he begged me to listen seriously to what he was about to say, and then implored me, as I valued the good opinion of all Front-street, on no account whatever ever to suffer fancy to dictate the price of any article, even in so small a shade as an eighth per cent. Truth, and not fancy, must rule in all business matters; in short, the methodical man was afraid that I would rely upon imagination for my facts, and that quotations of lard, viewed through a poetic magnifying-glass, might be rated half a cent too high, and thus create serious disaster in the provision line. Reassuring Uncle Caleb, I took up my quarters in the current-office, and soon from week to week presented such accurate reports of the markets, that he regarded me as a model reformed man; he sent a dozen beef-tongues to my landlady for my especial eating, and frequently afterward, as if to convince me that in my former case I never could have paid for them, asked if I did not feel more comfortable while turning an honest penny, than when I had no prospects but starvation in literatur. Kind Caleb! how it would have grieved him had he known that even then I was meditating the final scenes of my novel, and planning an attack on the very firm of Appleton and Company, who had silenced Gustavus Vasa with such consummate diplomacy.

About this time Uncle Caleb made a move in life very unwillingly; a move not at all to his taste, out of Greenwich-street far above his old familiar haunts into Twentieth-street. Vainly did Caleb urge delay, and offer even an increased rent to be allowed to stay; his landlord insisted on pulling down the house and one or two adjoining, to build upon the site some gigantic pile bringing in a correspondingly gigantic income. Caleb thought that he had fallen upon evil days; he knew nobody in his smart neighborhood; it was an immense distance down to Trinity Church, which he obstinately refused to desert for Trinity

Chapel, only five squares off, and having peculiar attractions for nephew Jollygreen in the splendor of the prayer-books, the silken rustle of its stylish lady worshippers, and the architectural embellishments of the interior; said interior a combination of gilding and colors something between a Broadway confectioner's window at Christmas and the gewgaws of a Chinese joss-house — a style introduced with great success to high-church building committees by the late lamented monk-architect, A. Welby Pugin, Esq. Caleb would not even go to look at the chapel, though Gustavus Vasa, after attending on Sunday afternoons, spoke with enthusiasm of altar-cloths and draperies, talked of turning some of his leisure time to the study of church architecture, and borrowed of one of the vestry, Mr. Pugin's 'Glossary of ecclesiastical ornament and costume.' Caleb insisted that it would all end in Gustus' going over to Rome; and pointing to the volume, said he hoped to see the day again come round when all such Popish mummeries would be drummed out of every sound Protestant parish.

But his nephew's defection to Rome was not to be the cause of Uncle Caleb's trouble. The new neighborhood proved more dangerous: it inspired Gustavus Vasa with a taste for good society. He saw much more of fine broadcloth and rich silks than about the purlieus of Greenwich-street: he was not able to keep his carriage, but he often said how nice it was to come up in the avenue cars to dinner; and what was better still, on account of the distance from the bacon-store, Caleb was forced to alter his dinner hour from half-past one to five o'clock, and not return after that time to his counting-room. This he declared a heathenish fashion, although obliged to conform to it, while the sudden change from his mid-day meal cost him a six months' fit of dyspepsia. The nephew, however, was delighted; in the winter evenings he visited a few families with marriagable daughters, who initiated him into the mysteries of the 'Lancers;' with their brothers he formed a little whist club, and indulged now and then in a surreptitious game of poker; while with mammas and papas looking keenly to the future and to the probabilities of their being grand-parents one of these days, he went on swimmingly. They regarded him as a young gentleman of unblemished character and great expectations, and said that if his Uncle Caleb would obstinately wear a blue gingham coat and plush slippers in warm weather, he merely displayed the eccentricities of a sound and independent mind. The great crisis came and went; several of the neighbors, friends of young Jolly's, went down with it, but the house of Jowl and Jollygreen stood firm, apparently not even ruffled. This only gave the papas and mammas of Twentieth-street and vicinity a still higher opinion of both uncle and nephew. Nephew now believed himself on the high road to fashion and the exclusive moneyocracy of Fifth-avenue and Madison-square. He clothed in purple and



fine linen; he put on little dog-collars and half-inch neck-ties; he wore saffron-colored kids on Sunday afternoons when he carried a lady and a prayer-book to Trinity Chapel. In the morning Caleb insisted on his going with him down to old Trinity, and then the gloves had to be of sober hue. 'It's so unfashionable at all the down-town churches,' murmured Gustavus.

'I do n't care whether it's unfashionable or not; do you think God ALMIGHTY can't hear prayers from the lower end of Broadway as well as those put up in Twenty-fifth Street?' stoutly urged the uncle.

A growing dislike of trade now crept into Gustavus Vasa's bosom, the demon of fashion nestled there, and began sneering at bacon, and even 'neat little speculations in leaf-lard;' he whispered to Gustavus of clubs, and dinners, champagne, pic-nics, and matinées. He hinted to the aspirant to darken his upper-lip, and to sign his name G. Vasa Jollygreen; but both of these suggestions were foiled by Uncle Caleb. He declared most positively that no one should sign account currents in his counting-room in any such manner, and instanced young Tompkins, sent to Sing-Sing last week for forging a draft on George Peabody and Company, all, as Caleb averred, growing out of his taste for fashion, which first became manifest when he ceased to write his signature as plain John T. and substituted for it J. Templeton. As to his nephew's 'capillary attractions,' he hooted at them, saying truly that there could be no possible affinity between mess-pork and a *mus-tash*, as he would call it.

The 'packing' season was now at its height, and as Jowl and Jollygreen had extensive connections in the west, it was determined to send out some one to look after their interests. Gustavus had a strong passion for travel, and on his solemnly promising to abjure mustaches, yellow kids, and signet rings, he was dispatched on his errand, one of strict business nature. I was not aware of his departure until I received from him the following letter, dated Cincinnati:

'MY DEAR MORTIMER, my once bosom-friend, and still very dear to me, although our circumstances have of late altered. Think not, my Eugene, if you have harbored the thought, that my removal from Greenwich-street to the airy regions of upper-town has tended to rarify my feelings of regard for you. Never! and no change of fortunes shall blot your image from my memory. You clung to me through the brief but checkered hour of my unfortunate literary life, and in turn I will not desert you, now that I have gained access to the most distinguished society, to that indeed far higher than any of which our country can boast; and you may judge of my continued confidence when informed, as you are now, of my contemplated alliance with a lady of the noble house of Cavendish, the heads of which family are

the Dukes of Devonshire. You will of course not mention a word of this to Uncle Caleb at present; I wish to completely surprise him when all is arranged for the happy event.'

'You will doubtless wonder at my good fortune and at the manner of my presentation to Lord Cavendish and his friends, including his highly-accomplished and lovely sister, who repaid my attention from the first with the most encouraging and winning smiles. I will proceed to relate in detail how I became acquainted with the illustrious party who are here staying at the Burnet House, and with whom I have passed a fortnight of the most delightful character, rendered still more exquisite by the charms of the beautiful and aristocratic Lady Annabella Fitzroy D'Eyncourt Cavendish:

'One of the houses at which I visit in Twentieth-street, you know is that of Mr. Howard—Mr. Percy Howard—an English gentleman who justly prides himself on his family, claiming kindred, in a remote degree to be sure, with the Duke of Norfolk; and he once showed me in the peerage, that in England the Howards stand in the front rank of the nobility next to the blood royal. 'If you doubt my relationship, Sir,' Mr. Howard has often said, 'there is the Howard coat-of-arms,' when he would point to it, hanging over the mantle and splendidly emblazoned. If any thing could further have assured me, it was hearing his frequent quotation of

'WHAT can ennoble fools, or slaves, or cowards!  
Not even all the blood of all the HOWARDS.'

Had he not been connected with them, he never would have dared to quote this distich, but there is a magnanimity and courage in noble lineage, which we in vain look for among grovelling traders. Is it not a little singular, this coincidence, that on my first *entrée* to the fashionable world, I should have become intimately associated with members of the two proudest ducal houses of Great Britain? While at Mr. Howard's one evening, he was much affected by reading from a paper the news of the death of three young English noblemen, who had been travelling in the far west, and had been overpowered and slain in an attack by hostile Indians. The next evening, however, the report was contradicted, and Mr. Howard was even more overcome by the joyful news than he had been previously by the mournful intelligence. I never saw a man more affected; he actually shed tears, and was not restored until he had drained to the bottom a large tankard full of ale. 'Mr. Jollygreen,' said he, 'pardon my emotion, but in my youth I passed many happy days at Chatsworth and Arundel Castle, the ancestral seats of these young nobles, and their names recalled too pointedly the images of their sires, my most chosen friends. This tankard you behold,' he added, handing to me the ancient silver one on which the

Howard arms were still dimly traceable, 'was given to me on leaving England by the late Duke of Norfolk. When Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle, was in this country, about fifteen years ago, he dined with me, and recognizing the tankard, told me that it corresponded precisely with several in his own collection, which had belonged to our remote but common ancestor 'Belted Will.' Upon hearing this interesting fact, I immediately informed Mr. Howard that I was going to the west, that nothing would delight me more than to make the acquaintance of Lord Cavendish and his friends Lord Grosvenor and Lord Ashley, and begged him on the strength of his former intimacy, and the relations which I knew must exist between the Howards and Cavendishes, to give me a letter of introduction to the party. Mr. Howard grasped my hand; he said he would do any thing in his power to serve me, but that there were circumstances which would forbid his giving a letter: he referred darkly to some hidden passage of his life, which delicacy required should be kept secret. I respected his feelings, and did not press the matter, assured from Mr. Howard's well-known connections in England, that Lord Cavendish, without any letter of introduction, would be happy to greet me as his friend. Indeed Mr. Howard's strong emotions again overcame him; he was obliged again to have recourse to the tankard, and in that attitude I left him. But can you actually believe what I tell you of Uncle Caleb, when I related to him this touching episode! 'Fiddlestick!' said he; declared he had seen that very tankard at Tiffany and Company's; even went to such a length as to say that Mr. Howard was probably a natural son of some Lord Howard, or that he might have been second cousin to the Duke's butler, or even one of his kitchen-gardeners. Oh! the degradation of trade, the narrowness of mind produced by it! I could make no reply, but in scornful silence thought, how illiberal!

Well, I started on my tour, having many charges from Uncle Caleb as to investments in lard, pork, beef, joles, bulk-middles, wool, and live-geese feathers. He advised me to explore thoroughly the Western Reserve country, and endeavor to make favorable contracts for butter to be delivered in the spring. I had also letters of introduction to several Cincinnati firms. You cannot imagine with what disgust I listened to all these details, filled as my soul already was with visions of Chatsworth, Arundel Castle, noble dukes and earls, coronets and heraldic insignia. Nothing worthy of note happened until I reached this hotel, the Burnet House, although at each place on the way I inquired for Lord Cavendish, and thoroughly examined the papers to learn his whereabouts. But I was indeed gratified the morning after my arrival here, on turning over the leaves of the register, to find a page or two back the very names I was in search of; F. Cavendish and E. Ashley. At first, however, I thought I must be wrong, being

much astonished that they did not write down their names and titles in full, but I was assured by the clerk that they were those of the English nobles, and for thus signing themselves he pronounced them 'sensible men.' I was strongly tempted to rebuke him for calling them 'men,' knowing how indignant they would be if they heard him. I then told him that I was charmed to find Lord Cavendish, and asked him to send up to his room, as I desired to introduce myself to him. He abruptly refused to take my card, and advised me 'not to make a great fool of myself.' Rage for some moments choked my utterance, but at length I told him the whole story of Mr. Howard, his former life at Chatsworth, and the memorial tankard. He did not say a word in reply, but opened his left eye very wide with his fore-finger and thumb. His motions being quite incomprehensible, I concluded that he was either drunk or a lunatic, and determined to report him to the owners of the hotel, while I lost no time in searching for Lord Cavendish.

While engaged in this conversation with the clerk of the Burnet House, leaning against one of the pillars of its ample hall, and gazing intently at the large painting of the man sitting on a rock in the midst of the ocean, with the body of a drowned female at his feet, I saw a gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion. He wore bright yellow kid gloves, with a brilliant diamond ring on the outside of one of them, a large pin of the same costly material glittered upon his shirt-front, his beard and mustaches were of the most luxuriant growth and elegant training, and in his whole face and bearing there was the proud yet indefinable and quite indescribable look of one born to command. Surely, I thought on passing him several times without eliciting his glance, 'it must be Lord Cavendish!' Nor did I mistake, for I saw him whisper to the clerk and then follow me along the corridor to the gentleman's drawing-room, when seeing that no one was in it but ourselves, he took my hand and introduced himself. He told me that he had seen my name upon the book, and had accidentally overheard the conversation with the clerk; that he should at once have spoken to me, but for the strict orders he had given to the clerk to preserve his incognito, and that was the cause of the faithful fellow's extraordinary behavior. He also told me that Mr. Howard had acted in my behalf in the most generous manner, that he had that morning received a letter from him referring to his ancient friendship with the Cavendishes, and begging to recommend me. He had felt unwilling to give me a letter to him, owing to the delicate nature of the clause in his life which he had vaguely hinted at, and which Lord Cavendish himself now touchingly alluded to in the same mysterious manner. Imagine my satisfaction at discovering all this, which I had repeated aloud to the clerk, corroborated so precisely by Mr. Howard's letter.



There could be no deception of course. I could not doubt Lord Cavendish's word, especially as he sat down to the desk at once, to answer Mr. Howard's letter, saying that he would take it to the post-office himself. I offered to hand it to the clerk, but his lordship said if I did so that functionary would know that he had revealed himself to me, and that his incognito would be compromised. I did not perceive the point before, but was charmed by this proof of keen discrimination and delicate tact.

One slight doubt yet remained upon my mind, but I frankly unbosomed myself to Lord Cavendish, and, as I had expected, it was dispelled. I told him of my surprise that he did not wear his coronet and velvet robes as all British noblemen do, and as I had seen in the pictures of the coronation of George the Fourth, that superb folio which you know I have at home, and which so enraged Uncle Caleb when he found out that I had paid seventy-five dollars for it. I knew that when the nobility of England walked abroad, they assumed citizen's dress, in order to avoid the rude gaze of the mob, but that within doors, and especially while driving in Hyde Park, they wore of right their full dresses of rank. What else should be the meaning of 'coroneted carriages?' Lord Cavendish assured me that I was right; he told me that he had his coronet and robes of estate with him, also his order of the garter, he being one of the Knights; that these things were packed up in his trunk now, but he would show them to me during my stay. He did not wear them in deference to our American democratic institutions; and told me that on his arrival in Boston, and appearing at the dinner-table of the Revere-House, wearing, as usual, merely his coronet and the order of the Golden Goose, such a sensation was created that his modesty was overcome, and he was obliged to retire from the room. In Montreal and Quebec he had of course worn them without exciting remark, and he still kept them with him, he said, for his presentation to Mr. Buchanan when he should visit Washington. I was anxious to find out if the Boston snob had visited him, as Boston snobs are always sure to be intimate with noblemen if they can; and on describing this one, expressing my dislike for him, his Lordship told me in confidence that he had been greatly annoyed by his pertinacious attentions. I then informed him how I had been treated in regard to my lectures; Lord Cavendish warmly espoused my part, and declared at once that he would never again speak to the Athenian snob. How intensely enraged the Bostonian will be, when he discovers my connection with the illustrious Cavendishes!

'Our talk having lasted a long time, Lord Frederic proposed that we should have something to drink, at the same time charging me most solemnly not to betray his *incognito* to a human being, for fear that



he otherwise would be overwhelmed by the attentions of the Mayor of Cincinnati, the City Council, etc., as he altogether preferred quiet and that freedom from observation which the sacrifice of his title secured to him. I promised, and have almost implicitly obeyed him excepting upon one or two occasions, when I really could not restrain my exultant feelings. We then adjourned to the bar-room, where we drank mutual healths, and have since done so many times a day, as Lord Cavendish assures me that it is the hearty fashion of his country. He usually proposes champagne-cobblers, which he says cannot be had in any London club equal to ours. To be sure, it is rather expensive, opening a bottle of champagne every time; but I do not regret the expense for the pleasure of Lord C.'s company. Neither with his refined taste, will he drink any ale but the best Scotch, and at dinner and supper, we always make dead soldiers of a couple of bottles of Longworth's sparkling Catawba. Lord Cavendish allows me to have all these charged in my bill, and I could not think of asking him to pay, when he assures me that on my visit to England, it shall never cost me a penny, from the hour I set my foot in the dear old island. Even in our short acquaintance, I have learned really to love Lord Cavendish. He is so unaristocratic, so sociable, he takes my arm with such an air of easy grace, he smokes my segars in preference to his own, and compliments me on my taste; every day he proposes some little excursion in the most liberal manner, one day to the Observatory, another upon Mount Auburn, now over to Covington, and quite often to Mr. Longworth's wine-cellars. On all these occasions, with the hereditary *insouciance* of the scion of a ducal house, Lord Cavendish is quite regardless of money. Not having been accustomed to walk, he always rides, and this peculiarity rather adds to my bills.

'As you, Mortimer, are more cautious than I am, you might imagine that I was in some danger of losing my funds altogether; but Lord Cavendish, without my hinting the matter to him, explained in the most satisfactory manner. He said that Lord Grosvenor and Lord Ashley, like himself, had been not a little mortified and troubled by their funds failing; but this was owing to the report of their death in the Indian territories, which, having been fully credited in London, the Governor of the Bank of England, with his habitual caution, had of course withheld any farther remittances, until he could learn that the illustrious party were still alive; and he would not credit mere newspaper reports, but would wait until informed by the noblemen themselves, under their own signatures. Otherwise he was afraid that his remittances might fall into the hands of hostile Sioux and Crow Indians, who, having little idea of their value, would sell them for a mere song to the Government Indian agents, who would have no

difficulty in negotiating them at the Treasury in Washington. It quite reassured me, to find that my noble friend's pecuniary affairs were intrusted to such a leading financier as the Governor of the Bank of England, and Lord Cavendish assures me that I shall be repaid as soon as he can make the 'old lady in Threadneedle-street' hear him.

'Uncle Caleb meanwhile has been more liberal than I supposed he could be. In truth, I was so occupied with Lord Cavendish and party, that I totally forgot my business objects, or rather felt such disgust for trade while with those to whom its degradations are unknown, that I could not bring myself down to it. But after ten delightful days, I was reminded of it by a letter from uncle, who wished to know how I was getting on in the bacon, and why I had not written. But he supposed I had been very busy; and as a proof of his good wishes for me, inclosed me a draft for three hundred dollars, saying that after I had finished my business, I might enjoy a little holiday and run down to New-Orleans. I showed the draft to his lordship, who could scarce have been more pleased had he received it himself. Uncle Caleb also said, that if I continued to conduct myself to his satisfaction, he would send me out to England during the coming summer. Lord Cavendish at once, without the least solicitation on my part, sat down and wrote for me a letter of introduction to the present Duke of Wellington, which he says will be just as good six months hence as now. His letter, which I copy, runs thus :

'MY DEAR DOOK : Receive for the sake of your old crony, his friend G. V. Jollygreen, Esq., who has been of great use to me while here. You doubtless heard of my being 'chawed up,' as they say, by Indians : it was altogether incorrect. When I get again into Apsley House, we'll talk these items over. Meanwhile, introduce Jollygreen to the Queen at Windsor, and say to her what I say to you of my young friend—the best thing I can say—that he is worthy of his name. Drop a fellow a line, now and then. Yours always,

'CAVENDISH AND DIDDLER.'

'Diddler, he informed me, was his second title, which he used to distinguish himself from other Lord Cavendishes, relatives of his; and on my asking him why he spelt duke, 'd-o-o-k,' and with a small *d*, he said it was only a playful freedom used exclusively with Wellington, who had been his fag at Eton.

'Uncle Caleb's letter put me in mind to visit some of the merchants whom I had neglected, and I went to see one of them, without, of course, informing his lordship that I was going to a vulgar bacon-store. As soon as I delivered my letter, the merchant asked why I had not visited him sooner, and in the same breath, if I was prepared to make

a cash advance on five hundred barrels of lard-oil. I really could no longer contain my disgust for the hog business in all its shapes. I answered that I supposed he could consign his oil to Jowl and Jollygreen, and then rather tartly told him that I had been spending my time so agreeably with Lord Cavendish, that no thought of the odious oil and lard trade had before crossed my mind. His look, intended for contempt, so different from my noble friend's aristocratic scorn, produced no effect upon me; but I was rather startled when he told me that my story about Lord Cavendish was a humbug, and that, so far from leaving him five minutes ago, he was that moment in Louisville, Kentucky, when he showed me a paragraph to that effect in the *Cincinnati Gazette*. I knew this was a mistake and said so, when he inquired if I was also hand-in-glove with Lord Diddler. I then told him that I knew nothing of *his* lords, in Louisville, or not, but that *my* Lord Cavendish and Lord Diddler were one and the same person; and I was much gratified to find that he altered his views at once, for he said he had no doubt of it. On my return to the Burnet House, I mentioned the newspaper report to Lord Cavendish, and learned from him that he had had it inserted for the better concealment of his incognito, and partly to mislead some anonymous letter-writers in Louisville, who had annoyed him and his friends, by urging them to come over to Kentucky, and bring their coronets.

'I had intended, my dearest Mortimer, to give you a full account of my sweet experiences with the sister of my noble friend, the high-born and lovely Lady Annabella. But my letter has grown to such a length, that I must forego, for a few days only, the delight of unfolding to you the charming story in all its details. My meeting with her, however, has not been less singular than with her brother and his friends, inasmuch as I did not know that she was in this country, having seen no notice of her in the papers. But on the third evening after my arrival here, when with his characteristic amiability Lord Cavendish had accepted my invitation to the theatre, where we listened to the dulcet voice of Annie Milnor in the 'Bohemian Girl,' I was suddenly surprised to see him kiss his hand to a most beautiful creature in an opposite box, who sat between Lord Grosvenor and Lord Ashley. I inquired who she was, when my friend informed me, as a great secret, that she was his own sister, who, with the same passion for travel as his, was even more adventurous. She had been a companion of Madame Ida Pfeiffer in many of her journeys, and had become most intimately acquainted with our celebrated fellow-townsmen Bayard Taylor, for whom she expressed the warmest admiration. She had been of late in the East, had crossed the Pacific to San-Francisco, and thence reached St. Louis by the overland mail from California, expressly to meet her affectionate brother. After the opera, I was pre-

sented to her with a beating heart. Need I say that I loved at first sight, and was in turn beloved. Annabella, I call her so now, says that she was first forced to travel from the pining solitude of a heart which sought in vain among the ambitious nobles of her own land for one disinterested mate; and since our actual engagement, she has told me very often, that if it were unavoidable, she would for me exchange, without an instant's hesitation, the palatial splendors of Chatsworth for the primeval simplicity of these Western wilds. As all is now arranged for our union, I feel no longer any hesitation in writing a full account of every thing to Uncle Caleb. Although himself averse to fashion, he will rejoice at my entire success and prospective alliance with a ducal house. I shall therefore write to-day, drawing on him for five hundred dollars, as Lord Cavendish and party have not yet heard from the Governor of the Bank of England, and at the same time ask him to engage a suite of apartments at the Everett House. We go in about a month to New-York, and Lord Cavendish says he prefers the Everett, as his friend Lord Bury staid there just previous to his departure for Europe.'

Here closed my ambitious friend's letter, and wondering what was to come next, I waited anxiously for ten days. By that time, I accidentally heard that Gustavus Vasa had returned from the west without his noble friends. Soon after, I met Uncle Caleb in the street, who told me that on the receipt of his nephew's letters, he had let his draft for five hundred dollars go to protest, and peremptorily ordered the Burnet House proprietors to send him home, which they did without hesitation—the *quasi* lord and his pretended sister, who was his mistress, having been arrested the same day for obtaining money under false pretences. He farther informed me, that Gustavus steadily refused to believe that he had been swindled, and looked much dejected every time a letter came to hand post-marked 'Cincinnati.'

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FROM 'MUSEUM DELICIOÆ.'

Commit the ship unto the wind,  
But not thy faith to womankind;  
There is more safety in a wave  
Than in the faith that women have:  
No woman's good: if chance it fall  
Some one be good among them all,  
Some strange intent the destinies had  
To make a good thing of a bad.

## MY COUSIN'S SECRET.

I AM often asked whether I have ever been in love; and those who look upon my calm, passionless face wonder if an emotion of the heart ever ruffled its surface. My young friends, who think me amiable and good-natured, suppose it possible that I may have in some former time experienced a tender sentiment, and amuse themselves in speculating upon the placid and kindly manner in which the sedate amour was conducted. Well, come, sit down, and I will relate to you a portion of my life that never was revealed before — that never should be revealed, except as a warning to those who are indulging their own heart's passions, even in opposition to filial duty.

I was eighteen when I left school, my education finished, and returned to my parents' house in Baltimore. Knowing my indulgent mother would not control me much, I anticipated great pleasure when at home, and determined to enjoy all the sweets of my new-found freedom. My natural propensity, however, soon declared itself: happiness could only come to me through my affections. The first novelty over, pleasure ceased to charm, fashion and vanity dwindled into nothingness, and my heart demanded its more fitting food.

My mother I loved intensely, my little half-sisters were inexpressibly dear; and though not quite so near in consanguinity, yet, from sympathy and companionship, almost as well beloved, was my gentle and beautiful cousin Charlotte.

To these precious objects I now devoted myself, and in their society and interests spent all my time and thoughts. They all loved me fondly; and yet my exacting spirit required more. I was not the first object of affection to any of them; and nothing but the supreme love of an undivided heart could satisfy my yearning. I could look back upon the time — it was not so very far distant — when my mother held me to her widowed breast, and lavished on me all the fondness of her loving nature; but a second marriage came, and other flowerets budded round her heart. I was no longer her sole joy.

I could also remember, when to cousin Charlotte my child-love had been the richest blessing. Mother or sister, she had none; and though some years my senior, her sweet, simple spirit found congeniality with mine. She gave me the best and warmest place in her gentle bosom, until another love found entrance to her heart — a master-passion came and shook me from my throne, and I reigned there no more.

Of this latter fact Charlotte never informed me. During my absence at school, we had maintained an affectionate correspondence; and on my return home, she was there to meet me, and to petition for



my frequent companionship in her lonely dwelling ; yet no hint of another or dearer friend, no allusion to him who had superseded me in her gentle heart ; her secret was too precious to be handled even by me. But my intuition was strong and acute, especially where I loved ; and now that I was constantly in her company — my uncle's house being only a few blocks from ours — I discovered, in trifles the most minute, an insight of the whole affair.

My uncle was a professor of religion, and a member of the same church as my father ; but of more stern and rigid views and principles, he required his family to walk in a certain line, and forbade that the taint of the world should come upon his household.

A naval officer of gay tastes and associations was he who had won the first place in Charlotte's heart. The brother of a school-mate, she had become acquainted with him in early girlhood ; and ere the down had gathered on his cheek, or her understanding was formed, their troth had been given to each other.

Poor Charlotte ! She had seen her happiest days : henceforth her life was to be made up of concealment, anxiety, and self-reproach. The pious father, into whose sober presence the gay young sailor dared not enter, was not to hear the story of his daughter's love ; and, lest through any channel it should reach his ears, the secret was to be carefully locked within her own bosom. She continued to visit the sister of her affianced, through whom the correspondence of the lovers was maintained. Their interviews were few and short, and conducted with the utmost caution : they met in fear, and parted in doubt. Educated as she had been, this was not a course which Charlotte's own conscience could approve. Her heart condemned her, and bitterly did she mourn over the fatal spell which she had not power to break.

You wonder how I learned all this : it was merely surmise, none of it was I told ; but loving her as I did, and being so much in her company, no phase of her varying countenance was unnoticed, no lightest word or simplest act passed unheeded. It was not long until she observed that she was being read, and I saw that she observed it. Finally she arrived at the perfect consciousness that her whole heart was bare before me, and I knew she was conscious of it. Still no open confidence was asked or given. On every other subject we were free as sisters : this one, by tacit consent was avoided.

All this time, my own spirit groaned under an unsatisfied longing. My cousin's secret attachment interested me : its mystery gave me mental occupation. Instead of disliking my rival, as I otherwise should, I took from him my ideal ; the navy, with all its wild and dangerous glory, became invested with a charm, the sea ever sparkled before my imagination, and a blue jacket was interwoven with all my dreams of romance.

It was while my mind was in this morbid state, discontented with the blessings of a favored lot, and yielding to the idolatrous wishes of a perverted nature, that my gay friends arranged a party for a water-excursion. I would have been delighted if my beloved cousin could have shared in this pleasure; but from the society of the world, by her father's strict laws she was prohibited. In fashionable life I had never enjoyed her dear companionship; her attendance it would therefore have been vain to solicit.

What need that I should describe the party, the scenes or the occurrences of that day? I cannot! they swim before my memory as an indistinct vision, the only clearly defined portion of which is a lordly form, a dark, proud, intellectual eye, and a voice whose flexible chords thrilled through every chamber of my brain. To explain: some of the officers of a man-of-war, then anchored in the bay, were of our company, in one of whom I recognized the ideal of my dreams. My heart throbbed, my nerves became painfully agitated, as I found myself the object of his gallant attentions; and, on that gorgeous summer day, while floating over the blue tide of the beautiful Chesapeake, I drank my first deep draught of love.

And now, without thought, reflection, or concern, I gave myself up to this sweet enthrallment. Mr. Kinlock had not long to stay in Baltimore, his ship being under sailing-orders; how, then, could I refuse myself the pleasure of seeing him every available opportunity? Swiftly the days fled, happiness intense, almost insupportable was mine, for I had the blessed assurance that I was loved — loved to the full measure of my yearning: he who had won my heart, delighted to open his own, and show me the place I occupied as first and sole sovereign there. It was enough: dazzled, intoxicated, enraptured, earth shone as if illumined by a thousand suns, my pathway glittered as though paved with gems. Nor was one care for the endless future mingled with my present joy. What signified it to me that my lover knew not my father's God, that he bowed at no shrine, worshipped no deity? my own heart was equally carnal, and my soul, with all its bright intelligence, was prostrate before an earthly idol.

Love knows not the measure of time. When skies are fair and winds propitious, the bark of Cupid glides swiftly on, and days become as years in the progress the happy voyagers make in heart-intimacy. It was so with us: and during the few weeks from our first meeting to the day on which his gallant ship lifted her anchor, Mr. Kinlock and I had lived a whole age of bliss.

He was now gone, and I returned again to the ordinary social routine; but how changed the aspect of my life, how tame and dull and common-place the world appeared without him! How had I lived before I knew his love? how should I live again, if deprived of it?



But this impossibility was not to be thought of, and I put away the dread query unanswered.

My visits to Charlotte were resumed. Few and hasty they had been of late; but she divined the cause, and her loving heart sympathized in my new-found happiness. Yet no word of confidence passed between us. I could not tell my tale of joy to her whose spirit groaned under the burden of a secret betrothal, and whose lonely way was seldom cheered by the sight of him who was her all. What a strong bond of union must have existed between our spirits — that gentle girl's and mine — that, without any outward communication, our experiences were known to each other. Of the state of her heart I had long been aware; and when she strained me to her bosom, a flood of tears gushing from her eyes, I felt that she had been reading the happy story of mine, and no word was necessary to assure me of her tender interest in it.

Weeks, months passed, in which I was only fed and sustained by the letters which came from time to time, bearing post-marks from every port at which my lover touched in his cruise. These warm, wild epistles, whose every burning line became stereotyped upon my brain, excited to more vivid glow the flame within my breast, and gave increased fervor to my passionate idolatry.

Still I was not so occupied with self as to prevent my seeing that the health of my sweet cousin was not as formerly. She made no complaint, uttered no moan; but I often found her reclining at an hour when she used to be all activity. Her complexion, never ruddy, was becoming pale and transparent, and her light form more attenuated, while her movements were languid and her spirits fitful. Charlotte was evidently fading: her mother had died of pulmonary disease, the seeds of which might have been transmitted to this her only daughter. The idea brought alarm; and my uncle immediately sought medical opinion. No danger, however, was apprehended. Her constitution was not strong, the physician said, and she would always require careful treatment; but there were no indications of inherent disease traceable in her system. Change of air, and mineral baths were recommended, to remove the present debility; and I was invited to accompany her to the Virginia springs.

I look back now to that brief season, spent in a gay valley of the Blue Ridge, as to a sweet and tranquil dream enjoyed before the chills and tempests of a winter day. Owing to my uncle's habit of eschewing worldly society, we lived apart from the fashionable throng that composed the company at the springs; but Charlotte and I were society enough for each other: we walked, rode, and bathed together, and upon every subject, but the one, we thought and felt in common. I had ever appreciated her lovely and delicate mind; but now, that I

was always with her, no object to distract or intervene, I entered more fully its inner nature, and oh! how blest I thought that man who should enjoy her life-companionship, while I wondered that he had not tried to retain her purity, and thus have rendered himself worthy her father's approbation.

We returned to Baltimore. Charlotte's health was much improved; and I was desirous to return, as a letter from Mr. Kinlock had informed me that his vessel was now at Norfolk, and he would get leave of absence for a few days to visit me.

He came, and my poor erring heart rejoiced that my mother or her husband were not too pious to countenance my gallant sailor. I knew that, had my father lived, my choice would not have been sanctioned; but my rebellious spirit was not going to yield to a dead parent's wishes; nay, I even felt that, were he living, I should have spurned his wise control, and rushed on in my own wild course.

The days quickly sped, though each one was an age of happiness; and when the parting hour arrived, it seemed as if my very life was to be torn away, and only my trembling, aching frame left behind.

It was uncertain when we should next meet; and some dark foreboding was mingled with the parting pain. I stood beside my lover; and the stream in my veins seemed frozen. I scarcely felt as he placed a ring on the finger of my cold, passive hand, and then, folding his arms around me, pressed kiss after kiss upon my brow, cheek, and lips, murmuring: 'Mine — mine own — forever.'

He was gone. The boat which was to take him to Norfolk would start in two hours, and the interim he must spend in business connected with the service. Restless and wretched, I knew not what to do. I could not yet meet the inquiries of my mother, so, putting on bonnet and shawl, I went round to Charlotte.

I entered, as usual, without ceremony, and ran up to her own room. She was not there; but, knowing that she would soon come, I took a seat to await her. A few moments I sat, listening to the beating of my heart, then raised my eyes, and looked round for something to divert my attention. Her bird was singing in the open window; her pretty paintings hung on the wall; her work lay on a table near; every thing spoke of a calm life, and a sweet, soft love, so different from the wild passion now throbbing within my bosom.

But, what do I see? a note half-hidden beneath a piece of embroidery in her work-basket, the superscription of which is in a well-known hand. I know not why, for I was always punctilious in points of honor, I seized the note, opened and read it. It was brief. I can repeat it: it ran thus:

'DEAR CHARLOTTE: You may hear of my being in town, and

wonder at not seeing me ; but I have come upon an admiralty errand, have only a few hours to stay, and cannot possibly spare time for a meeting. I know your gentle heart will excuse your faithful

‘E. K.’

Like a flood of lightning on mid-night darkness, as sudden and as vivid, came the rush of understanding to my startled mind. I saw my love, my idol, my betrothed, the affianced of another, and that other, my dearest friend, the sister of my soul. I remembered with anguish that upon this subject we had exchanged no confidence. She had never breathed the name of her lover, I had never uttered that of mine. We had assisted in our own deception, in his fickleness and perjury ; and now came the fearful termination, fraught with horror and despair to us both.

A volcano raged within me ; yet I neither shrieked nor fainted, but replacing the note where I found it, left the room. On the stairs I met Charlotte, and passively submitted to her embrace. The recent parting, of which she was instinctively aware, accounted to her for my agitation and caprice ; and when I hurriedly said that I could not stay now, but would come again to-morrow, she asked no question, but pressed her cool lips again to mine, which burnt like live embers, and, with a whispered blessing, let me go.

I fled home, her soft caress clinging to my lips, her sweet voice chiming in my ear, while within me was an insane tumult. I reached my own room, snatched a pencil and a scrap of paper, and wrote :

‘Come to me ! I must see you for a moment ! Do not leave without coming to me, or you never see me again.’

This I committed to an old and trusted servant, and, ere I thought he had time to deliver it, Mr. Kinlock was announced.

In the same room that had witnessed our tender parting of an hour ago I now confronted the traitor. He saw the wild-fire in my eye, and became pale and unnerved. I stood, and in haughty and frigid tones demanded if he had ever loved before he knew me. As if aware he was discovered, he commenced in deprecating strain :

‘At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship ——’

‘Silence !’ I exclaimed ; ‘how dare you mock me with such bombast ?’ And then the flood-gates of my wrath and love gave way, and I poured upon him the full tide of my indignation and despair.

With agony depicted on his countenance, he sunk at my feet ; but I spurned him away. I tore from my finger the ring it had so short a time worn, and cast it before him ; then, with fierce determination, commanded him from my presence, never, never to appear in it again.



He entreated to be heard, but I refused. Pled to be permitted one word, but I would have none. I told him I had never loved him, I knew it by my present feelings. Had I loved him, I should hate him now, whereas I only experienced indifference and contempt. I scorned his dissimulation, loathed his perfidy, and desired to be rid of his presence. Oh! how he writhed and winced under those bitter words! I saw the pain I was inflicting, and exulted in it. At length I put an end to the scene by ordering him from my sight; and, lithographed upon my memory now is the last fond, frenzied glance which he turned upon me as he rushed from the house.

Oh! that I could close my story here! that I could say the scathing misery of that hour was the severest I was to undergo; but alas! I had only felt the rod, the sword was to pierce me yet.

I did not learn it immediately, for the morning papers were carefully put out of my way; but this fact, in connection with a peculiar tenderness toward me in the manners of both my mother and step-father, raised vague suspicions of unknown evil.

After breakfast my mother took me to her room, seated me beside her, and then it was told me—told gently and cautiously, the worst kept for the last; but it was all told me. Mr. Kinlock was dead, had died by his own hand. The previous evening he went on board the Norfolk boat just before she was ready to start. He was observed to be in a state of feverish excitement. In a few minutes the report of a pistol issued from the cabin, where he was alone, the other passengers being on deck. They hastened to ascertain the cause of the sound. The lieutenant lay on the ground, his right hand grasping the weapon: the bullet was in his heart.

My mother's kind preface and after-soothing were unheard, this alone reached my excited brain—HE WAS A SUICIDE! He had gone to judgment with his own blood upon his head, and I had driven him to it. Mid-night darkness was around me; loathsome, creeping things were over me, I felt their cold slime upon my skin, while fiends were rending my vitals. I would have sought relief in shrieking, but I had not sufficient strength. I would have taken refuge in a swoon, but I was not weak enough. My strength and my weakness combated, my will overcame them both. I rose to my feet, said I would go to Charlotte, and seizing the first bonnet that came to hand, left the house.

I do not know how I got to my uncle's; I only remember the scene that awaited me there. On the floor of the breakfast-room lay my cousin in a pool of blood, the servants rushing wildly around, my uncle in a state of distraction. 'Hemorrhage of the lungs,' said the Doctor; but what caused it? I could have told. She had fallen with the fatal newspaper in her hand. She had received the dread intelligence, not

from soft and loving lips, while a warm arm enfolded her, but had read it, without preface, coldly detailed by a hackneyed paragraphist. Nor had her gentle spirit been prepared by any previous shock; but in the midst of love, confidence, and hope, the blow had come, and she sunk, bleeding and insensible beneath its weight.

By Charlotte's bed was now my post. Her danger diverted my mind from its great wo, and kept my reason on its throne. She and I had loved as sisters, and now I tended her with an energy that was the surest antidote to madness. But it lasted not long. Her frail constitution quickly gave way; and the lovely lamp which had shed its perfumed light round an admiring circle, was soon extinguished.

On the eve of her departure, she confessed to her father the sin of her heart. She had loved, she said, against his approbation and without his knowledge, and had been justly punished. To me she also told the touching tale; but the whole she never knew — she passed away without learning that her lover's heart had been estranged from her, that his faith and troth had been broken.

In our house Mr. Kinlock's name was never again mentioned. His rash act was talked of by the public, and its incitement traced to different sources; but — O short-sighted human conjecture! — the true one was never discovered.

At the sad, solemn death-bed of my beloved cousin the wild passion of my life was subdued; and kneeling beside her beautiful clay in penitent tears, I laid my bruised and bleeding heart at the foot of the cross.

Since then my life has been spent in feeble efforts to be useful. My sisters I helped to educate, and I am now performing the same office for their children; and I hope that, as long as I remain in the world, society will find me employment. Purified from the guilt of passion and idolatry, my heart still retains its loving nature; and whatever of peace and content I enjoy is to be attributed to the consciousness of performing, to the best of my ability, my duty to my neighbor.

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FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

ALL night alone we journeyed on,  
In a carriage, close together;  
We laughed and talked right joyously,  
In spite of wind and weather:  
But when first broke the morning light,  
Judge of our fright, my child:  
Between us sat a blind-eyed boy —  
'T was LOVE, with aspect mild.

## THE MODEL WIFE.

ABOUT a week ago, one night,  
I went with JACOB LEE,  
To visit his aunt POLLY WHITE,  
And drink a cup of tea.

Full fifty times in JACOB's life  
He had averred to me,  
That POLLY was a model wife,  
And so I went to see.

We found her with her main and might  
A-chopping by the door.  
'She never thinks of asking WHITE,'  
Said JAKE, 'to do a chora.

'But milks the cows through cold and wet,  
At risk of life and limb,  
And every six-pence she can get,  
She duly gives to him.

'And, as you presently will see,  
As true as I'm alive,  
Though she is only forty-three,  
She looks like sixty-five!

'Seeing her changed to such a fright  
From what in youth she was,  
'T is natural that Uncle WHITE  
Should scold her, as he does.

'And she, dear patient angel, grieves  
And suffers all the while;  
I really think that JAKE believes  
Good women never smile.'

Ere yet her visitors she spied,  
Enthusiasm grew  
To such a pitch, he ran and cried:  
'Aunt POLLY, how d' you do?'

Her husband, in a drunken fit,  
Was lying on the bed:  
'Poor man, he is n't well a bit,'  
Was all Aunt POLLY said.

She sat down by him on a stool,  
Shaking and pale with fear,  
And every time he said 'You fool!'  
She told us he said, 'Dear.'

And every time she gave him gin,  
She whispered me and JAKE,  
It was a bitter medicine  
The doctor made him take.

And often as he swore an oath,  
She filled another glass,  
And like a good wife told us both  
He taught the Bible-class !

At last she got him out of bed,  
And though he could n't stir,  
She held him on his legs, and said  
That he was holding her !

Propping him up against the wall  
At tea, as best she could,  
She said to us : ' He gave me all  
These tea-things — an't he good ? '

But JACOB said, though Mr. WHITE  
Perhaps had bought the delf,  
His dear aunt POLLY sewed at night,  
And paid for it herself.

Then with an accent rendered sweet  
By such true worth, he said :  
You see she gives him all the meat,  
And eats a crust of bread.

Once when he growled that she was grown  
As homely as a crow,  
She said to us in under-tone :  
' Out of his head, you know. '

And when for this he gave her blame,  
She hid her patient face  
Under her withered hands, the same  
As if he said the grace.

And while some drops of anguish fell  
From the full fountain near,  
She smiled, and said she could n't tell  
When she had shed a tear.

I felt my soul within me stir  
When, finishing his praise,  
JAKE said : ' No model wife like her  
Can live out half her days ! '

That wretched night in sleep I cried,  
Believing in my fright,  
That every married woman lied  
The same as POLLY WHITE.

And spite of all that I could do,  
When I was wide awake,  
I thought that every man I knew  
Was very much like JACK.

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### W A T - W A N D E R I N G S

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

THE Sabbath light was pouring in through the half-closed shutters as we awoke, for the first time, in the capital of Siam. And not glad light alone, but sweet music; now low and faint and far; now near, swelling, pealing. We hastened to the window, and oh! the vision of beauty! Towering on high, over-shining turret, and temple and corridor and sala and park, flashing and sparkling with gold and porcelain and glaze, gorgeous with yellow and green and red and blue and white, vocal with hundreds of tiny bells from every coin and corner rung by spirits of air, rose the Pagoda of Wat Chèng. It was waking from a dream — nay, to a dream realized — of Fairy-Land! No glowing tale of Araby, or of the farther Orient, had to the wild imaginings of our boyhood pictured aught like this. Long and lingeringly did we gaze upon that wondrously beautiful, that beautifully wondrous pile. And as day by day, month by month, we gazed, it grew in beauty and wondrousness.

Don carefully the thick pith India hat, raise the butterfly-and-dragon-embellished China umbrella against the brain-burning sun, and let us forth to our wanderings. Through the open gate, two painful mysteries, olfactory and auricular, are solved. Tread lightly among the drying fish which carpet the green sward and the brick pavement, and smell to the heavens. Watch pityingly fifty or sixty convicts, many in chains, by chorus and ropes hauling up from the river a huge barge. Lift the hat respectfully to his Royal Highness Krom Hluang Wongsa Dhiraj Snidh, their master, who, with jolly face and form, seated in the high and broad gate-way of the palace, with trees and flowers in the back-ground, recalls pictures by Hans Holbein. Break cautiously the line of coolies trotting up to the Prince's go-down, laden with rice, from the crowd of country boats. Observe pleasantly the juveniles, in almost paradisiacal undress, making their



important investment in the rice-cakes and sugar-cane, which an ancient female doles out for cowries, by the way-side: here too, indig-  
nantly, the circle of men, women, and children, in their far less lucra-  
tive investment at the carded and diced mat, over which a cunning  
knave presides and fattens. Peep curiously into one of the Chinese  
saw-sheds, in which all the lumber of the country is sawn by hand.  
Run boldly the gauntlet of howling curs and miscellaneous mire,  
*strongly* suggestive of dewy meadows and morning larks, down the  
narrow alley-street. Over, seriously, a low stile, and we stand within  
the sacred precincts of Wat Chèng.\*

The extensive grounds, inclosed on three sides by walls, and  
divided unequally by another, front on the noble Menam. Be-  
neath the many luxuriant trees — the tamarind, the sacred fig, and  
others — ceaselessly repose crocodiles, elephants, birds, griffins, and  
other natives of water, earth, air, and fancy. Here too are the  
salas — open halls with painted roofs and stuccoed pillars — in which  
the priests, yellow-robed, 'all shaven and shorn,' lounge, and at the  
signal of the white flag, preach to the people. Yonder is a flag-staff,  
on which nightly is hoisted a taper, to propitiate the evil spirits.

These European guards will not break their granite silence to  
demand the countersign or to present arms, if we pass through  
the gate to this miniature mountain. At its base flow little fountains,  
in which diminutive swine on the margin would fain lave their porce-  
lain bodies. At each turn about the rugged heights meet you, with  
unchanging stare, men from many lands, elephants, tigers, crows.  
And beware of that eye and growl and grip of life in the rock-  
crevice beneath the roots of that tree — a *mater familias*, and an ad-  
dition to the hundreds of canines which, unowned, unharmed, uncared  
for, infest the wats. This is 'Celestial' art: this granite and porcelain  
statuary, these rocks, those granite walks, were all the gift of the  
'Flowery Kingdom.'

Passing two giant demon-warders into the second and larger area,  
we approach the great central Prachadi or Pagoda. Like all the edi-  
fices and walls of wats and palaces, it is of stuccoed brick, and like  
most pagodas, solid from side to side, and from base to summit. On  
four of its sides, (eight beside those of minor angles,) each eighty feet  
long, by granite steps we ascend to the first encircling gallery. The  
balustrade, surmounted by many well-graven vases, is of green open  
porcelain squares in stucco-work gemmed with innumerable sets of  
broken china. In the inner wall images of Buddh, covered with

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\* THE Siamese 'Wat,' corresponding to the *ἱερόν* of the Greek, is applied to the whole  
sacred inclosure; the term 'temple,' the *ναός* of the Greek, to the edifice in which is  
enthroned the principal idol.

shining scales, are kneeling with soles outward, *a la* Buddh ever, and with up-lifted hands supporting the gallery above. Ascend by very steep stairs to other galleries, at intervals of eighteen or twenty feet, similarly supported and ornamented, and gradually decreasing in circuit and width. From the last look down. Stretching far away as eye can reach, on every hand, a forest of living perennial green: follow the winding river, (the Broadway of Bangkok,) with its thousands of hurrying boats, its gay barges, its gaudy junks, its ships of all nations, its miles of floating-houses; yon the waving flags of the Consulates; here and yon the white, peaceful forts, and the high palaces of kings and princes; and here, and yon, and yon, the wats of Buddh, with white walls gleaming through the thick leaves, and seriate roofs and spacious domes and lofty spires painted and gilded and glazed, and resplendent as a hundred ice-clad roofs and trees in the noon-tide sun of the home-land! No pen, no pencil here!

Ah! what is there! Look up again. High up, in those niches see the fearless riders of the triple-headed elephants. Up, above each niche a beautiful miniature pagoda. Up, the great Pagoda now round, is rising to its crown. Up, to the tip of that sacred device of gilt, two hundred and fifty feet from the ground. Look down once more. Equidistant from the central, are four lower but lofty prachadis, of like form and adorning, and adding their notes to the unchimed chime rung by the fitful breeze on the gilded pomegranate leaves pendent from the gilded bells. Lower, and central to the great area, stands the Temple, with its lofty colonnade or peristyle of pillars rising to the very eaves; its beautifully colored and glazed roof ascending by a series of narrowing roofs many feet, and unbroken many feet farther; its gables profusely painted, carved, and gilded, with the ends of all the roof-ridges adorned with a gilded horn-like projection—whose meaning we could never learn—its walls stuccoed to an intense whiteness. Lower still, on either hand, the long ranges of cells for the many priests, and environing the Pagoda, the long corridors filled with images of Buddh. In the rear of the Temple—but let us go down from this heavenward height, down, down, to the Gates of Tartarus.

In the rear of the Temple are walls covered with paintings hideous, from the eight hells of Buddh. Here from the jaws and throat of a liar, or slanderer of Buddh or his priests, devils are drawing the teeth and tongue. Here they are flaying, with red-hot irons, one guilty of stealing gold from an idol, or refusing to clothe the naked. Here a medical empiric is being crushed to death beneath the ponderous stone on which he prepared his unsuccessful prescriptions. Here beneath the burning sun, on his back, a drunkard is chained, at his side waters which the poor Tantalus can only almost reach. Here a glutton, with form and face wasted to shadow, is surrounded by devils

ever offering, never giving food. Here a — but pen dare not write those walls. The obscene, the horrible, the diabolical, the — what an arch-fiend alone could suggest, an arch-inquisitor alone execute, is here. With eyes and heart and whole being sick, we turn away.

On the opposite side of the river is Wat Che Tu Pon, or, anciently and commonly, Wat Po, 'The Wat of the People.' It is the 'Solomon's Temple' of Siam. With a plan and a detail, by two gentlemen of skill and accuracy in such matters, unsurpassed, we will retrace the labyrinthine wanderings through this wat, in which we were guided by a venerable and venerated friend, for twenty-five years a toiler here. We press through the priests crowding the landing to bathe, wend our way amid piles of brick, and with devotees bearing in their mirror-vases fruits and flowers, pass through the gates of the old city-wall, and now those of the wat, into an area of more than four acres. Many pleasant salas — open pillared halls — invite to rest. But not to rest alone. Here is learning, learning by the square foot. Approach, believers in dreams! marble tablets in these sala-pillars will instruct you what visions of the night portend ill, what good. Approach, anxious mothers! here marble tablets, with ghosts above and naked infants on either hand, will instruct you the days propitious for birth, and the cure for the measles, or other disease inevitable to a mundane entrance on a day unpropitious. Approach, disciples of Æsculapius! here marble tablets illustrated, will instruct you what medicines and what *attitudes* will remove all the maladies poor flesh is heir to. Here are twenty-four, relative to the treatment of small-pox alone. Surely yours need not be the fate of the hapless practitioner over the river.

At 'The Chapel:' but it is too late for the matins of the priests, and too early for the homily on the sacred books to the people, who sit on the brick floor, while the Scribes and Pharisees fill 'the chief seats of the synagogue,' the marble platforms above. We enter 'The Sacred Pool,' fed subterraneously from the river, shaded by richly-leaved trees, beneath which the priests stand for hours in contemplation, margined widely by artificial rock-work, in whose nooks tigers and swine, apes and elephants stand forever in contemplation, and tenanted by two large crocodiles. But the sacred pets, like the bipeds of the wats, are most frequently seen when they want feeding.

Next in range is 'The Sacred Library,' octagonal and spired, containing, in Chinese cases richly carved and inlaid, the sacred books of Buddh. These are written, or styled rather, in Pali, the sacred language, on palm-slips two or three inches wide, from eighteen to twenty-two long, and filed on strings. Here our keys of silver failed to procure those of a humbler metal. Next 'The Garden;' about the

through. Ascending a repairing-scaffold, we found it, from the aldermanic part of the body through to the back, fourteen feet; 'shoulder to shoulder,' nineteen; shoulder to elbow, twenty-one; the second finger, eight; the ear, eleven feet. From the 'sea-shell' curls of the head to the platform, forty feet; to the floor, forty-five. His horizontal length is one hundred and thirty-six feet and a third; the whole length, from the tip of the 'glory' cone rising above the curls to the soles of the feet, by our estimate, one hundred and fifty-eight feet; by another, one hundred and sixty-three feet!

Why, that very respectable old statue of Egypt, by the name of 'Memnon,' about fifty feet high, (Dr. Kane,) would lie only a fair-sized baby in the paternal embrace of this Gaudama. Place back to back with Gaudama, erect on these pearly soles, the Colossus at Rhodes, and give him the highest figures, (of Festus,) and the 'Wonder of the World' would have been over-topped several inches at least, even on tip-toe. Another small item. His immense superficies is, from crown to sole, overlaid with *heavy pure gold*! Perhaps the Spanish ambassador of 1718 forgot that gold, like something else we much admire, may be only 'skin-deep,' when he saw in Siam 'an idol all of wrought gold, valued at three millions and a half of dollars, containing in it many diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones.' The King may err—a fatal breath for a subject—when he describes 'the image which his Majesty reverences and worships as if the Buddh Gotam was yet alive,' an image in the palace-temple, a foot and a half high, as 'made before 1457, . . . of a solid beautiful jasper, . . . on a golden throne thirty-four feet high, and gorgeously arrayed with ornaments of gold and precious stones, which are changed three times each year.' But

— 'the wealth of Ormus or of Ind'

is more than a poet's fancy.

Near this temple are the three pagodas of the preceding kings of the present dynasty, so beautiful and so far seen, spiring up, embellished with flowers of broken china, more than one hundred and twenty-five feet. A fourth is now being built by the ruling monarch. Though solid to sight, they are said to contain broken and defective metal images, and near the top, gold boxes with infinitesimal portions of Gaudama's osseous structure, which have strangely escaped his general absorption into a state of sentient nonentity. One hundred and thirty-five of his meek-eyed, cross-legged images farther honor this inclosure. The central temple, situated in the second area, is surrounded first by seventy spires of thirty or forty feet. Next, a wall, octagonal with receding and projecting angles, itself but the back of a granite-paved corridor containing two hundred and fifty-six images of Buddh, twice life-size, (save height,) heavily covered with pure gold. Within, across



a court, a second marble-paved corridor, often splendidly lit by numerous glass-shade cocoa-nut oil-lamps, with one hundred and forty-four metal images, four times life-size, and gold-covered.

Transversing and connecting these corridors, are the four 'Temples of the Points of the Compass.' Only one could we enter. It is occupied by a Buddh sitting on an artificial mountain, faced with broken colored-glass, with a gilded elephant kneeling and offering in his trunk a goglet or bottle of water, and a gilded ape with his tribute of adoration — a large honey-comb. Another contains Buddh as conqueror of the Great Serpent, the adversary of man. The conquered has twined up a tree, and with his seven hooded heads has canopied from sun and storm Buddh sitting beneath. Next the marble-paved square, with its gray marble shaft in each corner, graced with statues of angels, and higher, with monkeys grimacing under their superincumbent load.

And now, beneath one of eight granite arches overlaid with pure gold, we pass to the Temple of Temples. The edifice, with its marble colonnade, is one hundred and seventy-four feet long and one hundred broad. Up a few granite steps, through doors most profusely, curiously, and beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and we stand in the very 'Holy of Holies.' It is open monthly to the priesthood for the rehearsal of their laws; but otherwise only on signal occasions. The low voices of priests preparing for the ordination of another — whose procession was marching around the temple as we entered — murmur on our ears. We cannot await the interesting ceremony; but will recall another interesting and extraordinary, of some years ago, as outlined by an eye-witness.

It was the Anniversary of the Birth and Death of Gaudama. The wat-grounds and trees and edifices were brilliantly illuminated by thousands of lanterns and many-colored candles. The temple, with its massive pillars, its painted walls, and marble pavements, was flooded with light from chandeliers. At one end was enthroned a Buddh most highly venerated for its antiquity, and for the assistance of angels at its casting — irreverence before whom would bring on the guilty sickness or misfortune. A netted scarf of white flowers was thrown over one shoulder and across the breast, and another of white bordered with purple flowers fell from the base to the floor. Huge wax candles, lit by fire originally kindled by the lightning, and now only used otherwise at royal funeral-piles, are with vestal vigilance kept ever burning before it. Flowers festooned from the chandeliers and pillars mingled their incense with that of the burning sandal-wood. Various and rich offerings were spread around. On an adjacent pillar, with an incongruity not equalled by that of the statuette Napoleon beneath, hung a print of 'Christ Blessing Little Children.' Peals of music, and the voices of the throng, announced the coming of the king. He



ascended a pagoda near the temple, some thirty or forty feet, to its only apartment. On a platform, surrounded with flowers, tapers, and incense-sticks, was a model of a pagoda in brass. Within this is another of silver, within one of gold, within a series, each of different colored precious stones, and within all — O inestimable relic! — a representation in ivory of the famous 'Tooth of Buddh' in Ceylon. Before this the king knelt in prayer, then descended, marched thrice around the pagoda and temple, followed by a hundred chanting priests. Depositing their offerings around the base of the pagoda, they were followed in like march and offering by the people. All then moved to the temple, where before the idol the king adored, and he leading, they responding, chanted prayers from the Pali books. Again all prostrated themselves on the floor thrice, and resumed the chanting. The king then delivered in the vernacular a discourse on the great occasion, and concluded with a defence, for the edification of his missionary auditors, worthy of Pio Nono, of 'images as aids, not objects of worship.' Prayers and ceremonies occupied nearly the whole night in most of the temples of the city and kingdom.

Another area adjacent, of four acres, densely covered with houses, is the realm of Cœlebs; his subjects, seven hundred priests, all of this wat, having in their training a thousand novitiates and pupil-boys. It is mid-day, after which their *regime* does not permit the priests to eat: retired to their cells for the study and writing of the sacred books, or profound 'contemplation,' or profounder slumber on their bamboo racks or couches — limited sacredly to a cubit in height — few are to be seen. But flocks of boys, dogs, and crows, all with a like charmed life, fly cawing and yelping and shouting from you.

This wat was built originally by the first king of this dynasty, and, like all wats, for the purpose of 'making merit.' And indeed a vast item to his credit on the ledger with Conscience, it must have been. To remove the houses, to satisfy their occupants, and and to grade the grounds, cost nearly ten thousand dollars. Building and images had, in twenty-five years, in 1822, before the great 'Reclining God,' and many others were added, cost 465,440 ticals, or about two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. By subsequent kings, in repairing, (from the perishable materials frequent,) enlarging, adorning, and imagery, nearly five hundred thousand dollars more, it is estimated, have been out-laid. Is the old Spanish ambassador indulging in Castilian hyperbole, when he tells us of seeing a temple, which, 'no other in the world could equal in grandeur?' And this is but one — perhaps the most expensive and elaborate — of about forty 'royal wats' built and wholly or mostly sustained from the royal treasury.

There are also in Bangkok and vicinity, more than one hundred and

fifty wats, built and sustained by nobles and men of wealth, and tenanted with the former, by thirty thousand mendicant priests and novitiates. Surely such splendid and costly 'merit-making' must uplay a broad, smooth road through this world, through the many heavens of blessedness, to Nirvan, the highest heaven, of absolute, unchanging, and unchangeable repose. But oh! how sadly contrast the leaf hovels, which make up the city, and densely cluster in the very shadows of these St. Peter's and Notre Dames and St. Paul's! Ah! these magnificent wats are not the blessing of a high, brilliant civilization: they are the curse of a fathomless, deathly dark superstition!

About the middle of October opens the Carnival of the Asiatic Venice, and the 'Great Revival Time of Siam.' For weeks, repairing and garnishing, within and without, have been going on at the wats. During three nights of the full moon, thousands of ticals are burned in splendid fire-works before the royal palaces, in the presence of multitudes. The river is covered with transparencies of birds, animals, and men, and lit up for miles with innumerable tapers floating along in succession on leaves or ornamented frames. Musical and theatrical boats ply hither and thither. Now the eventful first day arrives. A richly-gilded barge, with hull of a single tree, one hundred and twenty feet long, and lofty bow and stern decked with horse-hair plumes and Masonic-like aprons, with a hundred gilded paddles simultaneously rising above the red-uniformed men, moves from the palace landing. Upon a golden throne, beneath a golden and crimson canopy, shaded by golden umbrellas, fanned by large, solid golden fans, served by crouching nobles from golden dishes, sits the King of Siam, the Defender of the Faith of Buddh. In front and rear are the like gorgeous boats of princes and nobles, each manned by fifty to eighty men in their gayest dress, and each carrying two or three standard-bearers. The air is filled with the simultaneous shouts of three or four thousand men, with the clang of staves and standards on the decks, and the discords dire and execrable of many bands. River and canals are cleared of boats, and low, in secret places, the people are peering and gazing out on royalty.

The procession reaches the wat: instantly thousands of paddles are dropped, thousands of hands clasped and uplifted to the forehead, as the king steps ashore. Seated on a golden sedan, he is borne on the shoulders of men to the temple. Crouched on the floor the priests are chanting prayers: all crouched save one: to the high-priest, 'The Lord of the Wat,' even the monarch kneels. He prostrates himself three times before Buddh, presents his offering to him, or rather his representatives in the yellow robes, and retires. The landing and gate-way through which royal feet have trod, are closed for another

year, and he proceeds as before, to other wats, or to the palace. And it is thus —

‘ — THE gorgeous east, with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pomp and gold.’

Thus, also, with bewildering dazzle and gilded fetters, her kings and millions are blinded and bound in hopeless heathenism.

For ten or twelve days the king in person, or by deputation of nobles, continues his ‘wat-visiting’ and ‘merit-making’ extraordinary. The people then begin theirs, and for days the rivers and canals are jubilant with ‘the lords of creation’ bearing gifts to the priests. Then succeed the fair sex, and Broadway and the Boulevards at the meridian of feminine splendor are eclipsed. Scores of ladies of rank afloat, in gold and diamonds and crape and brocade and satin, their female attendants and rowers in the most ununiform uniform of orange and blue and scarlet and purple and green and white and variegated cotton and silk! But you cannot now ‘gaze on woman’s beauty as a star.’ Queerly, after the manner of Turkish ladies, the face is all hid, save the laughing eye, by the scarf thrown over the shoulders and about the head. Perhaps, consolatory, this is to aid the weak humanity of those to whom they are bearing presents, the poor bachelors of the wats, commanded sacredly to ‘seek not pleasure by looking upon women.’ Now finally, as the tale is told, Young Siam takes to the water, and the evening air rings with the laughs and shouts and songs of the wat-bound crowd. Landing, all within the grounds is hushed as a desert night. Not a form or light to be seen, not a voice to be heard. All priesthood is sleeping the sweet sleep of conscious innocence and hard-earned ‘holiness.’ Noiselessly the youthful devotees steal up with their offerings to the doors of the cells, and as noiselessly retire — but not ‘for good.’ Their ‘pile’ of merit is not yet rounded off. At a safe distance they fall in line and front face, and at the word, pour in a volley of stones and bricks — beneath which Sebastopol might have fallen — upon the doors of ‘the Seven (hundred) Sleepers.’ In an instant out rush the terrified and enraged priests to catch and to castigate the disturbers of their sweet slumbers, but fail alike of the difficult premise and of the desired sequence. The boys and girls in high glee escape to the boats, and the pretended rage about pretended slumbers of their pursuers soon subsides, in the appropriation of their offerings.

Below the Foreign Cemetery is a wat, in the rear of whose other edifices is a structure unique and interesting. A temple of stuccoed brick, built in imitation of a Chinese junk, one hundred and fifty feet long and forty broad; its gaudily-painted stern high above mortal residences, the dwelling of a Buddh. This is a *lusus artis* of the last king, who died in 1851.

From scenes of saddening mirth and mournful magnificence, let us go down to the Valley of Hinnom. We enter the vast and much neglected grounds of 'The Wat of Burnings.' We linger to gaze at the ruins, overgrown with weeds and vines, of a Pagoda designed originally to be the loftiest in the city, and now towering, though tottering, on its treacherous and sunken foundations. Passing on, frightening from our path the pet horses of some pet prince, we come to altar-like piles of plastered brick, on and around which are the *debris* of nobler temples than art and wealth ever built. Here, almost daily, writhe and roast and consume in intense fires the bodies of the dead. But on, to the gate-way of this area. We care not to enter. Lonely but not deserted. On the margin of its green, stagnant pools, beneath its clumps of rank vegetation, gaunt, vagabond dogs are tearing and crouching — what? On those trees a hundred black ravens, on those gallows-like cross-beams a score of great, gray, loathsome vultures are gluttoned, dozing. Gluttoned with what? Ah! if you have seen with us the vile crows floating and feeding on a little dead child in the river-tide, or the foul vultures rending it lodged in some margin eddy, and gulping it piece by piece, you know what. Human bodies, the flesh of men! Of men too poor of money or of friends to have the pittance of that honor paid to their remains, which burning, and burning alone, can give to a Siamese. What horrors are every day to be seen at Wat Sikate! What horrors of horrors, when the pestilence has loaded the burning-places of this Gehenna with hundreds of bodies first in this Golgotha, stripped of their flesh by dogs and crows and vultures! We hastened to re-join those whose woman-eye we would not to look upon such a sight — once seen, seen forever.

Would you go up to the Mecca of Siam, to Phra-Bat, that 'Sacred Foot' of Buddh, to visit which is the deepest longing of the devout? A few hours with the northward tide to Ayuthia, an ancient capital, a century ago destroyed by the Burmese invader. Within the old city's nine miles circuit of prostrate walls, the chief relics of former greatness and splendor, are the rankly overgrown ruins of temples and images. Here are the remains of sitting images fifty or sixty feet high. Tradition, perhaps history, tells of a standing image, in whose composition twenty thousand pounds of copper, two thousand pounds of silver, and four hundred pounds of gold were consumed. Distant three or four miles, and reached by elephants, or at seasons, by boats over tide-merged rice-fields, stands a wat which from 1387 (according to legend) has survived the devastations of time and of war. Its central pagoda has encircling galleries, a lofty dome, the home of a Buddh and of bats and crows, and a gilded spire with point four hundred feet, it is said, from the ground. Here are images innumerable, from the tiny Buddh-ling of three or four inches, to the majestic statue, many much prized

for age, many re-gilded by the present king. A recent and most reliable visitor estimates eleven thousand three hundred images within this wat. It is indeed 'The Golden Mountain,' revered and loved.

Seat yourself on one of the 'old-fashioned stage-coaches,' or on the deck of a ship of the jungle, or literally, on the back of a huge elephant, for a ride of twelve or fourteen miles. Or, if you fear being lost and wandering hours — like a lady friend of ours — with an ignorant guide, proceed in your boat to a higher point on the river. At all times many, at certain times multitudes, of gay and gayly-dressed devotees throng this route. At the landing-places are hundreds of ornamented boats, and on shore 'a little city of temporary houses,' merry, especially by night, with music, dancing, feasting, gaming, and theatricals. Leaving the revels behind, your elephant will 'spring' you along over the well-beaten road, pausing now and then for a draught of water for himself and you from the pilgrim-wells. A few hours and the sacred mountain looms up before you; its summit spired with pagodas, its base graced with a wat magnificent in all the magnificence of costly materials and art.

Toil up the long ascent of the mountain, not, with the devotees, on your knees, to the splendid temple, the casket of 'The Glory of Siam.' Foregoing the thrice-made round of the others, enter at once a hall twenty-five feet square, with walls covered with paintings, and pavement covered throughout with sheets of silver. No colossal image sanctifies, no imposing rites solemnize the place. But sacred and solemn it seems. You deem not strange the wish of those bowed worshippers — though perchance it find not words — 'Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground.' In the centre of the dimly-lighted apartment is a silver railing, about a yard long, a half wide, and a third high, over-hung by a canopy heavily gilded and curtained with cloth of gold. Within and beneath is one of the 'foot-prints' which so kindly

Buddh, 'departing left behind him,  
On the' solid mountain rocks

of Siam, Ceylon, and Burmah. It is however not to be seen. Whether wholly, as the devout say, 'on account of the many offerings covering it,' some might doubt. Indeed they might not, if present when, as annually by the king all those piles of yellow cloth are removed to robe the priests, and that wealth of gold to be transformed into images of Buddh, see any thing which their highest faith could make an imprint of 'The Sacred Foot.' But lest I weaken the faith of any, I transcribe from the French Bishop, in whose favored diocese it is, 'the history of this relic: In the year 1602 notice was sent to the King at Ayuthia, that a discovery had been made at the foot of a



mountain, of what appeared to be a foot-mark of Buddha. The king sent his learned men, and the most intelligent priests, to report if the lineaments of the imprint resembled the description of the foot of Buddha, as given in the sacred Pali writings. The examination having taken place, and the report being in the affirmative, the king caused the monastery of Phra-Bat to be built, which has been enlarged and enriched by his successors.'

Who could longer doubt? But alas, it is believed, sadly believed by the thousands and thousands who, to 'make merit,' from all parts of the kingdom, at great expense, yearly pilgrimage hither with richest offerings of cloth and gold. How pitifully believed by those who, too poor for such costly gifts, stand for hours and with the large priest-fan, fan 'The Sacred Foot.' On two sides of the hall, in frames four feet by one and a half, are plates of gold set with jewels, purporting to be fac-similes of the foot-print. Go out from the dim silence of this great high-place and seek one more proof of faith and devotion. It is at another mountain, where many years ago Buddha sat to the sun, possibly an anachronism, for his daguerreotype. The plate was a vast granite rock, now constituting one entire side of a temple. But, *miserabile dictu*, to the 'Farangs' from over the sea, the type like the Typee is not visible. The substance faded, the shadow for them not caught! Their 'want of merit prevents their seeing it by day, though,' if known to be in haste in depart, 'they might see it when the temple is illuminated at night.' We cannot tarry. We cannot believe. We can, oh! how we do pity! Our wanderings among the Sacred Places of Siam are forever ended.

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#### S O U L C O N F L I C T S .

DEFEATED! but never disheartened!  
Repulsed! but unconquered in will,  
Upon dreary discomfitures building  
Her virtue's strong battlements still,  
The Soul in the siege of temptations  
Yields not unto fraud, nor to might;  
Unquelled by the rush of the passions  
Serene 'mid the tumults of fights!

She sees a grand prize in the distance,  
She hears a glad sound of acclaims,  
The crown wrought of laurels immortal,  
The music far sweeter than fame's,  
And so, 'gainst the rush of the passions  
She lifts the broad buckler of right,  
And so, through the glooms of temptations,  
She walks in a splendor of light!

## DANTE FROM THE MODERN POINT OF VIEW.\*

It is usually maintained that the marked change in Dante's mind at the time of his exile came from indignation at his banishment from Florence, and that on this account he left his old associates, the Guelphs, and went over to the Imperialists. This view, however, cannot stand the test of examination, and is refuted by the facts of the case as well as by the whole inward development of the man. By mental constitution he was a cosmopolitan idealist, and his mind ever rose from local facts to universal principles, alike in letters, religion, and politics. While with the Guelphs, he hoped to secure to Italy her place among the nations by the union of the various cities and provinces under the protection of the popes. When sad experience taught him the essentially discordant disposition of the Italian communities, the restless ambition of the old nobles, the upstart arrogance of the new merchant-princes who despised the people from whose ranks they had risen, and the incessant intrigue and insatiate ambition of the popes, he evidently looked for some higher and broader principles of Italian unity more in accordance with the genius of the ancient Rome whose glory he cherished as part of his own birth-right. He sought for a successor to the old Cæsars, an embodiment of his ideal state, and his transcendental logic, craving an historic basis for its deductions, traced the providential course of the Roman sceptre from Cæsar Augustus through Charlemagne to his successors in the new German empire. His experience at Rome dissipated the fond vision that the popes were to restore the political unity of the world, and convinced him that the less they mixed themselves with politics, the better alike for church and state. His conversion, therefore, to the Imperial party went of course hand in hand with his opposition to the temporal dominion of Rome.

It must be remembered, moreover, that for eight or nine years before his banishment, his mind had been in a transitional state from youthful enthusiasm, through much worldly care and perhaps worldly indulgence, to a mature faith which renewed and transfigured all the visions of his youth. After the death of Beatrice, notwithstanding the agony of his first grief, he appears to have fallen for a time from his ideal of character, and to have been borne away on the general tide of secular thinking and living. He married into one of the conspicu-

\* DANTE'S LEBEN UND WERKE. Kulturgeschichtlich dargestellt von Dr. FRANZ X. WEGELE, Ausserordentlicher Professor an der Universität zu Jena. Jena, 1852.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. By Count CESARE BALBO. Translated from the Italian, by F. J. BUNBURY. Two Volumes. London, 1852. RICHARD BENTLEY.

ŒUVRES POSTHUMES DE F. LAMENNAIS. La Divine Comédie de DANTE ALIGHIERI, précédée d'une Introduction. Paris, 1855. Three Volumes, 8vo.

DANTE. Studien Von F. CHR. SCHLOSSER. Leipzig, 1855.

ous families of Florence, and probably was not exempt from the luxurious habits of his associates. He studied the new critical philosophy of the age, and perhaps learning to analyse, forgot to believe, and thus lost the impassioned faith of his youth. Political agitators completed the distraction, and he needed a severe discipline to win him back to his first love. He seems to have regarded himself as supernaturally converted about the year 1300. His troubles shut from him the garish light of the world, and a vision came over him which, like the evening star, led back to him the whole heavenly host of eternal truths. From that experience, whatever it was, he dates the origin of his great work and the final direction of his mind. Wegele portrays with a masterly hand the progress of this literary and apparently spiritual regeneration in his exposition of the 'New Life' to which we have alluded, and argues, from the absence of all political discussions in its pages, that the author wished to have one charmed sphere that should be wholly free from worldly strife, an end which he secured by the bold poetic license of antedating the work by some years, that he might thus revel once more in the dreams of his youth, and allow the world no dominion over his idol. Whatever may be the theory or explanation, the fact is undoubted that thenceforward he lived in a world of his own, and began to build it in lofty rhyme for all time.

Thenceforward, through all his bitter quarrels with his foes, and all his intense interest in the current of affairs, we may trace the presence of the same ideal theory of society, state, and church. The Beatrice of his visions was the type of his own thought, which had gone up from earth to heaven and sought to bring down to the earth the order of heaven's own law. If the vision proved his madness, there was method in the madness and a wiser method than in what worldlings call prudence. His education was now complete, and the lover, student, and statesman was to become the poet of Christendom.

The years of his exile were the years of his greatness, and, while a wanderer from Florence, he was building up that amazing structure of imagination which has outlived the dynasties that persecuted him. He lived twenty years after his banishment in various cities of Italy, yearning like a lost child for his native home, yet nobly refusing to return by any sacrifice of honor. He was generally the guest of princely patrons of letters, yet to a man of his nature, dependence however robed in splendor, was degradation; and he speaks with anguish of the misery of climbing 'other people's stairs'; tells 'how salt the taste of bread is, that is not our own.' During his exile his life was diversified by three sanguine efforts to subdue Florence to the Ghibelline or imperial interest, and to win for himself and his friends an honorable return. The second of these efforts was made under the auspices of the German Henry the Seventh, a generous and most worthy prince,

whom the poet regarded as the especial messenger of God and the head of the new empire that was to cover the earth. Henry's expedition inspired Dante's Latin work '*De Monarchia*,' and also his impassioned letter to the princes of Italy; the former work being an elaborate defence of the divine right of the Emperor and his independence of the Pope — the latter document being a vehement appeal to the Italian rulers to give up their dissensions and rally around the standard of the sovereign who had come in the name of the Lord to set all strifes at rest and to establish the great monarchy that was to crown the ages and bless the world. Henry's campaign began in 1310, and ended with his death in 1313. Before the works called forth by this eventful period, Dante had written the '*Convito*' or Banquet, an attempt to give a familiar view of true philosophy; and after Henry's death he wrote his treatise on the vernacular tongue; by both productions proving himself, and in spite of his high-toned dogmas of legitimacy, the father of popular letters and education. During the performance of these tasks, and throughout all his various wanderings, trials, and labors, his great work went on. How could it be otherwise? The *Divina Commedia* was himself, his times, his faith, his world, set to music. It was a growth more than a structure, and it grew as his own life grew, a living temple whose walls were drawn together like the tissues of the body by an organic affinity, and whose choirs learned their music as the heart learns its song. He did not call his poem by its present name '*Divina Commedia*,' but simply '*La Commedia di Dante Alleghieri*,' meaning to signify not that the work was in the usual sense of the term, a comedy, but merely that it was written in the common colloquial speech, instead of the stately tragic phrase, and ended pleasantly instead of sadly.

The plan of the poem is too familiar to intelligent readers to justify us in any minute description, and we only give a simple outline to serve to show the poet's idea and justify our course of interpretation. It is based upon the opinions of his age regarding the structure of the universe, and undertakes to give in a hundred cantos a full portraiture of hell, purgatory, and heaven by a seer who shows at every step a full knowledge of his own earth. The first part, the *Inferno*, opens with a description of the poet's sad plight in the middle of life, when astray and benighted in a dark wood, he tries at dawn to climb a hill and is driven back by three beasts, a leopard, a lion, and a she-wolf. He is comforted by the appearing of a dignified personage, who announces himself as Virgil, and promises to show him another path which the she-wolf does not control, and which, after revealing to him the doom of the sinful, shall guide him to the land of the blessed. Virgil also predicts the coming of a greyhound that shall at last rid the earth of the wolf's presence. The poet follows his guide down into the caverns



of the earth, and sees the horrors of hell. This place is represented as having its centre directly under Jerusalem, and as being an immense, dark, circular abyss, becoming narrower by successive degrees as it goes deeper. The general form is that of an inverted cone, which has its base toward the surface, and its apex at the centre of the earth. The sides of it, on which his path lies, are occupied by a series of horizontal circles, or circular stages, generally separated from each other by steep descents, and diminishing like the rows of the amphitheatre. There are nine of these circles with various subdivisions. Into these dreary caverns the souls of the lost descend to depths according to their guilt, the worst sinners sinking into the lowest and narrowest spaces nearest to Satan, the infernal king, who is planted at the very bottom of hell in everlasting darkness. In the first five circles, or the upper hell, are found the different sins of incontinence, or sins of the passions, while the lower hell exhibits the doom of the malicious, or those who wilfully plot against their neighbor or their God.

It is very plain that the *Inferno* is founded wholly upon the poet's own ideas of human wickedness, and it is his own vision of judgment clothed in the mystical garb of his age. The common creed gave him the outline of the dark abode, but he peopled it with his own remembrances and creations in striking contrast with the monstrous spectres of current superstition. He starts from his own personal conflicts with wrong upon his pilgrimage, and sees, as in a mirror, the impersonation and punishment of the wrongs that had assailed him and his race. The luxury and restlessness of the leopard, that beast of Bacchus, was not only Florence, but all lust like hers. The lion was the French monarchy and all reckless ambition of kindred mould. The she-wolf was Rome and the grasping avarice which Rome represented. Virgil was to him the impersonation of the classic literature, especially of the Roman political philosophy that saved him from the papal tyranny, taught him to study mankind profoundly, and prepared him for a higher guide through the heavenly spheres. All the forms of woe in hell are evidently the expression of tenderness which the poet had noted in books or experience. He sees every where the same principle of retribution at work, the principle that every sinner must be punished by turning his own sin against him; and in spite of many absurd distinctions between the lost and the saved that were required by the dogmas of the Church, the candid reader cannot but be impressed with the power of these terrible visions of judgment, and their general truthfulness to our reasonable ideas of the close connection between transgression and its doom. There is tremendous power as well as truth in his distinction between offences of passion and of malice; a distinction which needs no comment as we pass by gradual descent from the upper circle where the victims of lust dwell in darkness, tossed by fierce



winds, (with some instances of pathetic anguish, such as that of Francesca and her lover, which made Dante faint,) down to the lower circles where cold-blooded traitors and assassins dwell embedded in eternal ice. The horrible pilgrimage is relieved by many traits of exquisite beauty, such as the stories of Francesca and Ugolino, the description of the heathen poets who welcome the bard to their circle in the outskirts of the great gulf, and his interviews with Brunetti Latini and other friends, whose many excellent traits the sad necessity of their being theologically damned did not prevent him from appreciating and loving. In some cases, however, the poet loses mercy and makes hell the more horrible by his satire, as in his almost savage treatment of the traitor Bocca, whose face he kicked by accident without regret, and the murderer Alberigo, whose mask of frozen tears he refused harshly to remove, and his terrible lampoon upon his enemy Boniface the Eighth, whom the Simonists, who are stuck into the rock head downward, with the feet upward in the fire, are represented as expecting when Dante comes, and who is greeted by Pope Nicholas the Third from his rocky burrow, with the words, 'Are you already there, Boniface!' as much as to say, 'we have been expecting you.'

Great is the relief on quitting the dark abyss, and the reader breathes more freely as he is led once more into the light of the stars in search of Purgatory or the Mount of Purification. This mountain is represented as being on the opposite side of the earth, its summit being the antipode of Jerusalem. Nothing can express the transition better, and also show the poet's gift of description than a passage from the first canto in Leigh Hunt's translation, which we select because it preserves Dante's own rhyme, the 'Terza Rima,' and makes us wish that Hunt had understood Dante's spirit as well as his verse:

'THE sweetest Oriental sapphire blue  
Which the whole air in its pure bosom had,  
Greeted mine eyes, far as the heavens withdrew:  
So that again they felt assured and glad  
Soon as they issued forth from the dead air,  
Where every sigh and thought had made them sad.  
The beauteous star, which lets no love despair,  
Made all the orient laugh with loveliness,  
Velling the fish that glimmered in its hair.  
I turned me to the right to gaze and bless,  
And saw four more, never of living wight  
Beheld, since ADAM brought us our distress:  
Heaven seemed rejoicing in the happy light.  
O widowed northern pole! bereaved indeed,  
Since thou hast had no power to see that sight.'

This description of the Southern Cross has been thought by some of the poet's admirers to be a prophecy of the future discoveries of as-

tronomy, and surely it is quite remarkable, as we do not know in what way in that age he could have learned the stars of the Southern hemisphere unless Italian seamen had sailed farther south than is supposed. Landed on the shore of the Mountain of Purification, the poet and his guide are welcomed by the shade of Cato of Utica, who is strangely represented as the Porter of Purgatory, and probably because of his enthusiasm for liberty, which may be considered to culminate in purification from sin, as Virgil's words on introducing Dante to Cato, imply :

'Now may our coming please thee. In the search  
Of liberty he journeys : that how dear  
They know, who for her sake have life refused.'

They see a vessel guided by an angel coming toward the mountain, and containing a hundred souls who sing the psalm 'In exitu Israel de Egypto,' 'When Israel came out of Egypt,' as they drew near. Among the company Dante recognizes his old friend Casella, who taught him music, and greets him in the most affectionate way before beginning to climb the hill. Now the poet, who was before a spectator, becomes a participant, and after having his forehead marked with seven Ps, in sign of the seven capital sins, he sees the letters vanish one by one as he climbs each range of the mountain, studies the inscriptions and pictures on the cornices, and submits to the discipline given him at each stage. On the top of the mountain Beatrice appears to him in her transfigured beauty, and by rebukes and counsel she prepares him for his ascent to the heavenly spheres. The top of the Mountain of Purgatory is represented as the old Eden, or the earthly Paradise, which was supposed to be thus uplifted and preserved. Here the poet, redeemed and forgiven, is restored to the state of innocence, and renews and glorifies the visions of his youth under the auspices of the fair spirit who had first opened his soul to spiritual beauty.

The journey through Purgatory is plainly his own experience expanded and idealized into a magnificent description of the suffering church, or the souls of the faithful under purifying discipline. The Purgatory abounds in passages of graphic beauty and of startling power. A tone of singular tenderness pervades the book and gives bolder relief to the more daring passages. The pilgrims do not forget nature or the human heart in their ghostly ascent, and the magnificent tableau of the course of redemption under the teaching of glorified spirits at the close cannot touch us more than such words as these, which sketch the evening hour when the spirits of the flowery valley sang their hymn 'Te lucis ante terminum :

'T WAS now the hour when love of home melts through  
Men's hearts at sea, and longing thoughts portray  
The moment when they bade sweet friends adieu ;

And the new pilgrim now, on his lone way,  
Thrills if he hears the distant vesper-bell  
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.'

Such words bring the stern poet at once home to our affections, and no ghostly superstitions can conceal from us the living humanity that he bears with him through the purgatorial fires to the heavenly spheres. The dread mountain itself answers to the heart of mercy, and shakes its mighty chorus to the hymn of the faithful, the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' that rises whenever a soul has completed its course of penance and been purified.

From the top of the mountain, or the earthly paradise, he ascends with Beatrice to the heavens in their nine circles, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Fixed Stars, the Primum Mobile, to the Empyrean of God's Eternal Light. It is somewhat comforting that the poet's hell is so small and his heaven so large; hell being about three hundred miles in diameter at top (about the size of our own Empire State) and a quarter of a mile at bottom, while heaven is the whole universe outside the earth. The Paradise is decidedly the most wonderful portion of the poem, although less startling than the Inferno, with its materialized horrors, and less exciting than the Purgatorio, with its struggling and victorious aspirations. The Paradise is the most wonderful, because such effects are produced from materials so ethereal, such as light, music, motion; because the whole history and life of religion are exhibited in the most consummate artistic portraiture; and because, with all its dogmas and ritualism, it presents the purest spiritual religion with a daring that presumes to unveil the GODHEAD HIMSELF, and with a humility that makes our current forms of pious expression seem like presumption. The Paradise is altogether too methodical and intellectual in its structure to make it proper to attempt any brief analysis. The whole tone justifies our view of the spirit of the poem. The historian Schlosser, keen and rationalistic as he is, calls the Paradise a complete manual of contemplative wisdom, a guide-book to the higher life. The keynote is evidently Dante's own experience of spiritual religion, and from the heaven of his own soul he shapes the heaven of the redeemed. The whole poem has thus a unity in its nature and its form. The motive was Dante's own intense experience, and the book was thus his Pilgrim's Progress. The form was virtually an effort to write the Drama of Humanity in three acts—Humanity lost by Sin, Redeemed by purifying pains, Humanity glorified in the Light and Love of God. The attempt was stupendous, and the achievement not a failure. The *Divina Commedia* is probably the greatest single work of human genius ever produced; for no other one composition embodies so much learning, thought, fancy, imagination, and eloquence.

It is at once an auto-biography, a political philosophy, a system of physics and metaphysics, a body of divinity, a Whole Duty of Man. It is an encyclopædia set to music, a Kosmos bursting into song. Through all the parts the one purpose appears of showing forth the journey of the soul to God. The division of the whole into a hundred cantos is expressive, and thus the poem is a hundred-voiced choral that chants the 'Te Deum' of centuries. The measure itself, the *Terza Rima*, with its interlaced triplets, sounds the notes of the sacred march; and through hell, purgatory, and heaven, it chimes forth, like responsive choirs, the glories of that three-fold majesty before whose presence he at last prostrates him in silence entranced:

'O ETERNAL LIGHT!

Sole in THYSELF that dwell'st, and understood

By THEE art understood by THEE alone:

And understanding THEE hast love and joy.'

If climax is the ruling idea of art, then is Dante master. He took humanity and God for his theme, and from first to last, with wing that never tires until he rests before the sapphire throne. It is a majestic temple, not in stone, but in song; a cathedral symphonized in three parts, beginning with the sepulchral crypts, and rising into airy spires, whose sweet bells answer the music of the spheres with their chimes.

No space remains for dwelling upon the poet's influence as indicated by his character, genius, and ideas. We are far from claiming for him any exemption from frailty or error. He has been too honest with himself to leave us in doubt as to the strength of his passions; and every careless reader may see on every page, that he took most of his theory of nature, man, and religion, from the current notions of his age. But his strongest passions were hatred of meanness and love of justice and truth; his dearest theory of the universe taught that all true life is from God, and to know and to love God, is to live eternally. In this faith he was the Plato of his age; and the best of the old commentators, the Platonist Landino, has done him but simple justice. His intellectual power was vast alike in range and force. To universality of thought and intensity of feeling, he added a faculty of vision wholly without parallel. He saw all ideas, affections, purposes projected, as it were, into reality; and every seed of thought started up at once before him in its flower and fruit. Hell, purgatory, and heaven thus have a marvellous distinctness, that unites something of Swedenborg's comprehensiveness with Milton's grandeur and De Foe's minuteness. Equally marvellous is his range of emotion, and he touches every note of passion, from burning rage to tenderest devotion. He has Swift's grotesque humor, Spenser's sweetness, Luther's wrath, and A Kempis's spirituality.



He had strong passions to subdue, and with his Germanic force, which tempts Wegele to claim him as a German, no small leaven of Italian excitability was mingled. Boccaccio says that he was sometimes so provoked by being called names in the street by saucy boys, that he threw stones at them. His stern face evidently disguised from the multitude his gentle heart; and there was probably some reason for the remark made of him by a woman of Verona, as he was entering a door: 'That is the man who goes to hell when he pleases, and brings back news of the people there.' 'Very likely,' said her companion: 'don't you see what a curly beard he has, and what a dark face?—owing, I dare say, to the heat and smoke.' The poet smiled at the remark, and so do we.

He had a tremendous will, and every line of his pen carries as much determination as the lines of his face, especially of that obstinate lower-lip. He was an exile, yet was never conquered. Florence banished him, and he tried to humble her pride before the true ruler. When the world turned against him, he made another world more to his mind, and gave his foes—and especially the foes of man—their deserts. He put into hell the popes who oppressed him and the Church by their greed; and allowed no pope nor bishop, but the great master of the interior life, St. Bernard, to interpret the Godhead in the empyrean. His first love became another's, and then was taken away: she returned to him in transfigured beauty, and heavenly wisdom and grace, in the form of Beatrice, led him through the starry spheres. His political idol, Henry VII., died baffled in his schemes of winning back Italy to its old allegiance; but Dante gave him a throne in heaven among the saintly kings who had served God on earth with sceptre as sacred as the crozier according to his creed. The world that he made was so much of a reality, as to make the names in his pages immortal; and some of the descendants of his enemies have said that they would give any thing to have had their ancestors put into Dante's *Inferno*, as such notice would have made the whole family famous. With all his will, however, he did not carry his point; for no man can turn back the course of time and restore a defunct age. He was a Roman and a Christian, and believed in retaining the Roman empire and the Christian faith, with State and Church distinct, with an emperor not a pontiff, and a pontiff not an emperor. His great poem is pervaded with this idea, and exhibits the poet's exalted notions of the sacredness of the civil empire as well as of the Church. He is Virgil evangelized, and his song is at once an *Æneid* and an *Apocalypse*, zealous for the throne of the Cæsars and the priesthood of CHRIST as coördinate powers, as in the days before Hildebrand set the priesthood above the throne. He is the great troubadour-prophet who would proclaim the '*magnus sæclorum ordo*' which Virgil foretold in his *Eclogues*, and Justinian prepared by his *Pandects*. His best bio-



grapher, Wegele, has called his poem the 'swan song of the Middle Ages,' and in one sense it is so. Yet although the age died with the song, the song did not die with the age, but expressed rather than exhausted its life, by the utterance that breathed its power into men. The spirit of the song must outlive the forms and traditions of the time, for it belongs to humanity and to God. It belongs to the great future of literature, and shows us letters emancipated and popularized without losing their prophetic consecration. It belongs to the social progress of humanity, and especially to the true life of the household; for never since time was, has woman found such a champion of her commission from God to charm and spiritualize life, as in this stern prophet of song. The *Divina Commedia* is a living word still also for statesmen; and the ideal emperor whom the poet celebrated in his tracts and verse is but an embodiment of that sovereign right which is destined to subdue local strifes and national wars into the peace, freedom, and law of the true humanity that is to be under the reign of God. Religion, last and chief of all, cannot spare the bard, for he is the most religious of poets; and the song that made him thin with meditation, glows from first to last with the fire that burns and consumes not. He was a devotee yet a reformer, and with the spiritual faith of Fenelon he mingled the daring liberty of Luther, as earnest for Catholic piety as hostile to papal abuses.

He died at Ravenna, in 1321, after renewed disappointments and mortifications in his search for the peace that he found not from men. His mean dress was changed for triumphal robes; his furrowed brow was crowned with laurel; and nobles and people crowded to do honor to his dust. We now can interpret that funeral as they could not. To us his coffin is the cradle of a new civilization, and from that Requiem of the past rises the Resurgam to the future. Can we not share something of his own power of vision, and as we stand by him thus robed for the grave, do not mysterious voices whisper to us of the things that shall be? Do we not hear the infant tongues of new worlds of letters lisping the promise of their fame? We see Dante not dead but living, the father of the literature that is our life. He sits chief among our poets with Shakspeare and Milton on either side, amidst the majestic hosts of song, the organ of a word human yet divine—divine surely to be proved when the word shall be rid of its human alloy, and God shall be heard speaking in all the true thoughts and good deeds of men. God of the ages—who of us is not ready to say it?—the great poets are His creation! We bless Him for them, and pray that their inspiration may be the nearer and dearer to us as our lives march to the music of their song, as sings our bard at the close of his great poem:

'In even motion by the love impelled  
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.'

## ADULTERATIONS OF FOOD.

## B R E A D.

WHAT shall we eat? What shall we drink? And wherewithal shall we be clothed? continue to be considerations that exercise the carnal and worldly, notwithstanding the Divine injunction to the contrary.

In its persistency in the effort to secure a wardrobe, the wicked world has succeeded in a manner quite satisfactory. Doeskin and calico have accomplished the result. If, however, there be a great lack of the conscientious fibre in the French cloths manufactured in the Bay State, and Valenciennes and Brussels have not experienced the purifying properties of the sea-air, the delusion is perfectly harmless. The pocket, it is true, may be depleted without adequate consideration; and self-love may wince under the conviction of a simulated and tawdry apparel, but in this there is nothing alarmingly fatal. The innocent possessors of sensibilities so delicate will survive the shock of the exposure. But *eating* and *drinking* require serious consideration. *What* it is that people eat and drink they scarcely know. There is a nomenclature, it is true, belonging to this great science of regaling the physical man; but with reference to their original application and use, the terms now employed are certainly misnomers. We speak more particularly of articles of food which undergo a process of preparation, and are somewhat removed from a condition of nature.

We find bread, for instance, compounded of potatoes, alum, beans, chalk, carbonate of magnesia, silica, pipe-clay, bone-dust, plaster of Paris, sulphate of copper, etc.

Coffee is adulterated with chicory, roasted wheat, and beans, mangel-wurzel, acorns, etc. Tea is mixed with leaves of the beech, elm, willow, poplar, sand, starch, etc., and the dangerous auxiliaries, Venetian red, chrome yellow, carbonate and arsenite of copper, chromate and bichromate of potash, etc., are subsidized to give the counterfeit the requisite color.

That which is sold for sugar, contains sand and plaster of Paris. And the cerulean fluid yclept milk, if it be not elaborated in the diseased organisms of briefly caudated animals, is at least diluted with water and thickened with chalk, and in some instances with sheeps' brains!

It may be interesting to the extractors of tobacco-juice to know, that while they are complacently enjoying an imaginary cud of placid contentment, they are in fact chewing a quid of bitter disappointment; and to those who resort to combustion of the delightful narcotic for visions of happiness in the upper-regions of the blest, to learn that they

are regaling themselves with the fumes of most unsentimental and uninspiring materials. Tobacco contains the following refreshing ingredients: bran, oakum, cabbage-leaves, sea-weed, roasted chickory-root, beet-root dregs, fuller's earth, sal-ammoniac, carbonate of ammonia, salt, potash, opium, etc. It was not long ago, that an importer in this city refused to pay the legal duties on a package of segars at the Custom-House, on the ground that *there was not a particle of tobacco in them!*

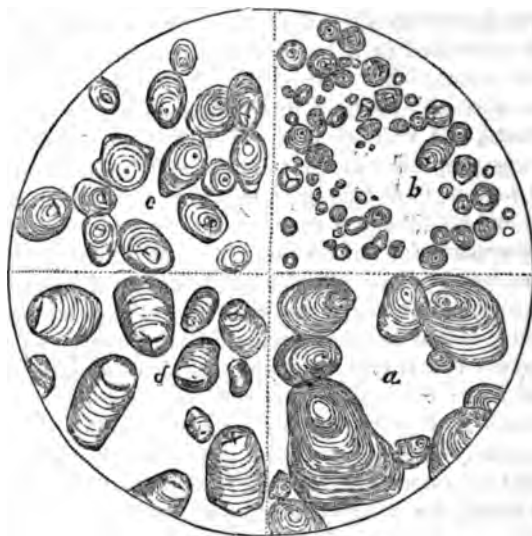


FIG. 1.

*a*, Granules of Potato-starch; *b*, of Tapioca-starch; *c*, West-India Arrow-root; *d*, Sago-starch.

This system of adulteration, when extended to the depreciation of what supports life, or, worse, when it furtively intermixes a health and even life-destroying agent, should be exposed, in order that it may receive from the public the condemnation it merits; and legislation ought to be enlisted in the suppression and punishment of the baneful fraud. In this country as well as in Europe, the practice of adulteration extends to almost every article of food. Not only do luxuries possess the deleterious ingredients, but the commonest necessities of life are contaminated; so that all ages, classes, and conditions are exposed to the noxious effects of this shameless outrage, the extent of which seems to be limited only—if at all—by the impossibility of finding materials valueless enough to be profitably used.

Scarcely any thing that we eat or drink is free from falsification of some kind; either by mixture of a cheaper article of the same general

limentary character, in which case we only pay an exorbitant price for a given amount of really nutritious food, and are only cheated out of our money; by the substitution of harmless yet inferior and not equally palatable substances, in which case we are defrauded not only of our money, but of the proper amount of food, and the enjoyment of it; or, finally, which is far worse, by the addition of injurious, and often highly poisonous substances, for the purpose of giving a satisfactory color, improving the appearance, or of disguising certain products of decomposition in a damaged article. In this last case, we are swindled every way—in our pockets, our palates, and in our pancreatic functions.

The detection and exposure of a large class of these adulterations is within the province of chemical science, and the analyst can with the most unerring precision detect the existence of any of that class of substances called *inorganic*, and determine the quantity to the minutest fraction of a grain.

But in the determination of many *organic* substances, it becomes necessary to call in the aid of the microscope. Before this instrument was brought to the aid of chemistry, many adulterations of food of a most pernicious character were quite beyond the reach of exposure. Chemical reagents revealed very little respecting the use of organic matter in adulterations. The chemist was utterly powerless to distinguish the leaf of the veritable T. Bohea of celestial growth, from that of the willow or the hawthorn. He could not distinguish between pure ground coffee, and the semblance of it containing a large proportion of chicory. But the microscope, with its auxiliary use of polarized light, and the various superior appliances with which modern art has supplied it, has left no problem unsolved in this direction. It unravels the most delicate vegetable tissues, and by the peculiarities of their structure, designates the true and the false with unfailing certainty. All vegetable forms have definite organisms, these organisms varying in different parts of the same plant. The root, stem, leaf, and fruit, all exhibit a marked difference in their organic structure—a structure detectable in the minutest particle, even when it has been ground to impalpable powder, and torried by excessive heat; so that, for instance, it would be impossible to adulterate the ground coffee-berry with other parts of the coffee-plant without detection. Even when there is a close resemblance in the organisms to be singled out from each other, there still exist slight shades of difference that enable the microscopist to decide with certainty between the real and the counterfeit. And so vigorously does this instrument, in the hands of a master, define the form, measure the size, and analyze the structure of the most delicate animal or vegetable organisms, that the most cunning adulterations are brought to light, leaving no escape for those who, in



supplying our alimentary wants, are guilty of these criminal falsifications.

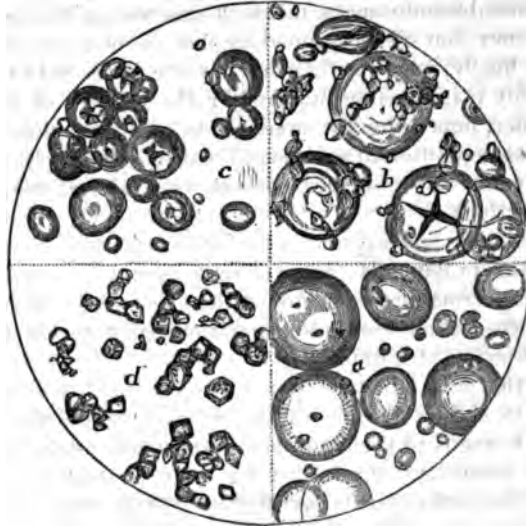


FIG. 2.

*a*, Starch granules of Wheat-flour; *b*, of Rye-flour; *c*, of Indian-corn; *d*, of Rice-flour.

It then remains for the people at large to rebuke the fraud, to redress the high-handed wrong, and to punish, through the competent authorities, those who thus recklessly trifle with the public health.

If by the publication of an extended series of chemical analyses of food, accompanied by the most searching microscopic examinations, we can expose 'the tricks of the trade,' and awaken in our own citizens a determination to live longer and better on pure food, the effort shall not be wanting; and the names of manufacturers and dealers who (so far as our investigations extend) are guilty of these adulterations, will be published. All that we desire is, the coöperation of honest manufacturers and dealers, and the sympathy of the suffering public.

The following list, taken from the results of the labors of Hassall, Marcet, Mitchell, and others, of England, and corroborated by examinations in our own country, will give a condensed history, past and present, of the adulterations of the more common articles of food. Many of the substances used are not only harmless, but even nutritious, but their presence too often involves the addition of still other and more objectionable constituents, for the sake of preserving color, and improving the general appearance of the articles.

**FLOUR:** Rice, beans; rye, corn, and potato-flour; alum, bone-dust, powdered flints, plaster of Paris.



**BREAD:** Mashed potatoes; rice, bean, rye, and corn-flour; chalk, plaster of Paris, pipe-clay, alum, carbonate of ammonia, sulphate of copper, sulphate of zinc.

**SUGAR:** Wheat and potato-flours, tapioca, starch, water, lead, iron, sand, chalk, pipe-clay, plaster of Paris.

**COFFEE:** Chicory, roasted wheat, rye, and potato-flour, roasted beans, mangel-wurzel, acorns, burnt sugar.

**COCOA AND CHOCOLATE:** Maranta, East-India, and Tahiti arrow-roots, Tous les Mois; the flour of wheat, corn, sago, potato, and tapioca; sugar, chicory, cocoa-husks, Venetian red, red ochre, lard, tallow, mutton-suet.

**TEA:** Exhausted tea-leaves, leaves of the horse-chestnut, sycamore, plum, beech, plane, elm, poplar, willow, etc.; lie-tea, sand, starch, black-lead, gum, indigo, Prussian blue, turmeric, Chinese yellow, China clay, soap-stone, rose pink, Dutch pink, chrome yellow, Venetian red, carbonate and arsenite of copper, chromate and bichromate of potash, carbonates of lime and magnesia.

**TOBACCO:** Water, sugar, molasses, salts, oil, rhubarb, potato, coltsfoot, dock, and other leaves, sawdust, earthy matter, sand, nitrate of soda, etc., etc.

**VINEGAR:** Water, burnt sugar, sulphuric acid.

**PORTER AND ALE:** Water, sugar, molasses, salt, *Coculus Indicus*, grains of paradise, capsicum, ginger, quassia, wormwood, calamus-root, caraway and coriander-seeds, orange-powder, liquorice, honey, sulphate of iron, sulphuric acid, cream of tartar, alum, carbonate of potash, oyster-shells, hartshorn-shavings, nux vomica, beans.

**GIN:** Water, sugar, cayenne, cassia, grains of paradise, sulphuric acid, coriander-seeds, angelica-root, oil of almonds, calamus-root, almond-cake, orris-root, cardamom-seeds, orange-peel.

**COLORS CONFECTIONERY:** East-India arrow-root, wheat and potato-flour, hydrated sulphate of lime, cochineal, lake, indigo, Prussian blue, Antwerp blue, artificial ultramarine, carbonate of copper, white and red lead, vermilion, chromate of lead of different shades, gamboge, sap green, Brunswick green, arsenite of copper, Indian red, brown ferruginous earths, etc.

**PICKLES:** Salts of copper.

**PEPPER:** Wheat and pea-flour, ground rice and mustard-seeds, linseed-meal, pepper-dust.

**SNUFF:** Chromate of potash and lead, ferruginous earths, red and white lead, carbonate of ammonia, lime, powdered glass, powdered orris-root.

**CAYENNE PEPPER:** Ground rice, mustard-husk, salt, red lead, bisulphuret of mercury, Venetian red, turmeric, brick-dust.

**GINGER:** Wheat, sago, and potato-flour, ground rice, mustard-husks, turmeric-powder.

**HONEY:** Flour, cane-sugar, chalk, pipe-clay.

**LARD:** Potato-flour, water, mutton-suet, salt, carbonate of soda, caustic lime, alum, potash.

**MUSTARD:** Wheat-flour, turmeric, yellow ochre, chromate of lead.

Such are the results of the investigations to which we have referred. In view of the diversity of the constituents, which is shown by the above list to enter into our daily food, the naturalist might classify man as an omnivorous animal, in the broadest sense. Judging us by the amount of ferruginous earths, chalk, pipe-clay, plaster of Paris, etc., that we are obliged to swallow in our daily bread, we might also appropriately be ranked with the *clay-eaters* of Siam or Kamtschatka. Fortunately indeed if we are not pinched with colic, prostrated with paraly-

sis, and irrecoverably poisoned through the insidious effect of the most destructive metallic salts and oxydes with which our food is seasoned.

Many foreign articles come to our markets surcharged with villainous compounds; while the modes of adulteration in this country differ but little from those employed in England, except in cases where the required material is cheaper or less available.

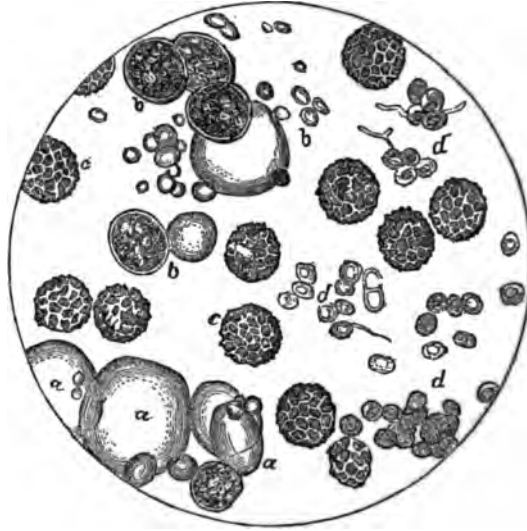


FIG. 8.

*a*, Starch granules of Wheat-flour; *b*, Puccinia Graminis (Sporules of); *c*, Sporules of Uredo Caries; *d*, Sporules of Uredo Segetum.

The four varieties of starch represented in Fig. 1, as seen in the field of the microscope, will illustrate, though imperfectly, the discriminating power of that instrument: we say imperfectly, for it is impossible to represent in an engraving of this kind the more delicate shades of difference that characterize them in the eye of the observer. The difference in size, however, of these and other varieties of starch granules, is generally sufficient to distinguish them from each other, varying, as they do, from the one hundred and eightieth part of an inch — the size of potato-starch — to the twelve hundredth part of an inch, about the average diameter of the granules of buckwheat starch.

The characteristic shapes exhibited by the granules of the potato, sago, and tapioca starches, and West-India arrow-root, under the microscope, are sufficient, independently of their relative sizes, to distinguish them. The oyster-shape, and the distinctness of the concentric rings having their common focus, if we may so call it, at one end, mark the

potato-starch; the oblong form, truncated at one end, that of sago; the irregularity of form, sometimes even becoming triangular, that of maranta, or West-India arrow-root; the more nearly circular form, and the tendency to compound granules, consisting of two, three, or even four united, that of tapioca. Thus by the microscope, and by that alone, we detect the adulteration of sago with potato-flour; tapioca with potato-flour and sago-meal; and West-India arrow-root with all three.

Bread in itself contains nearly all the elements, and in almost the requisite proportions, indispensable to the sustenance of man: nerve and sinew, bone and adipose tissue, alike gather strength and fulness from its substance. It is, more than any thing else, the universal pabulum of civilized man. Not inappropriately, then, has the word 'bread' become the synonym of food. Such is the universal necessity, such the unceasing demand for, and enormous consumption of, bread, that the adulteration, even to a moderate degree and with the least hurtful materials, becomes a great wrong to the public: but the revelations of the microscope and the test-tube show that the avarice of the dealer has not spared even the 'staff of life.'

Figure 2 represents the starch granules of different varieties of flour, as seen by the microscope, and illustrates the ease with which the more innocent modes of adulteration — the mixture of inferior with the more valuable farinas — are detected. The starch is readily separated from the gluten, by making a thick paste of the flour, wrapping it in a piece of cotton cloth, and kneading it with the fingers while a very small stream of water is running over it. The starch washes through the cloth, and will subside readily in the water, and may be easily transferred to the microscope. If it should be a sample of damaged flour, you may find scattered here and there in the field of the instrument, the different varieties of fungus growths depicted in Figure 3, *b*, *c*, *d*, of which *b*, (*Puccinia Graminis*,) is commonly known as *rust*; *c*, (*Uredo Caries*,) as *pepper-brand*; and *d*, (*Uredo Segetum*,) as *smut*.

These fungi we have often detected in an examination of samples of inferior brands of flour in this city. They will seldom be found associated together in the same sample.

A still more uninviting picture is sometimes exhibited by the microscope, and one that is calculated to suspend the gnawing of hunger in a sensitive stomach. (See Fig. 4.)

The *Vibriones Triticæ* exist usually in the blighted grains of wheat, as a cottony substance, exhibiting great activity except when perfectly dry. From this latter condition, however lifeless they appear, and though they crumble at the touch, they can be restored to a lively existence by simple moistening. It has been supposed that these

animalcules do not find their way into flour through the meshes of the miller's bolting-cloths, but they certainly exist in the damaged article.

The *Acarus Farinæ* is another accompaniment of damaged flour; *a, e, b, c*, represent this mite in its different stages of development, from the ovum to the full-grown animal.

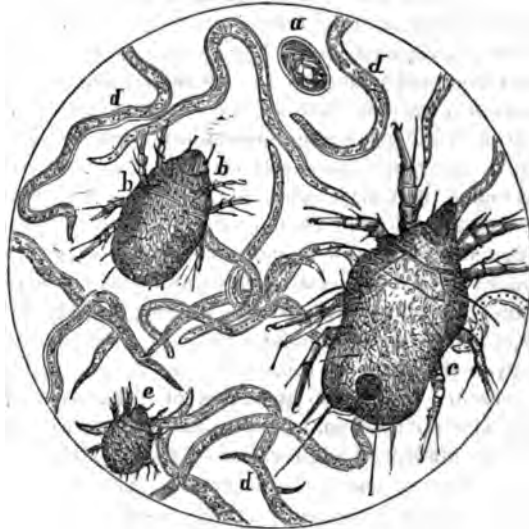


FIG. 4.

*a*, Ovum of *Acarus Farinæ*; *b, c, e*, *Acarus Farinæ*; *d, d*, *Vibriones Triticæ*.

To the adulterations of flour and bread with the inferior *farina*, there is another class of substances superadded that can be detected only by the aid of chemical reagents. We refer to the extensive use of alum, sulphate and carbonate of lime, and more rarely perhaps, carbonate of magnesia. The use of alum serves a variety of purposes: First, it enables the baker to use a larger proportion of inferior flour without essentially affecting the appearance of his bread. Secondly, he can use with impunity damaged flour. Thirdly, it gives to bread, made even from the best flour, a whiter appearance. Carbonates of lime and magnesia are also used for the purpose of improving the appearance of bread and disguising an inferior quality of flour.

The effect upon health of the daily use of these substances, with some of which baker's bread is almost universally contaminated, is most pernicious. The continual use of food containing carbonate of magnesia is likely to result in the formation of the most painful calculi. We ask for bread, and they give us a stone.

The astringent effect of alum as a medicine should satisfy us of its



evil effects as a constituent of food. The natural result from its continual use is acidity of the stomach, costiveness, dyspepsia. We may here state that, with scarcely an exception, alum is to a fearful degree a constituent of baker's bread in New-York City; and in many instances, lime and other deleterious substances are associated therewith.

The June number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* will contain carefully-prepared analyses of twenty-five different varieties of baker's bread in New-York, and the names of the bakers.

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M A D A M E D E C H E V R E U S E .

We present our readers this month with a portrait of the celebrated Madame de Chevreuse, the cotemporary and rival of Richelieu and Mazarin, and the most distinguished of the illustrious women who figured at the Court of Louis XIII. From the life of Madame de Chevreuse, by Victor Cousin, recently published in this city, we select a few of her remarkable traits and incidents. She belonged to an illustrious family, dating its origin back to the first sovereigns of Brittany. All her cotemporaries unite in celebrating her beauty. She was possessed of an irresistible grace and vivacity, full of talent, yet very ignorant, sharing in all the perils of the Catholic party, but scarcely thinking of religion, too proud to condescend to prudence, and curbed only by honor, devoted to gallantry, and counting all else as nothing, despising for the one whom she loved, danger, opinion, and fortune, more restless than ambitious, and willingly staking her own life, as well as that of others; and after having passed her youth in intrigues of every sort, thwarting more than one plot, leaving on her path more than one victim, travelling over Europe as an exile, yet a conqueror, turning the heads of kings — after having seen Chalais mount the scaffold, Châteauneuf expelled from the ministry, the Duke of Lorraine almost despoiled of his estates, Buckingham assassinated, the King of Spain engaged in an unsuccessful war, Queen Anne humiliated and vanquished, and Richelieu triumphant; sustaining the struggle to the end, always ready in the game of politics which had become her necessity and her passion, to descend to the darkest intrigues, and to make the rashest resolves; of an incomparable eye for recognizing the true position of affairs, and the enemy of the moment, and of a mind strong enough, and a heart bold enough to undertake to destroy him at any cost; a devoted friend, an implacable enemy almost without knowing hatred, in short, the most redoubtable enemy encountered in turn by Richelieu and by Mazarin.



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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POPULAR TALES FROM THE NORSE. By GEORGE WEBER DASENT, D.C.L. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. Edinburgh. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS volume of translations from the 'Norske Folkeeventyr' tales, collected by MM. ASBJORNSEN and MOE, is a creditable addition to scholarly as well as to nursery literature. It should find a place on the same shelf of the reader's library with GRIMMS' 'Kindermährchen,' or 'Household Stories,' MME. D'AULNOR'S 'Contes de Fées,' 'The Treasury of Pleasure Books,' HALLIWELL'S 'Nursery Rhymes,' and THOM'S Romances; and when the children have been sent to bed, happy from the hearing of one or another of its amusing stories, maturer age may take it down and find food for thoughtful reflection. With the growth of comparative philology and ethnology there has been a happy corresponding growth in the material upon which those sciences have been founded. For example, many nursery rhymes and fairy stories and tales of adventure which formerly descended from generation to generation through the lips that told them in the long winter evenings by blazing fire-sides, have now passed into books, and constitute a very respectable body of literature. Passing thus from memory and oral narration to the printed page, gathered by industrious and skilful collectors, and compared and edited by such accomplished philologists as the Brothers GRIMM and their disciples on one side of the channel, and HALLIWELL, with his fellow-laborers, on the other, they brighten wonderfully the dark places in the early history of our own and all Teutonic races, and often flash a transitory gleam into that gray dawn of time, when on Iran, the central plain of Asia, the Aryan race divided, the one part crossing the plain of the Five Rivers and descending upon India, there to wear away the centuries in passive indolence, the other sturdily making its way to the farthest west, unhindered by deserts or oceans, and bearing aloft the standard of the world's civilization. Along the high-ways of history, too, the service of these stories is considerable. They have more than once revealed that an event which has passed for a veritable incident in the life of a nation's hero has had its ground-work in a fictitious plot common to Greek, Latin, Kelt, Teutonic, and Slavonian nations.

A curious instance of this last observation is the story of 'WILLIAM TELL' and his shot at the apple on the head of his son. Its date in commonly received history, is about the year 1307, though it was not told in Switzerland for two hundred years later. It appears, however, from one to two hundred years earlier in 'Saxo

Grammaticus,' the 'Wilkins Saga,' and the 'Malleus Maleficorum,' with variations in only unessential parts, but all preserving the master-shot, and the third arrow concealed for the death of the tyrant. GRIMM has shown conclusively that it lingers in the traditions of nearly all branches of the Teutonic race—Norway, England, and the upper Rhine have it; it is common to the Turks and Mongolians, and a legend of the wild Samoyeds relates it of one of their marksmen.

MR. DASENT shows, also, that that famous hound Gellert, upon whose last resting-place the traveller comes as he passes down the lovely vale of Gwynant, is a mythical dog, and never snuffed the fresh breeze in the forest of Snowdon, nor saved his master's child from ravening wolf. This, too, is a primeval story which came from the East, and is found with variations in the 'Hitopadesa,' in PILPAY'S Fables, in the Arabic original of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' in many medieval versions of these originals, and in the 'Gesta Romanorum.' The argument, of course, is that these common possessions indicate a common origin; and it is difficult to see how the conclusion can be evaded. Words in common imply an origin in common with hardly more strictness.

The Norse cosmogony and mythology are seen by glimpses in these tales and traditions; and MR. DASENT has collected their scattered fragments into a single picture, taking here a bit of light and shade from Saxo's stilted Latin, here a color from the early 'Sagas,' and there an outline from the two Eddas; Æsir and Odin, abiding on Asgard, the sacred hill; Utgard, the outlying world, where reside Frost-Giants and Monsters, and all brave and indomitable, forever struggling against a certainty of impending doom—the twilight of the gods. The heroes of the Norsemen are visible through the same medium—brave men and fair sorrowing women, now alike gathered around Odin's board in the Valhalla. How this mythology of the Norsemen fell after a combat of centuries with Christianity, is also related, thus leading us to expect what indeed has since happened—heathen gods donning Christian dresses, though after centuries of Christian teaching. Hell, to the Norse peasant, is a place where they lack fire-wood at Christmas. Here, as in other mythologies, the gods descend and mix among mortals, and not gods alone, but also inferior powers; there survives the same inextinguishable belief in a returning age of peace and plenty; men are transformed into beasts, or assume such shapes at their own will and pleasure. Greece had its cycle of animal traditions, which in Æsop's time were worn and washed out and moralized, and so the Norse nations have their beast-epic, full of a close observation of nature, dashed with humor, or pointed with satire. Giants and Trolls are here, and the powers of nature find an incarnation almost as readily as in the Greek and Roman mythologies.

These Norse stories have a delightful freshness. The conventional and artificial story of the present day bears no comparison with the frank, bold, humorous, and fresh vivacity of these tales, made when the race was young. Chastity and rectitude are always uppermost in the long run. The lassie is bright, good, and helpful, and the man brave, honest, and manly.

We had hoped, in this number, to place beside these tales, as a companion-piece, the English and Scottish ballads, collected and edited by Professor CHILDS, and published in LITTLE AND BROWN'S superb edition of the British Poets, but our space forbids, and they await a separate discussion in our next issue.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MILTON: narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By DAVID MASSON, M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. With Portraits and Specimens of his hand-writing at different periods. Vol. I: 1608—1639. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN. New-York: BLAKEMAN AND MASON.

No faithful student can extend his researches far into any department of history without discovering how very few good biographies have been written. They are rarer than good histories. Now and then a 'Dr. JOHNSON' has his BOSWELL, or a 'FREDERICK the Great' his CARLYLE, or a 'WASHINGTON' his IRVING; and each of these in its way, has left us little or nothing to be desired; but other heroes of the world, less fortunate, are preserved for after-times only in memorabilia, or we are suffered to see them when girt with state robes, or riding at the head of armies, but never in the loose slippers and lounging attitudes of familiar life. SOUTHEY's observation, that a Life of MILTON was 'as yet a desideratum in our literature'—a remark made in spite of the fact that several biographies of one kind or another had been written—is likely to lose its truth now through the labors of Prof. MASSON. But who can ever write the life of SHAKESPEARE? and where is there a biography of Sir THOMAS MORE, a greater desideratum than the Life of MILTON?

It is not merely in its fulness of detail, but also in its breadth of view, that Prof. MASSON's life excels. JOHN AUBREY's life of the poet in the '*Athenæ et Fusti Oxonienses*,' TOLAND's life, BIRCH's memoir, JOHNSON's, TODD's, Sir EGERTON BRYDGES', MITFORD's, EDMONDS', KEIGHTLEY's, besides various monographs like that of MACAULAY, or the more valuable ones, like HUNTER's 'Sheaf of Gleanings,' and MARSH's 'MILTON Papers,' have together supplied nearly all the important facts upon which a more thorough biographer would desire to begin his labors, though in following the track of these and other less noted gleaners, Prof. MASSON has here and there frequently fallen upon scattered sheaves, which add considerably to his store. But while his labors are preëminent in respect of amplitude of detail and minuteness of research, they are also distinguished above the labors of most biographers, in this, that they constitute not merely a biography of MILTON, but a continuous history of his time. The ecclesiastic and civil politics of the day, the career and conduct of Archbishop LAUD, the growth of Puritan dissent, are described; and English literature and philosophy, during the Laureateship of BEN JONSON, are carefully surveyed. Thus we have a connected historical view of life in England during the period prior to the great revolution, which deserves the closest study in itself, and quite apart from its relations to the young poet JOHN MILTON, so soon destined to run a career in the eyes of the world, far more brilliant than that of any of his contemporaries, HALL, QUARLES, SUCKLING, WALLER, USHER, CHILLINGWORTH, HOBBS, and who not.

His present biographer notices, as others have before him, that MILTON's life divides itself with great exactness into three divisions, corresponding with the contemporary social movements. The first, which is that covered by the present volume, extends from 1608 to 1640, the period of MILTON's education, during which he wrote the most of his minor poems, English and Latin; the second, extending from 1640 to 1660, or from the beginning of the civil wars to the restoration, the



middle period of his activity as a writer of polemic prose; and the third and last, extending from 1660 to 1674, the period of his later muse, and the publication of 'Paradise Lost.'

In many respects, the first period of which Prof. MASSON has here written, is the most interesting of the three. It is the one certainly which has been most neglected, and in which, therefore, a faithful biographer might hope to find more than elsewhere matter, possessing a new interest, and susceptible of new groupings and exposition. It is remarkable that in this period, all, or nearly all, of MILTON's minor poetry, whether English or Latin, and a considerable part of his ablest prose was written. In other words, leave out 'Paradise Lost,' 'Paradise Regained,' and 'Samson Agonistes,' and there remains the rest of MILTON's poems, the ode on the Nativity, 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' 'Comus,' and 'Lycidas,' all of which were completed before his thirty-third year.

A special feature of excellence in this volume, is the use made by his biographer of MILTON's 'Prolusiones Oratoriæ,' or 'Academic Essays and Exercises,' written while he was a student in Cambridge. It is strange that, although in print since 1674, these have rarely, if ever, been noticed by biographers. The poet's life at Cambridge, the atmosphere of letters by which he was surrounded, the discipline, the curriculum, and all conceivable particulars of his academic career, are the subjects of a new and interesting chapter. Perhaps the most able chapter of all is that upon Church and Government, and Bishop LAUD. Not the least interesting, however, is that which describes his continental journey. Here all the achievements of an age of steam and electricity are put out of sight and mind, and with a skilful and rapid pencil the biographer brings before the reader the picture of Europe in 1638, when RICHELIEU was weaving the purple of France's greatness, when GROTIUS was writing on law, when GUIDO RENI and SALVATOR ROSA were painting, and BOROMINI building, TASSO's noble friend MANZO still living, and the Academia della Crusca flourishing, and when GALILEO had with his telescope revealed, as it were, the planetary and stellar worlds. How the imagination leaps to think of MILTON clasping the hand which had held the head of TASSO, and gazing through the tube 'at evening on the top of Fesole,' into those far spaces which 'starry Galileo' first explored, or holding high converse with that venerable sage on the theories of COPERNICUS, for advocating which he was even then suffering the confinements of the Inquisition, frail, old, and blind.

When his work is completed, we hope to review Prof. MASSON's labors as they deserve. For the present, we must content ourselves with these meagre statements and praise, and close our notice with that sentence which MILTON appended to the account of his journey, and with which his biographer closes his first volume:

'I again take God to witness,' he says, 'that in all those places where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'MEMOIRS OF A NULLIFIER : ' PART THIRD AND LAST.—When our 'NULLITER' jumped off from the North Pole, after his adventurous celestial voyage, and landed in the State of Connecticut, he came down at so public a spot, that his descent was witnessed by several of the inhabitants, who instantly seized upon him as a conjuror, and carried him off to trial. He was weighed against a big BILL, 'found wanting,' and was condemned to be burnt: but the moment he heard his sentence pronounced, he took to his heels; and as the diabolical kangaroo could jump as far as he pleased, he found no difficulty in making good his escape.

He immediately leaps his way back to the South, taking Washington City on his route. He steps into the Senate-chamber, Congress being in session, where he finds 'the Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER on his feet, in the act of presenting a petition in behalf of the venerable NOAH WEBSTER and others, his converts and disciples,' which the learned member introduces with 'a touching encomium upon this patriarch of the birch, and grand-father of Letters and Spelling in America.' An imitation, not *very* close nor over-felicitous, is here given of the great departed orator's language and manner: of which the subjoined sentences may be taken as an example:

'MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE: I know but too well that my own poor visage, ill befitting as it is to accompany a name so venerable and so glorious, (*clarum et venerabile nomen*,) can but little recall the noble and gentle and intellectual lineaments of the divine old man, whose portraiture, opposite to the title-page of his first great production, his Spelling-Book, I doubt not is engraved on the hearts of all who hear me.'

'At this truly affecting appeal, I saw many of the distinguished personages present lay their hands, with what they call, in the French Chamber of Deputies, *une tres vive sensation*, upon that part of the body where Dr. WEBSTER's image is perhaps the most legibly imprinted. 'The master saw the madness rise,' and felt how strongly he had struck the electric chain which bound his audience to him. With that incomparable eloquence, therefore, which places him above all other speakers — whether his forcible arguments scatter dismay among the supporters of a tyrannical tariff, or his equally powerful logic enforces its justice, its constitutionality, and its expediency — he continued in the same ingenuous strain :



'If there be any thing in my poor talents which merits the smallest part of the fame with which, I can most unaffectedly say, I am overwhelmed, it is to the lessons of the immortal Dr. WEBSTER that the praise must be awarded. It is easy to see, Mr. PRESIDENT, that New-England, always the chosen seat of spotless good faith and of patriotism the most devoted and enlarged, is destined to be as preëminent in learning and the elegant arts as she already is in the Arcadian simplicity and guilelessness of her manners: in short, that joining Doric severity to Ionian elegance, in her rarely-compounded character, it is inevitable that she must become the *Magna Parens* of Taste, of Learning, and of Politeness, to all the less favored regions of our land. Happily for our Southern neighbors, Heaven has implanted in the breast of all genuine New-Englanders a sacred desire of propagating every where the virtues which, but for their humanizing efforts, would remain almost peculiar to themselves. Over-running, in their self-devoting labors, the most inaccessible, the most inhospitable shores: missionaries every where of Integrity, and Knowledge, and Disinterestedness: 'Pilgrims,' still, to every shrine where Freedom may be worshipped, and Gain despised: they are always sure to attach themselves to no objects save the improvement of those around them. Such, indeed, is their zeal for the comfort and improvement of the poor people among whom they carry their talents and their virtues, that I have often known men of the most eminent attainments, in migrating (as lawyers, physicians, and clergymen) to the South, to take their carriages full of check'd-handkerchiefs and tin-ware—articles much used in that section by those who are rich enough to buy them—and distribute them along the roads where they passed, for a price next to nothing.

'I shall, at no remote day, do myself the honor of calling the attention of Congress to a general project for the advancement of Learning and Taste in America, by rescuing from the neglect into which the jealous artifices of European authors have caused them to fall, those wonderful achievements of our early writers, which gained them, in their day, such prodigious applause among those best of all possible judges of merit—Themselves. A complete conspiracy has, as was indeed but too natural, combined the men of letters of all other nations, against a literature which, it is easy to see, is destined sooner or later to overwhelm all others. The design of my project is, to apply to those things which are of the growth of the Understanding, the same noble and philosophical principles which have been accompanied with such distinguished benefits, when made to act upon Trade and Industry. Nothing more will be necessary, than a few effective measures of Protection to our Home Productions, in order to confer upon us a superiority as decided in moral workmanship as we have already obtained in all physical handicrafts. It is well known that extensive and active manufactories of all intellectual wares, from the light and airy fabrics of the poet, to the ponderous and solid ones of the mathematician and divine, have long existed in most parts of New-England. Of these institutions it is acknowledged to be the remarkable peculiarity, that they alone give to their pupils such a general proficiency, that they rarely fail to be equally skilful in all the sciences and all the arts. Their scholars are generally good tailors, saddlers, shoe-makers, and hatters: not uninformed in joinery, upholstery, and ship-building: singularly expert as masons, stone-cutters, architects, and civil engineers: excellent at the making and drinking of beer, cider, and switchel.

'To these diversified talents, the greater part of them add no slight knowledge in the noble art of making a bargain: in singing psalms with the genuine evangelical twang and snuffle: and in exercising a very keen though innocent inspection into the domestic

secrets of their neighbors. These lighter and more elegant accomplishments are farther adorned with many other amiable and gentle qualities of the heart, which make them every where the delight and admiration of those among whom they inhabit or sojourn. Beside all this, they are as temperate as Kentuckians, benevolent and disinterested as Ohioans, intelligent as Pennsylvanians, modest as New-Yorkers, brave as Virginians, and generous and courteous as South-Carolinians. They are invariably skilled in dentistry, surgery, and medicine: in compounding and imitating all kinds of drugs; in Jurisprudence and Peddling; in Theology, and the making of tin-ware. Beside their own Attic dialect, they are occasionally able to speak, if not to write, the vulgar English of the Southern States, and of Great-Britain. In the other modern tongues, they are so skilful as to have introduced very extensive Castilianisms into the Spanish; to have largely corrected and reformed the Parisian pronunciation; to have restored the true Tuscano-Roman speech, which had latterly begun to degenerate; and to have brought about a perfect amalgamation of Saxon and Low Dutch, which has been so long a great desideratum in German literature: joining to all these eminent attainments an accurate acquaintance with the Latin and Greek grammars, and a considerable knowledge of the Smaller Catechism. They are also, for the most part, singularly fitted to become authors of Dictionaries, singing-masters, presidents of colleges, bar-keepers, extensive merchants, lecturers, venders of wooden clocks, ('failures' to be exchanged for *other* failures, collected on a return-trip,) missionaries among the Florida Indians, and other Southerners, professors of commercial mathematics, etc. I am about to submit,' continued Mr. WEBSTER, 'for your consideration, because its justice is self-evident, the primary branch of a plan for the encouragement and protection of Northern learning and genius. Mr. PRESIDENT, I offer the following Bill:

'AN ACT concerning WEBSTER'S Spelling-Book, and to Define the Powers of the PRESIDENT:

'Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress Assembled: That on and after the third day of March next, it shall not be lawful for any boy, girl, child, or infant, or any other person or persons whatsoever, within the limits of the United States, to learn or study their ABBS and EBBS out of any other Spelling-Book than the '*American Spelling-Book*,' invented by Dr. NOAH WEBSTER.

'Sec. II. The sole use of the said Spelling-Book of NOAH WEBSTER being enjoined, and the introduction of all others prohibited, it is hereby declared That all boys, girls, infants, children, school-masters, parents, and guardians who fail to use it, or surreptitiously seek to learn from the spelling-books of MURRAY, DILWORTH, and similar authors; and all printers and stationers who attempt to print or publish, and all merchants and traders who endeavor to import or vend, any other such forbidden spelling-books; shall be considered guilty of treason against the United States, and be punished accordingly. And to secure the observance of this act, the Army and Navy of the United States are placed at the disposal of the PRESIDENT, and it is hereby declared to be his high and sacred duty to enforce it at all hazards.'

'The bill passed by a vote of thirty-one to fifteen.'

Our hero now finds himself, as it were, entered anew into the world: but a world which held nothing that he loved, except the memory of his sainted LAURA. All joy, all passion, all hope, had perished with her, and had left him no other desire than to share her place of rest. Sweeter far to him than the loftiest throne of power, or the downiest couch of pleasure, would have been the repose of that quiet grave. Alike through the joyless day and the haunted slumbers of the night, one ceaseless anguish, one undying regret, filled every thought and every dream.

The image of his buried love — cold, dead, mouldering in the grave — was forever present to his remembrance. The universe was spread in a dreary calmness around him, and seemed only a wide mausoleum of her whom he had lost. As he had learned, however, from the moralists of every age, that in earnest employment in the duties of life, in active and virtuous exertion, was to be found the best antidote against painful remembrances, he resolves to mingle again in the affairs of mankind: hoping that peradventure the extinguished lamp of passion might be rekindled at the shrine of glory and ambition. Joining in the general contest for power and fame, he carries with him an energy of purpose which nothing but despair could have inspired, and which rendered him eminently successful in acquiring all that he struggled for, except the *oblivion* for which which he 'sought carefully and with tears,' but all in vain. He stood in legislative halls: he entered the arena of politics. He joined the ranks of war; and on many a well-fought field his step was the first in the advance and the last in the retreat:

'CHIEFLY, however, I devoted myself to the contemplation and study of inanimate Nature. I had always possessed an enthusiastic admiration of her charms; and I now roamed from country to country, with scarcely any other purpose than to view her under different aspects, and to gaze upon her face forever varied and forever lovely. I beheld the sun rise from the Atlantic wave in all the gorgeous magnificence of his ocean drapery, and his setting beams tinge with rose-hues the summits of the Alpine mountains. I stood on the far shores of the northern seas, and saw the arctic lights stream over the illumined sky, and fill all heaven with their phantasmagorial splendor. I gazed on the clear blue summer sky from the solitary forests of the Alleghanies, and saw the mountain-eagle cleaving its deep expanse with his broad strong pinions. I viewed the mighty ruins of the ancient civilized world, and the ivy-covered castles of the baronial ages, and the gorgeous palaces of the capitals of modern Europe. I strayed along the banks of the Teviot, the Tweed, the Arno, and the Rhine. I wandered through England in the autumn, through Italy in the summer, and through France in the season of the vintage. I sailed amidst the spice-islands of the Indian seas, and reposed beneath the odorous shade of Chili's boundless forests. I roamed through the interminable prairies of the Missouri, during their early solitude, when mine was the first step, save that of the Indian, which had ever trod the flowery waste. On land and on wave, on mountain and on plain, in sunshine and in storm, I wooed the loveliness of Nature; and in communion with her sacred spirit, endeavored to lose the sense of my own loneliness and despair. But it was in vain. It was in vain that I ransacked the realms of learning, the heights of power, the world of imagination and of reality, in search of the talisman of *forgetfulness*. Never, either in the society of the gay and the wise, or in the lonely pursuit of knowledge, or in the daring visions of ambition, or in the pompous senate-hall, or on the crimson battle-field, or in the crowded city, or amid the solitude of unpeopled nature — never, my buried Love! wert thou for one moment forgotten or undeplord!'

Finding that the world contained nothing which he could value, and that the consuming anguish within him was rapidly wearing away his frame, and bringing his existence to its close, he resolves again to visit LAURA's grave, and to pass the rest of his days in solitude beside it: in order that he might at least enjoy the only melancholy pleasure which remained to him: that of breathing his last sigh over

her ashes, and of mingling his own with them in death. He repairs to the spot, and constructs for himself a rude shelter in the recesses of the forest. Every day he passed many hours at her grave, in the indulgence of a grief which TIME, contrary to his usual wont, seemed rather to increase than to assuage. Let the reader now prepare for a startling 'surprise,' not exceeded, we venture to say, by any of the 'sensation' stories which burthen the columns of so many of our ambitious weekly journals.

Several times 'our hero' had observed something like a human form wandering amidst the trees around him, and fancied, more than once, that he saw the white waving of a woman's robe. But the object was so indistinct, that at first he little regarded it, and thought that perhaps the motion of the foliage had deceived his vision. At length, however, it approached so near, that he 'perceived it to be a lady of a fine person, and exceedingly graceful movement.' But let the 'NULLIFIN' tell his own story of the most wonderful discovery which ensues:

'THERE was that in her air (for the distance prevented my seeing her features) which seemed not unfamiliar to me; or which at least awoke something like a vague recollection. I approached her; but as I did so, she retired along the path which had formerly led to Mr. DOUGLAS's residence. I felt myself irresistibly impelled to obtain a nearer view; and, hastening my steps, overtook her. She turned around—sacred heavens! was it possible?—could I believe my senses? Yes: it is— it is LAURA herself: it is my own LAURA, so long lost, so deeply lamented, whom I now clasp to my throbbing and transported heart!

'Seven years, it is true, had not passed without having wrought some change in her person, but to my delighted gaze she seemed even lovelier than ever. The flower of her early beauty had now expanded into the glory of its prime. In her appearance enough of youthful freshness still remained, blended with a more majestic gracefulness of person, and a loftier tone of intellectual expression.

'Mutual explanations ensued. It will be recollected that when I left Mr. DOUGLAS to prepare for my marriage, KALOUF had remained behind. From him, during my absence, LAURA accidentally learnt the secret of the bargain which existed between me and the DEVIL, and the fate which my marrying her would bring upon me. Her love for me made her at once resolve that I should not incur the penalty. Knowing that argument would never induce me to resign her, she determined to withdraw herself from me by pretended death. This scheme was executed, and succeeded as I have related. She had herself witnessed, concealed at a little distance from her supposed grave, my preparations for leaving the earth, though without any suspicion of my design, until she saw me actually take flight.

'With even more than my former passion, I now urged an immediate union. To this, however, there still existed the same obstacle as before, and for several days all my pleading was ineffectual. During this time I observed, without knowing what to think of it, that LAURA had several earnest conferences with KALOUF. At length, after the last and longest of them, with a look of mingled exultation and sadness, she consented to be mine, and we were soon after married.'

It should be explained, that since his return from the skies, regardless of the services of his diabolical assistant, KALOUF, he had been without his attendance. It was not until the recovery of 'his LAURA' that he again summoned him. Im-



mediately after his marriage, he called him to his aid; commanded him to build him a magnificent house of white marble, and to place in his private room an iron chest, containing a million of guineas. When this was completed, he told him to pack off for the Lower Regions, as he had no farther use for him. 'You will yet see me again!' said KALOUF, as with a spiteful scowl he disappeared.

For many years afterward, our 'hero's career was as prosperous as possible. He lived in the most sumptuous manner; a numerous family grew up around him, and 'every thing around breathed of wealth, happiness, and honor.' He had filled various important offices with applause, and was now looking to the last and the highest. On the eighth of October, 183-, after a busy day, he was calmly seated by the parlor-fireside, about nine o'clock at night, with the newspapers before him. His wife was by his side; several of the eldest of their nine sons and daughters joining in their conversation, while the young ones were gambolling over the carpet. 'The room displayed every thing that taste or luxury could desire, and wore the comfortable and genial air which a blazing hearth bestows.' A pattering rain beat against the windows, and the voice of the coming winter sighed in the gale without. It was a scene of happiness and contentment, into which it seemed impossible that any shape of evil should intrude. The happy master of the scene, and all its accompaniments, was deeply engaged in calculating what States would go for, and what others against him, in the approaching election for PRESIDENT, when suddenly his old acquaintance, THE DEVIL, stood before him!

The poor 'NULLIFIER' was not only amazed — he was horror-stricken. In his reverses of sorrow and of joy, he had kept little note of the flight of Time, and suspected not how swiftly it had moved. He did not dream that he had not at least a dozen good years left; instead of which, the whole thirty were now at an end! But 'Auld CLOOTIE' appeared not now in the softened guise with which his victim had seen him clothed at their former interview. He came *now*, not to beguile and to win, but to *claim* his victim: his figure was more colossal; a fiercer wrath kindled up his features, and a gloomier grandeur was seated on his brow. A diabolic grin of malicious exultation somewhat relaxed his countenance, only to render it more terrible, as he fixed upon the pleasant group the glare of his large and fiery eyes:

'HE had on the same old blue coat that I had seen him wearing thirty years before. Its enormous pockets seemed stuffed fuller than ever with papers. He thrust his hand into one of them, and pulled out a large bundle, tied with red tape. 'I think,' said he, 'the time of your bond is nearly run out: let's see; here it is: no, this is a lien I have on the chairman of the committee of manufactures in the House of Representatives, who drew up the tariff act of 1832: the three members from South-Carolina who voted for said bill are also included. This is another lien, on the President of the United States, who threatened his native State with the bayonet, in case she attempted to defend her liberty. This is the bond of the old woman who edits the *Richmond Enquirer*: she hopes to become an ambassador, but I think will miss it. This is the compact of a big South-Carolina general: he expects to be made sheriff down yonder, but I know better than to trust him. Ah! here's your bond, at last: it is due this night, at twenty-five minutes after nine o'clock.'

'The large clock before me pointed to within ten minutes of the time! Who can



paint the agony which thrilled my heart, as I prepared to take leave of LAURA and happiness forever! But it was to her that the DEVIL addressed himself. 'Come, Madam,' said he, bowing very low, 'please to get ready. I must immediately have the pleasure of your company.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed I. 'I am your victim; but thank Heaven, I alone. Upon that pure and angelic creature you can have no claim.'

'You are mistaken,' said he: 'I have a claim, so legal that Heaven itself cannot save her from me. Here is her bond, signed by her own hand, by which she is now forfeit to my power. I see, Sir, that this was done without your knowledge. You are to understand that a few days before your marriage, LAURA sent KALOUF to me, requesting an interview. She there proposed that I should take her, as a substitute for you. To that I consented, and in exchange for your bond she gave me her own; of which I now demand, and will have payment.'

'This was indeed too true. LAURA's generous love had prompted her to the heroic act of sacrificing herself in order to save me. It was in vain that I now entreated and implored the DEVIL to take me instead of her: it was in vain that I vehemently urged that I was his proper victim. He was inexorable.

'Since the time of EVE,' said he, 'there has been upon this earth nothing in female shape that I have been so anxious to possess as your LAURA. However,' continued he, 'I have a variety of business to attend to, which will occupy me upon earth for nearly a week. It will probably be four days before I return. I will leave you until then to get ready to accompany me. I will also make an offer which will afford you a chance of escape. Provided that you will deliver to me the souls of twenty-five other persons, I will take them as a substitute for yours, and agree to cancel your bond.'

'Thus speaking, the DEVIL disappeared.'

And now what does our enterprising 'NULLIFIER' do? He instantly sets to work, and *Advertises for Twenty-five Souls!*—'being very anxious to obtain them, having abundance of money, willing to allow a high price, and pay the cash down!' Returning to his house, after seeing his advertisement conspicuously inserted in all the newspapers, he finds two or three hundred persons assembled to treat with him—'all Yankees,' of course! He soon bought the required twenty-five, at prices varying from two to ten dollars, as the fear or avarice of the seller predominated:

'TOWARD the last, as the company perceived that my number was nearly made up, great competition was excited, and of course prices fell exceedingly. I could then have bought as many as I pleased, for next to nothing. Those who had not sold, went away bitterly bewailing their disappointment. After paying to each man his money, I locked up my new purchases in a safe room, telling them that in three days I would deliver them to the DEVIL. There they remained, very busily engaged in swapping clothes and trading with each other; and I was informed, that by night there was not a single one of them who had not made at least six dollars by his speculations.

'The DEVIL returned punctual to the time. I now met him without fear, and producing my twenty-five substitutes, demanded a receipt in full. 'My friend,' said he, looking scornful and offended, 'I had a better opinion of you than to suppose that you would attempt to cheat me in this shameful manner. Do you think to pay your debt to me in that which is my own property already? This is the same as if you owed your neighbor twenty-five cattle, and were to go into his field and take beasts

with his brand on them, and offer them to him as payment. These men all have my mark upon them. And beside, to put the matter on another ground, this is no compliance with my offer, for these creatures *have* no souls. I will show you.'

'The DEVIL, it is to be understood, is a wonderfully skilful chemist, and knows how to analyze all substances, whether material or spiritual. In a few minutes he erected a furnace, seized one of the Yankees, and disengaged from the body that which in these animals supplies the place of a soul. It stood up before us, a thing utterly strange and indescribable. He put it into a large crucible, reduced it to a fluid mass, and then separated the component parts. It consisted of

PARTS IN A THOUSAND.	
Cunning, . . . . .	125
Hypocrisy, . . . . .	125
Avarice, . . . . .	125
Falsehood, . . . . .	125
Sneakingness, . . . . .	125
Nameless and numberless small vices, . . . . .	140
Essence of Onions, New-England Rum, Molasses, and Cod-Fish, . . . . .	235
	<hr/> 1000

'There,' said the DEVIL, holding it up: 'do you call that thing a *soul*?''

'With a furious and exasperated look, he was now just about to seize LAURA in his horrid clutches, when at that moment there came a subordinate demon, in great haste: 'My liege,' exclaimed he, 'the Unionists are holding a meeting in Charleston! You are wanted there immediately!' At this news the DEVIL, delighted, flew away instantly, saying to me that he would return the next day.'

Our narrative now hastens to a conclusion. Obtaining thus another short respite, the NULLIFIER bethinks himself of some other method of escape. He visits three famous conjurors in South-Carolina, relates his case, and entreats them, if possible, to devise some means for his relief. They inform him that there is but one effectual plan; and then retire into a large apartment, and begin their magical rites. Let us see how they went to work: They set out a large pot, nearly filled with water from the Savannah river. They threw into it the writings of JEFFERSON, M'DUFFIE, HAYNE, etc., a parcel of bones gathered from the battle-fields of the Revolution; and a variety of other powerful ingredients. They placed under it, as fuel, large quantities of a newspaper called '*The Columbia Telescope*,' which presently took fire by its own internal heat, and blazed upward with a ruddy and intense flame. Here are portraits of the 'Conjurors.' The reader will have little difficulty in recognizing them:

'Of these conjurors, one was a tall and slender man, with an eye of extraordinary brilliancy, and a Southern impetuosity of speech and manner. He had just arrived at that age when the intellect is strongest, and ambition is most ardent. He was distinguished by the loftiest talents and the purest integrity. In his presence, almost every one felt that indescribable power by which the superior spirit sways the minds of other men with an indefinable and commanding charm. He for the most part sat still, waving his wand, and reading from a paper dated, 'Pendleton, July 26th, 1831,' and called an '*Exposition*.'

'The second was not large in stature, but well formed, with dark hair, thick whiskers, and a very military air. His sparkling black eye was lit up with humor, wit, and

uncommon fire. His whole mien and bearing indicated that a tenement of clay was never animated by a spirit more ardent, enthusiastic, and determined. Every chivalrous quality adorned his character, and had procured him the appropriate appellation of 'the BAYARD of the South.' He looked as if there was nothing whatever of noble enterprise which he would fear to attempt; or which, having undertaken, he would ever abandon while earth or heaven afforded means for its accomplishment. *He stirred the pot!*

'The third was about six feet two inches high, and thirty-seven years of age. His hair prematurely thinned and tinged with gray, gave fully to view his broad, lofty and receding forehead. His eye was large, full, and gray; his person exceedingly noble and majestic; and every movement and every gesture was the perfection of manly gracefulness. He was possessed of an eloquence scarcely surpassed by that of his ancestor, the famous orator of Virginia, and which seemed sufficient to animate any heart, except that of a submissionist, with the same passionate spirit of courage and love of liberty which burned in his own. His speaking features glowed with the expression of such transcendent genius, generosity, courage, and magnanimity, as heaven and nature only bestow, at rare intervals, upon some favorite child.'

This last 'Conjurer' it was, who spoke '*The Incantation*,' which was in 'brave and threatening blank verse:' and as the 'words of power' were spoken, the thick vapor which arose from the boiling cauldron and filled the whole apartment, gradually gathered itself together, and became condensed into the shape of a beautiful and glorious female SPIRIT. 'Her figure was of supernatural size, and displayed the perfection of symmetry and grace. A flood of rosy light was poured around her person, which shone with the ineffable loveliness of eternal youth. A shining helmet was on her brow, beneath which long waving hair as bright as sunbeams flowed over her uncovered shoulders. In one hand she held a flaming sword, and in the other an olive-branch, while on her left arm hung a broad and glittering shield. Her eyes sparkled with celestial fire, and their glance alone seemed sufficient to strike terror into whole armies. A robe, like that of a Grecian goddess, flowed lightly around her. It was of pure white, with here and there a few streaks of a crimson hue. Her whole form was invested with such beauty and such majesty as immortality alone may wear; and would have been too dazzling to look upon, but that a placid shade softened the fierceness of the radiance, and made it tolerable to human sense.' The magnificent SPIRIT smiled benignly, and bidding 'our hero' dismiss his fear, took LAURA by the hand, while he placed himself at her side. The time for the return of the DEVIL had now arrived. Accordingly, presently he came flying in, his countenance inflamed with wrath and impatience. The first object that met his eyes was the angelic protectress. 'What's that?' inquired he in the utmost astonishment. 'That,' said his late subject, 'is NULLIFICATION!' At that awful name the DEVIL, with a shriek of horror and consternation, instantly took to flight. 'I have neither seen nor heard from him since,' writes our narrator; 'but should he ever hereafter attempt to molest me, he shall be again NULLIFIED!'

And thus ends the wonderful history of our wonderful 'NULLIFIER,' at which good-natured 'YANKEE' editors, we perceive, laugh as 'consumedly' as any body else.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The fourth number of the '*Editorial Narrative-History of the Knickerbocker Magazine*,' prepared for the present issue, and which is much longer than its predecessors, is deferred until our next; owing to a pressure of other matter: which, as was once said of a certain political 'pressure,' no one 'will find any occasion to regret.' Both numbers, we have reason to believe, will be all the better for the delay. - - - If we had not once made the *Voyage of the Upper Lakes*: if we remembered not the Indians, and the stockade-fences, and the gorgeous 'shows' of the 'abrogynes' receiving their yearly store of flaunting calicoes and gay broad-cloths, at Mackinaw; perhaps the following would not strike us so forcibly as it does now: but *now* we can assure our readers, that aside from the incidents 'in keeping,' the sketch is one which is exceedingly graphic and picturesque, in all its external features: and as '*A Case in the Upper Courts*,' perhaps it may have an added interest to our legal friends:

\* WHILE enjoying my summer's cruise around and among the 'Upper Lakes,' not many seasons ago, a little *Judiciary* incident occurred, of which I desire to make a brief note. Our party of seven had bidden adieu to the '*North Star*,' (that most gallant of all Upper Lake steamers,) when we chose Madaline Island as the fittest point to gather an outfit for the pilgrimage to the head-waters of the Mississippi, and thence down to St. Anthony. We had already procured our canoes, engaged our guides, and appointed the hour of two P.M. as the time of setting out upon the journey. In the mean time, it became necessary for each to look after sundry items of individual want, that could not be provided for in the Commissary's department. Let me say here, that these seven citizens, of as many different States, unacquainted heretofore with each other, formed the plan of the trip the evening before, and had now set to work to carry it out. We had blankets to buy; 'stogy' boots; pistols; ammunition, knives, tomahawks, and woollen over-shirts; in fact, a whole invoice of new articles seemed necessary for the enterprise. As fast as we were able to get the items together, we piled them in the warehouse, ready for shipment. One o'clock had arrived; and it occurred to all that several hours had passed since we had seen the flower of the party, an individual whom I shall name ROSENBAUM: 'What has become of ROSENBAUM?' This was an inquiry of great moment: 'Could it be possible that some of the wild Chippewas, who were loitering around the town in hundreds, had spirited him away?' All of us made diligent search: I went toward the north; and as I passed the corner of the American Fur Company's Stockade, a great crowd of aborigines, old and young, male and female, were congregated around a long, low log-house: some looking in the open windows, or the doors, or through the interstices of the logs. At first it struck me that there might be a funeral; perhaps some one dying; twenty things flashed through my mind; but our lost ROSENBAUM was entirely absent from my thoughts. Determined to see all that I could of the manners and customs of that hyperborean region, over I went: nudged my way among big Indians, and stood within the 'hall.' Zounds! what did I see? Poor unfortunate ROSENBAUM sat before me, a picture of utter despair, all ready equipped for our tour: red shirt, big brogans, tarpaulin hat, revolver in his belt, and a scalping-knife in each hand. He sat beside a table, looking sorrowful, downcast, dejected: opposite him sat a tall, rough, undignified individual, a Justice of y<sup>e</sup> Peace.

Frenchmen, Indians, half-breeds, and some other grades of human life, and innumerable dogs, stood, sat, lay, reclined, and 'hung about,' all anxiously looking for something to come out of a law-suit there pending. ROSENBAUM looked the victim. Could it be that our *compagnon de voyage* had violated any municipal regulation?—had he broken the peace?—committed an offence against the city, township, county, State, or United States? What kind of a Court was it? That was a question I could not at the first glance fully discover. Was ROSENBAUM a prisoner of state, or was he arraigned for a civil offence? The thought struck me that our journey was at an end: perhaps each and all were to be periled, like the prisoner within the bar!

'ROSENBAUM at length caught a glimpse of me; and joy sprang to his eye at once: he was a new creature. He made a lunge to reach me, but the constable retarded his progress. I ventured up to his side, and he revealed to me his heart-corrosions. 'I am in a bad scrape, my dear fellow,' said he: 'that man has sued me, to recover the price of some beef which I sold him a few months ago: the beef is not good; but he paid me in copper stock, and that isn't worth half as much: I think they will put me in jail; and I cannot go on this trip. Is there an attorney in the company? If there be, for Pity's sake, send him here, or I'm a 'goner'?'

'As good luck would have it, we *did* have an attorney 'among us;' and he came to the rescue just in time to save the severest penalty of the Court being pronounced upon the prisoner. I saw how the thing was tending: the 'Bench' leaned toward the side of the prosecution at *more* than the old angle of forty-five degrees. *Indian* swore the beef was bad; *Dutchman* swore the beef '*was* not wort one kreitzer:' *Frenchman* swore the beef was '*ver*' bad:' and *Yankee* corroborated the whole. Now, what defence could ROSENBAUM set up? There was the purchase-bill receipted: evidence of payment. Every one, and ROSENBAUM to boot, knew the quality of the beef to be bad. He mildly insinuated that the copper-stock taken in payment smelt worse than the beef: but that was ruled out by the 'Bench.' The Court had, time and again, passed its opinion, that the defence should be held to answer.

'Just at the nick of time, our attorney came into Court as the counsel for the defence. After a few words with his client, he addressed the 'Bench': 'May it please the Court, where was this sale transacted?'

'In Chicago,' was the response of the amiable Judge.

'Then, Sir, I demand the release of my client, upon the ground that you have no jurisdiction.'

'Do you mean to say that I don't understand Jurisprudence?'

'Oh! no, your Honor: I think, as we are in the State of Wisconsin, and as the beef was purchased in Illinois, your Court has no right to try the cause!'

'*That's jest what I tho't all along*: the case is ended: the prisoner is discharged!'

'So, you see, we got our ROSENBAUM out of a bad snarl; but the ruling of the Court made *one* man a very wrathful individual; and that individual was the unwilling owner of the beef. He frothed like a wild Arab; swearing eternal vengeance upon his successful antagonist; and boldly insinuating that he should not leave La Pointe alive. When we stored the last bit of dunage in our canoes, this fiery fellow was 'around,' with vengeance in his teeth; and the only apparent method we could adopt to sustain the just judgment of the Court, was to keep our revolvers in view: *thus* we prevented a breach of the peace, although we could not stop the loud anathemas breathed upon all concerned, more particularly upon the vender of the sour beef. For the succeeding nine days, we never omitted a good opportunity to bring up a 'chunk of beef' for



ROSENBAUM to gnaw upon. The Courts of those upper-regions are as pure as their beautiful waters : but copper-stock and beef are somewhat mixed !'

'Copper-fastened,' you're 'in !' - - - It is sad to hear, as we have heard, on two or three occasions, (and in one especial case recently,) that little speakers, who have had a flattering reception at the occasional side-table set for them in these pages, have been taken hence, to be here no more forever. Little can *we* say, to stifle the grief or soothe the *present* sorrow of 'E. M.,' the afflicted mother, of B —, Illinois : but will she peruse these brief lines ? They *have* consolation in the promise which they portray, and in the aspirations which they inspire :

'They are going — only going ;  
Jesus called them long ago :  
All the wintry time they're passing  
Softly as the falling snow.  
When the violets in the spring-time  
Catch the azure of the sky,  
They are carried out to slumber  
Sweetly where the violets lie.

'They are going — only going,  
When with summer earth is dressed,  
In their cold hands holding roses  
Folded to each silent breast ;  
When the autumn hangs red banners  
Out above the harvest sheaves,  
They are going — ever going,  
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

'They are going — only going  
Out of pain, and into bliss ;  
Out of sad and sinful weakness  
Into perfect holiness.  
Snowy brows — no care shall shade them ;  
Bright eyes — tears shall never dim ;  
Rosy lips — no time shall fade them —  
Jesus called them unto Him.

'Little hearts forever stainless —  
Little hands as pure as they ;  
Little feet by angels guided  
Never a forbidden way.  
They are going — ever going !  
Leaving many a lonely spot ;  
But 'tis Jesus who hath called them —  
Suffer, and forbid them not.'

Bereaved mother, these lines, undoubtedly from the swelling heart of one who 'hath sorrow like unto *your* sorrow,' must by and by fall like balm upon your wounded heart. - - - BEFORE you peruse, town-reader, in the daily journals, the ridiculous advertisements of astrologers, sooth-sayers, and 'veiled prophetesses,' run your eye over the subjoined account of the manner in which one of these pretenders to divination was 'come over' by the witty and satirical Dean of St. PATRICK'S. The story, although greatly condensed, will be found sufficiently SWIFT-ish : Having long observed and lamented the abuses of pretended astrologers, especially of PARTRIDGE, the Almanac-maker, the chief London astrologer of the time, he began to adjust and correct the calculation, which he had made for some years, and promulgate his predictions founded thereupon ; proclaiming that PARTRIDGE himself, and the rest of his clan, might 'hoot him for a cheat and impostor if he failed in any singular particular of moment.' A table of predictions follows, calculated from the time when the sun entered into Aries : 'My first prediction,' he says, 'is but a trifle, yet I will mention it, to show how ignorant those pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns : it relates to PARTRIDGE, the almanac-maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find that he will infallibly die upon the twenty-ninth of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever : therefore I advise him to consider it, and settle his affairs in time.' The accomplishment of this prediction is subsequently set forth in a 'Letter to a Person of Honor' narrating the death of Mr. PARTRIDGE at the time foretold by the sage astrologer. As the fatal Twenty-ninth approached, word was brought to the seer that the almanac-maker was growing gradually very ill, and that he had become delirious. The astrologer visits him, but finds him in full possession

of his understanding. He tells him that he is sorry to see him under such melancholy circumstances, and begs him to say frankly whether his predictions relating to his death had not too much affected and worked on his imagination. He replied 'that he *had* often had it in his head, but never with much apprehension until about a fortnight before; since which time it had kept perpetual possession of his mind and thoughts, and he did verily believe was the true natural cause of his present distemper: for,' said he, 'I am thoroughly persuaded that this new astrologer spoke altogether by guess, and knew no more what will happen this year, than I did myself!' 'I told him,' said the *true* astrologer, 'that his discourse surprised me very much; and I asked him what reason he had to be convinced of the astrologer's ignorance. I asked him farther, why he had not calculated his *own* nativity, to see whether it agreed with the astrologer's prediction?' This was a clincher: and the frightened almanac-maker answered: 'O Sir! this is no time for jesting, but for repenting of such fooleries, as I do from the bottom of my heart.' 'The observations and predictions, then,' said I, 'which you printed with your almanacs, were mere impositions upon the people?' 'If it were otherwise,' he answered solemnly, 'I should have the less to answer for.' After half an hour's farther conversation, the astrologer took his leave, repairing to a coffee-house near at hand, leaving a request to be informed by a servant when his prediction 'took effect,' which fatal result occurred soon after. But JOHN PARTRIDGE, the almanac-maker, would not *stay* dead: indeed, in a paper entitled '*The Astrological Impostor Convicted*,' he denied having died at all; and boldly avowed that, thanks to his better stars, he 'was alive, to confront the false and audacious predictor, and to make him rue the hour he ever affronted a man of science and resentment!' That, owing to the outrageous prediction, the town believed him to be dead, he admits; for the mourning upholsterers came to funerealize his apartments; the undertaker came with the coffin; and the sexton, to know where he was to be laid, and whether the grave was to be plain or bricked. He looked out of the window, and told them, together with a troop of 'dismals,' or mourning mutes, that he was no more dead than they were: but they knew better: told him to get into his grave-gear as quick as he could, and not stand like a ghost at the window, to frighten folks; that he 'ought to have been in his coffin these three hours.' 'Now can any man of common-sense,' indignantly asks the dead-and-alive *ci-devant* astrologer, 'think it consistent with the honor of my profession, and not much beneath the dignity of a philosopher, to stand bawling before his own door, 'Alive! alive! ho! the famous Dr. PARTRIDGE! — no counterfeit, but all alive!' But SWIFT met this denial promptly and plumply. Dr. PARTRIDGE announced in his succeeding almanac, that he 'was not only *now* alive, but that he was *likewise* alive upon that very Twenty-ninth of March when it had been foretold that he should die!' Here the astrologer 'had' him: and his first argument was this: 'About a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanac for this year, merely to find what he said against me, at every line they read, would lift up their eyes, and cry out, betwixt rage and laughter, that 'they were sure that no man alive ever writ such stuff as this: ' nor was that opinion ever heard to be disputed: but there was another and a stronger evidence: Mrs. PARTRIDGE herself had repeatedly stated to the gossips of the neighborhood, that her husband 'had neither life nor soul in him: ' therefore, it was 'only an

uninformed carcass which was walking about, which was pleased to call itself **PARTRIDGE!** And the astrologer proceeds to *prove* him to be dead, out of his own **Almanac**: for 'he there says, he is not only alive now, but that he was also alive upon the very twenty-ninth of March, which it was foretold that he should die on: by this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now, who was not alive a twelvemonth ago! There lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not to assert that he was alive ever *since* that twenty-ninth of March, but that he is *now* alive, and was so on *that day!* I grant the latter, for he did n't die until night: whether he be since revived, I leave the world to judge. This is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.' Any thing clearer than this, or any thing stronger in corroboration of the wonderful miracles effected by *true* astrology, could not perhaps be found, even in our own 'enlightened age!' We close with this characteristic sentence: 'I never heard a finer piece of *Satire against Lawyers*, than that of Astrologers when they pretend, by rules of art, to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of plaintiff or defendant: thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause!' - - - A KNOWLEDGE of '*Parliamentary Usages*' is one of the most important acquisitions of any man, (either '*that man, or another man,*') who aspires to the honors of political or 'conventional' life. Read the subjoined. 'Hence we view the great necessity there is, of knowing what you are about, when you happen to be one of a committee of the whole, at the time of an 'exciting debate.' The burlesque is perfect:

'If there are any in the land who are so unfortunate as to be ignorant of the mode of procedure in electing officers and so forth for a school district, I deem it my duty to enlighten them, by reporting *verbatim et literatim* what my own eyes beheld and ears heard. As usual, there were two parties, each bent on having its own way:

'**Mr. M** —: 'I move **Mr. D** — be our moderator.'

'All in favor, say 'I.' Carried.'

'**Mr. M** — was spokesman for the weaker party, and carried his point by storm.

'**Mr. M** —: 'I move that **Mr. E** — be our trustee for the next three years.

'**Mr. A** —: 'Second it!'

'**Mod.**: 'All in favor, say 'I.'

'**Voice**: 'What's the motion?'

'The moderator paid no regard to the inquiry, neither called for the negatives, but declared **E** — elected.

'Up jumps **V** —, the head of the stronger party, finds a trustee of the opposite faction elected, and moves to rescind: did not know he was voting for trustee. Motion is seconded.

'**Mr. M** — calls for ayes and noes.

'**Mod.**: 'Clerk, call the roll, and those in *favor* of **Mr. E** —'s being trustee, will say, 'Yes,' and those opposed, 'No.'

'**Mr. G** —: 'No, that *an't right*, those in *favor* must say 'No,' and those *opposed*, 'Yes.'

'**Mr. M** —: 'The vote is, to *take back* the vote making **Mr. E** — trustee.

'**Mod.**: 'Edzactly; jus' as I said. Those that want **Mr. E** — for trustee, say 'Yes; those that do n't, say 'No.' Call the roll.'

'**Clerk**: 'Mr. A —.'

'Mr. A — answers 'Yes;' he is in *favor* of E —'s being trustee. A — is a good-natured, simple-minded man, not wishing to injure any body, and would vote for any body.

'Mr. M — : 'No, Mr. A —, you do n't mean to say 'Yes;' it *recalls* the vote for trustee. You want to vote No.'

'Mr. A — : 'I want Mr. E — to be trustee, so I say *Yes*.'

'Mod. : 'Go on, Clerk, Mr. A — is right; he says *Yes*; he wants E — to be trustee.'

'Clerk : 'Mr. B —.'

'B — answers: 'No, I can never vote for the like of that mon. His dawg bite a boy of mine; and ony mon that 'll kape a dawg to bite children, bean't fit to be alither trustee or any think else. I say No.'

'Then the spokesman of the other party endeavored to explain to B — that he was voting for Mr. E —.

'Mr. B : 'Dawn it, bean't I a mon, that I cawnt tell if I say *Yees* or *No*: I say *No*.'

'The Noes prevailed, and the Moderator decided that Mr. E — was not to be the trustee.

'Mr. M — : 'I call for the 'REPORT:'

'To received of TOMMUS JONES, the collector of this dis.	. . . \$27 75 dr.
By paid HYRUM KECHUM for wood saun and split redy for stove,	. . . 9 00 cr.
By cash paid scholemam for sumer schole and her borde,	. . . 16 25
By fixin winder & nales and doar lach three shillins,	. . . 00 37
By 1 brume,	. . . 00 13
remainin in our hans too dollars and know sents.	

A. V.	} Trustees.
W. T.	
M. C.	

'As it was late about this time, and I had obtained the above report, I left.

'Yours, 'KELSS.'

Most especially authentic. - - - THE '*Reminiscences of Lorenzo Dow*,' the occentric travelling Methodist Preacher, are thankfully received: but most of the incidents narrated have already obtained a wide publicity in print. We once heard him preach, in an open grove, in one of the central towns of our State. His appointment had been made some two months in advance; and the day before had been one of wind and storm, and the travelling was terrific. But prompt to the hour, he appeared on an old and way-worn bay mare: his face covered with a beard and moustache, which at this day would excite no remark, but which alone would *then* have congregated the curious of a whole township. He mounted the stand, a rude creation of rough boards, gave out a hymn with which the 'surrounding aisles of the dim woods rang,' offered up a short prayer, and then began his discourse. We made one of a pair of little twin-ZACCHEUSES, on a tree over his head, *one* of whom was occasionally a little restless, arising from the insecure and yielding nature of his perch. Old LORENZO, his red-rimmed mouth opening round as he spoke through the mossy aperture, looked up, and exclaimed: Boys! *be* still — *keep* still — or *come d-o-w-n*! You are like the dog in the manger, who would n't eat himself, nor let the ox a-eat-ah!' The discourse, in some respects, was wonderful. It was at times pathetic, often ludicrous, with occasional illustra-

tions so felicitous, and so full of strong common-sense, that he took his immense audience with him. 'I'm only a poor old ram's-horn,' said he, in concluding his sermon, 'through which God has blown upon the people: may HE bless HIS work!' A hymn, a prayer, a benediction: and 'Old LORENZO' was again in the saddle, churring his old mare into a trot, for another appointment, miles and miles away. He was a Methodical Sight to See! - - - We hope every lover of the KNICKER-BOCKER will both read, and commend to his neighbors, '*The Story of a Poor Young Man*,' which will run through five successive numbers. It is a pure, healthful story of domestic life, and has been received in France and England as the great novel of the time. Not less interesting (and of immense importance to every family in the land also) is the liberally-illustrated series of popular articles, entitled '*Falsifications of Food*,' which will be continued during the present year. Analyses, by the most accomplished chemist and microscopist in the country, will be given of all the principal articles of food in common use, liquors, drugs, etc., usually adulterated; the adulterating materials, and the means of detecting them; together with the names of manufacturers, or other parties guilty of this most common but shameful and pernicious crime. The articles are prepared at an immense labor and expense: and we confidently expect that they will excite more interest, and be of greater benefit to the public, than any series of magazine papers yet offered to American readers. - - - Our correspondent, 'W. J. R.,' of L —, (Mass.,) must permit us to infer that the following is not to be considered 'Private,' although contained in a note to us thus designated. It is 'too good to keep' — from our readers: 'Rev. Mr. G —, a friend of mine now in Heaven, told me a capital thing about his journey through the West, in a missionary capacity, several years ago. He was holding an animated theological conversation with a good old lady on whom he had called: in the course of which he asked her what she thought of the doctrine of *Total Depravity*? 'Oh!' she replied, 'I think it a good doctrine, if people would only live up to it!' The minister was dumb-founded: and really, what could he say? - - - THANKS to our far 'Down-East' correspondent, for his obliging 'excerpts' from '*Farmer's Meditations, or Shepherd's Songs*.' Once upon a time, many years ago, an old friend and occasional correspondent in 'Bangor, State o' Maine,' did us the same kindness; dispatching to us especially, a 'piece' upon one MILES SHOREY, in which were depicted '*The Suferinks of a Man*' with as much genuine pathos as the affecting 'pome' thus entitled, from the simply-classic pen of K. N. PEPPER, modestly 'intituled' '*Some Remarks on the Death of Miles Shorey*.' You will please fiddle and sing the 'piece,' on page two hundred and twenty-four, including the ninth and tenth verses, and omitting all the rest:

'MILES SHOREY, fifteen months of age,  
In haste has quit his favorite stage,  
By oil of vitriol spilled on him,  
And was consumed by the flame!

'This child — who suffered by this fire,  
His father's name was NEHEMIAH;  
Who is a real friendly man —  
His loving mother's name was ANN.'

This poem, perhaps the most unique and tragical of all our 'FARMER'S WORKS,



has, as we have said, already 'fallen upon the public ear' through these pages. Our present correspondent remarks in his note: 'At one time and another, you have published in your 'EDITOR'S TABLE' some very rich specimens of 'poetry' from the 'rural districts,' which I assure you have excited a good deal of merriment in the region round about whence I send you this scriblet. I have in my possession some genuine productions of 'the same sort,' which I have been meaning, these three years, to send to you. To-day I will sit me down and 'do it,' as FANNY KEMBLE used to say as 'JULIA,' in 'The Hunchback,' 'nor leave the task to another.' The volume — for I have a *volume* of them, containing one hundred and eight of the 'pomes' in all — is called '*The Farmer's Meditations, or Shepherd's Songs*:' by THOMAS RANDALL, a resident of Eaton, (N. H.) It seems to have been printed in Limerick, Maine, by WM. BURR, in the year 1833, and to have been 'entered according to act of Congress,' in the same year. I inclose a loose leaf or two, including the 'Index,' to assure you that I am not attempting a 'sale,' as you might suspect, but giving you extracts from a veritable work, even if it was overlooked by GRISWOLD in the compilation of his '*Poets and Poetry of America*.' The pieces which I transcribe are given *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim*. Even where I suspect a slip of the type, I have not ventured on any conjectural emendations. I leave those for future editors and commentators. Listen to

## P O E M L I.

'Remarks on John March: a Man of large Stature, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, and who lately died at his residence in Eaton.

(INSERTED BY REQUEST.)

'THE mighty fall by God's command:  
Who can secure their breath?  
JOHN MARCH, Esquire, has quit the land,  
Resigned his life in death.

'His bulky form we did admire;  
Uncommon was his weight;  
A fever seized on him like fire,  
And shortly sealed his fate.

'DEATH laid on him his chilly hand;  
He sunk beneath his load:  
In haste he left his favorite land,  
And quit the tiresome road.

'He signified to some around,  
While on the tiresome road,  
That some sweet comforts he had found;  
He'd made his peace with God.

'His wife and children each may say,  
'We've lost a *Great Defence*:  
He's cheered our hearts both night and day,  
By gifts he did dispense.

'He's clothed us in the richest dress,  
In public to be seen:  
The worth of learning did impress;  
(In business to convene.)

'No more with statesmen he will meet  
At Concord or elsewhere;  
In their assemblies take his seat,  
His measures to declare.

'No more he'll call the humble poor  
With him to take a seat;  
And feed them all within his door  
With most delicious meat.

'Those ministers he thought sincere,  
With him they found a place;  
He treated them with love and care,  
As favorites of his grace.

'But now he bids them all adieu!  
Here in the desert ground;  
No more his giant form to view,  
Nor, see him walking round!

That this is a great poem upon a great subject, we think will be conceded. There is another upon '*The Cholera*,' which also 'impresses.' Let our metropolitan authorities, who have charge of our dirty streets, see to it that these 'suggestive' lines do not rise in judgment against them, during the fervors of the summer solstice soon to be upon us; when neither the odors of myrrh nor of frankincense

shall abound in our streets; nor Hudson, rolling his dead dogs to the sea, contribute to the enjoyment of the most spiritual of all the senses :

'THE CHOLERA comes, with rapid strides,  
Over the western ocean glides:  
It asks no favors of the sun,  
Through the dark his vapors run.

'With glassy eye and falling cheek,  
(The cities see and give a shriek!)  
With haggard arms, and pointed chin,  
He looks around and gives a grin!

'New-York city, I've been told,  
This contagion through it strolled;  
Let its deadly vengeance fall,  
Laid them lifeless by the wall.

'The doctors each began their drill,  
Tried the force of lance and pill;  
Physic in profusion flowed,  
Stomachs filled, and bowels stowed.

'Noble means were well applied,  
And the wisest skill was tried;  
But abortive mostly proved:  
Cholera like a giant moved!

'Repelled the doctors' generous blows,  
Passed along by streets in rows,  
Threw disorder in their face,  
Defied the skill of ADAM's race!

'Sighs and sobs—they might be heard!  
Cries to heaven were highly reared!  
Lamentations, not a few,  
Walked the streets of New-York through.

'Death and mourning was their meat;  
Sackcloths passed along the street;  
Hum was changed to gloom profound;  
Bells were tolling all around.'

Next in poetic strength and artistic merit to the affecting stanzas devoted to little 'MILES SHOREY,' is the poem 'On the Death of ESTHER MERROW, aged about eighteen years;' as will appear from two of the dozen stanzas which compose it:

'YOUNG ESTHER MERROW once was here  
Robust and hearty, fresh and fair:  
Health flow'd in streamlets round her head,  
Threw in her face both white and red!

'Fair ESTHER, once with wit and sense,  
Whose flesh was soft, whose bones were dense,  
Is gone to earth from whence she rose,  
When all her frame will decompose!'

The mantle of our poet would seem to have fallen upon his son, although the latter has never collected his lyrics into a volume. 'Poem 25,' 'Lines on the Death of NICHOLAS BLAISDEL,' and 'Poem 26,' 'On the Sudden Death of JOHN HERN,' have this note appended to them: 'Written by the Author's son, R. W. RANDALL.' A stanza or two from 'Poem 26' will suffice to show the style of RANDALL *filii* as distinguished from that of RANDALL *père*:

'On his horse, then, unthoughtful swift homeward he sped;  
But not far had he travelled, ere death, pale and cold,  
With his poisonous dart, met this young man and said,  
I am Death, the destroyer! my summons behold!

'A prisoner pale, then he fell from his horse,  
With red, dying blood the death-warrant was sealed;  
No more he's delighted with Music's sweet voice;  
His limbs are inactive, his eyes are concealed.

'In vain did they minister to his relief:  
A bandage, in vain, was applied to his head;  
Father, brothers, and sisters, in vain is your grief:  
Your friend, he is gone, for your JOHN he is dead!

Will it hereafter be stated that this Magazine has failed to do justice to the merit of any distinguished New-Hampshire bard? Can it be insinuated that we do n't 'do the handsome thing?' - - - In inviting attention to the advertisement of 'The Rockland County Female Institute,' accompanying the present number of our Magazine, we need only remark, that we can confirm all that is said in it

of the advantages offered by the Institution. Under its present management, it is an honor to the State: it is moreover a *Homa*, as well as a School: and where, in the whole sweep of the Hudson, is there a more beautiful prospect, (counting immediate access to the metropolis,) than can be commanded from the piazzas of the 'Institute?' Of the PRINCIPAL, and his capable assistants it needs not that we should speak. Well known even now, they are becoming more widely known with every 'term' of their 'Institute' existence. - - - We commend the following to the attention of our contemporary in Boston, as calculated still further to correct the '*Seamanship of the Atlantic Monthly*.' It occurs in the opening chapter of GULLIVER'S voyage to Brogdignag: 'The captain, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bade us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following; for the Southern wind, called the Southern monsoon, began to set in. Finding it was likely to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizzen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or heeling. We reached the fore-sail and set him, and hauled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-haul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a fierce storm: the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whip-staff, and helped the man at the helm. We could not get down our top-mast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well. We knew that the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizzen main-top sail, and the fore-top sail. Our course was east-north-east; the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard: we cast off our weather-braces and lifts: we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward the bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizzen-tack to windward, and kept her full and by, as near as she would lie!' 'We' have 'sme't salt water:' but *many* may lose the beautiful 'seamanship' of this. - - - A WORK which will make a more than ordinary sensation, and of which an extended review will soon appear in these pages, is now passing through the press of Messrs. DELISSER AND PROCTER, 'on Broadway.' It is entitled '*The Secret History of the French Court under Richelieu and Mazarin: or the Life and Times of Madame de Chevreuse*.' It is by VICTOR COUSIN, and translated by M. L. BOOTH. A superbly engraved portrait will add to its 'personal' attractions. - - - CARLYLE himself will 'smile a still smile' over this burlesque of his entirely characteristic style: 'Come now, O my THOMAS! thou doubtful doubter of doubts, thou flounderer on the flat, miry and bilgy of tideless Toryism. I have somewhat to show thee. Look!—what seest with those staring eyes of thine; those eyes so big and bullet-like, globed in such spheretic speculation! It shall be *told* thee what thou seest: A car, four-wheeled and many-sized and springless. No two of the wheels are of the same size—in order prescript and irrevocable. It goeth forth backwardly, hind-quarterly, and stern-foremostly, and joineth in many directions at once, and therefore hath no locomotion. Time and half a times it is half topsy-turvy, and

otherwhiles the sconeless traveller therein ensconced, knoweth not whether he is sitting on his head, kneeling on his heels, or standing on his elbows. Loud-rumbleth and rough-tumbleth this mystic and portentous car: and yet it stayeth where it listeth, and where *that* is no man knoweth, not even its inventor. And what sort of a car is that? Ho! ho! PETER and PAUL! Ha! ha! Mrs. GRUNDY and Dame PARTINGTON! Why, man, dost thou ignore this car? Dost thou not recognize this car? Why, man, it is Thyself—it is CAR-lyle! But *is* it 'himself,' or is it his lingual 'GOBLIN d—d?' - - - We have especial pleasure in calling public attention to the opening piece of a Musical Series, published by Messrs. DELISSER AND PROCTER, Broadway, entitled '*Vocal Quartettes, adapted to the Poetry of the Prayer-Book.*' These musical performances are from the *variorum* pen of our friend JACQUES MAURICE, Esq.: and those whose judgment 'cries in the top of ours,' as SHAKSPEARE phrases it, commend the opening piece as supplying a most important desideratum. These '*Quartettes*' will be the result of careful labor, distributed through a number of years. Although the just effect of the music demands in most cases four voices, generally with accompaniment, many of the pieces are not unsuited to the wants of larger choirs or singing-parties; and nearly every one may be sung as a soprano solo, if the accompaniment is given in full; though often, of course, the performance will be less satisfactory to the ear. Such at least are the opinions of musical judges. - - - Is there not a pleasant and withal an instructive PICTURE embraced in the annexed passages from a late familiar epistle of an esteemed New-England friend, yet fellow-Gothamite, dated in mid-March from his delightful 'Country-Home?' We say 'instructive,' because it might, and it should, induce emulation of kindred *Acquisition of Attainable Enjoyment*, equally refined and inexpensive. We should 'sink' the opening compliment, as 'not at all in our way' of publication in these pages, but for its inseparable connection with the present thoughts of the writer:

'WHAT weird power is it, my friend, that you possess, which always moves one to write to you after reading your 'Gossip?' Wherever I am, and by whatever influences surrounded, I can scarcely resist the impulse which is the invariable result of my first perusal of your Magazine.

'When I describe the external influences attending my this day's reading of the March number, you will not think it strange that I yield to the temptation.

'Last week I brought my family home from New-York, where they have been spending the winter: and I have been remaining here with them through the week. Yesterday I went to P—, and purchased the KNICKERBOCKER and *Home Journal*. To-day, after 'putting things to rights' a little, I sat down in my library to have a good 'read' of the KNICKERBOCKER.

'As I commenced reading, the snow began to fall; gently, gently, and in little fine particles; so that we knew we were going to have a real snow-storm. I do love to see a snow-storm commence in this way: when it begins with great feathery flakes and a great bluster, we know that it will be all 'fuss and feathers,' and that it will shortly end with the 'nastiest' kind of a rain. But when it begins as this has, so fine that you have to look twice to see one flake; and the folks say 'it's going to snow' for half an hour after it has *been* snowing; when it comes down in a benignant kind of a way; seeming to say 'Well, I had about as lief snow as not: do you think it best

that I should? Let's see: I will scatter a few specks and see how they take. How's the ground? Frozen? Hum: well, I will give you a little — nothing else to do. Old BOREAS is off somewhere just now; but he will be along by-and-by, and take hold with me. There: how is *that*? Pretty fine — pretty fine: I suppose you think I won't make out much. Ha! ha! well, we'll see — we'll see! And then you *will* see. *Then* you will see, in about three hours, one of the most beautiful sights in nature. One vast white sheet rolled out over the ground, with the brown shrubs peeping through, trying to keep their heads above water till the last minute; the fences decorated with long rolls of 'frosting'; the fir and the spruce and the arbor-vitæ clothing themselves like happy brides; while the oaks, and the maples, and the chestnuts stand by, brown, dry, and unmoved, like old bachelors whose season is over; timid snow-birds fluttering about, and looking pitifully at the pitying faces on the warm-side of the window-pane; and more beautiful than all else, the great white cloud of silver stars, and pearls, and diamonds, ever descending, descending, descending, from as high as you can see, as far as you can see, in prodigality such as Heaven alone affords!

'What a day to read the KNICKERBOCKER! Do you wonder that I do not resist temptation? Do you wonder that I write to you?

'Let me describe my externals a little more fully:

'My library is just where all libraries should be, at the pleasantest corner of the house. It is in the second story, and the house stands high, so that, looking south, I can see miles in the distance without moving from my desk. In front, or on the west side, rolls the swift black river, whose specific gravity we have impressed into service to drive our spindles; and beyond rises the steep, wooded hill, along the sloping brow of which, like a girdle, runs the little lonely path which 'Uncle RUSSEL' cut for SARAH to travel home from mill. 'Uncle RUSSEL' is an eccentric character, but good-natured and genial as that FALSTAFF whom he so much resembles in appearance. His house stands alone, on the other side of the river, while the road runs on this side. The old man usually crosses in his boat; but there is a 'string-piece' some distance below, which SARAH crosses when she returns home in the evening. Many a stormy night, when the eight-o'clock bell has rung out the operatives, have we watched poor SARAH's lantern, as it glimmered along the hill, down into the hollows and over the eminences of her lonely path.

'To come in doors: the little ones are having a 'great time' in the nursery with the new Scotch nurse. MARTHA is an Ayrshire lass, and a near relative of BURNS. Wife is chatting with Father and Mother and Sister down stairs, and you and I, dear friend, are all alone.

'I have been listening to *your* gossip-chatting, but as you have exhausted your 'powers of conversation' with *me*, it is *my* turn, now. I've 'got you,' *this* time!

'My mind is running somewhat upon your remarks prefatory to the extract from a casual newspaper letter of mine;\* and I have been thinking of the great mistake most business-men make in permitting the finer pursuits of intellectual culture to be entirely banished by their business duties. From my experience in mercantile life, I do not hesitate to say, that he who suffers himself to be absorbed completely by the demands of his business; whose only care is upon his balance-sheet, and who has brought himself to believe that it is his assigned lot simply to perform the routine of labor in his counting-house, like the wheel of a clock, has sold himself to the most odi-

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\* See the KNICKERBOCKER for March: pp. 325.



ous and debasing slavery. And yet I know that the tendency of a business life is to the entire absorption of one's self in its cares.

'Do you ask me why I have chosen to place myself among dangers of which I am warned? I will tell you.

'Your Man of Letters is a valuable member of society: in fact, we should find it somewhat difficult to get along without him. We want him to write our histories; to explain the musty volumes which reveal past ages to us; we want him to travel, and narrate his travels to us; we want him to think profoundly and then give us the result of his lucubrations; we want him to immerse himself in scientific discoveries, and eliminate those things which may benefit us; we want him to 'do up' some poetry occasionally for us; we want him to collect and distil for our delectation the delicious aroma floating on the surface of the current literature of the day: we want him as an ornament to society — *but we do not want to pay him!*

'APOLLO, my friend, is a fellow of talent. I confess to a liking for his shining parts; but he has n't half the influence which MERCURY has now-a-days: therefore have I chosen the latter as my patron. Do not think, however, that I succumb quietly to the harness of commercial life. Did you never see a staid and sober old farm-horse jog, jog, jogging along in a lumber-wagon, with head down, ears flapping, and his pot-belly swinging from side to side, suddenly prick up his ears, toss up his head, seize the bit between his teeth, and break into an awkward gallop for a rod or two, making the tug-chain rattle and the old cart fairly groan, as some spirited nag came spanking by him? Just so do I, jogging along in the well-worn ruts, often feel my blood stirred by some passing event in literature; and springing out of the track, regardless of check and restraint, and unmindful of the clanking of the chains, and the damage to my go-cart, canter after, until my stiff joints and labored breath admonish me of my departure from duty.' . . . 'The March number of 'Old KNICK' is a gem. I am delighted with your reminiscences. Your Mississippi correspondent has also got off the best thing in his line which has appeared since the days of poor GEORGE HILL. I might particularize farther, but have not the time.'

'Gain time,' then, and write again! - - - AWAITING, until next month, adequate space and leisure for a *proper* notice of '*Tressilian and his Friends*,' a work from the prolific and always agreeable pen of our friend, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, we simply, for the present, briefly call attention to the existence of the book, and name the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY, Philadelphia. Even this brief announcement is scarcely necessary. - - - SINCE our friend Mr. SPARROWGRASS's, 'unpremeditated' yet most atrocious pun, made one morning when we were steaming townward, what time the great Hungarian Patriot was on a visit to us, we have heard nothing worse in its kind than the following, which we clip from our to-night's *Evening Post*: 'Col. ALBERT PIKE is about to depart on a tour of business and pleasure among the Indian tribes of the West. He will be accompanied by a few gentlemen who know the ways of the red man. The excursion will occupy some two or three months. On the occasion of Mr. PIKE's speech at the Opera House, in Cincinnati, there was as much anxiety among PIKE's friends to hear PIKE speak, as there is among miners to see Pike's Peak.' 'But: what *was* Mr. SPARROWGRASS's pun?' Why, this: 'Why is a celebrated Hungarian General, now among us, like a musket?' 'Give it up:' 'Could n't say,' 'Out of town,' etc. 'Cos shoot.' *Kos-shut!* Emulation in punning fructifies at long intervals or dis-

tances of time. - - - 'The True Heart's Aspirations' are too incomplete, however beautiful in their original form, for satisfactory publication. We are none the less obliged, however, to 'ORMOND' for his kind intentions. - - - CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., has retired from the editorship of the *The Ladies' Illustrated Magazine*, late 'GRAHAM'S', of which latter he had the literary charge during the last two years of its existence.

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Brief Notices of New Publications.

W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY'S EDITION OF COOPER'S NOVELS is attracting the attention and securing the wide popularity which we predicted for it, some months since, while the great enterprise was as yet almost in embryo: but the materials to be employed, and the superb original illustrations, indicated, with sufficient plainness, what the public had good reason to expect. Nor will public expectation in any degree be disappointed. The pioneer of the series was '*The Pioneers*,' which has been succeeded by '*The Red Rover*,' and '*The Last of the Mohicans*.' It would be idle, at this late day, to speak of the character of these or other kindred works, which have made COOPER'S name and literary fame known not only 'wherever the English language is read and spoken,' but as well where many other languages are read and spoken. Hence it remains only to be stated, that in the conception and execution of the engravings by DARLEY, who has the rare faculty of entering into the very spirit of his author; in the firm and beautiful paper, made expressly for this edition; in the clear and elegant typographical execution; and in the rich and tasteful binding of the volumes, there is nothing left to be desired, save the ability to purchase them; and this, fortunately, the publishers place within the easy reach of all good-book buyers. We shall have something more in detail to remark of the illustrative 'illuminations' of this truly *National Series* of truly AMERICAN works.

THE 'MEMOIR OF COLONEL BENJAMIN TALLMADGE,' of the Revolution, to which reference was made in our last number, accompanied by a graphic and interesting extract, describing the execution of Major ANDRE at old Tappan Town, possesses for us a more than ordinary interest. When Mr. JOHN P. BROWN, for so many years United States Dragoman at Constantinople, and so long a correspondent of this Magazine, sent to us, on behalf of Prince DOLGOROUKI, of the Russian Embassy at the Sublime Porte, for an autograph letter of the 'great and good WASHINGTON,' and another of our 'eminent novelist, COOPER,' it was from our friend, Hon. F. A. TALLMADGE, (who publishes this memoir, prepared by his father, 'at the request of his children,') that we obtained a most interesting autograph letter from WASHINGTON to his honored parent, showing his implicit confidence in, and firm reliance upon him, by the *Pater Patria*. This letter, with an admirable one from Mr. COOPER to the PRINCE, we were permitted, at the time, to publish in the KNICKERBOCKER, from which they were widely copied, not only at home, but in Great Britain. And well does this thin, modest volume prove the judgment of WASHINGTON in the selection of his more distinguished patriotic coadjutors. A fine engraving, from the pencil of TRUMBULL, WASHINGTON'S aid-de-camp, (presented to Hon. F. A. TALLMADGE by the venerable artist himself,) fronts the volume: and its noble port and bearing shows, that in 'the times that tried men's

*souls*,' there were noble *bodies* to be exposed and tried, as well. As we have given the result of ANDRÉ's capture and execution, in the words of one who described 'all which he *saw*, and part of which he *was*,' let us not omit to quote, from one who *literally* 'thinks in words,' an important preliminary passage :

' AFTER this, I took my station again upon the line, in the county of Westchester. After marching, and counter-marching, skirmishing with the enemy, catching cow-boys, etc., etc., late in the month of September, namely, on the evening of the twenty-third, I returned from below to the regiment, then near Northcastle. Soon after I halted, and disposed of my detachment, I was informed that a prisoner had been brought in that day by the name of JOHN ANDERSON. On inquiry, I found that three men, by the names of JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, and ISAAC VAN VERT, who had passed below our ordinary military patrols, on the road from Tarrytown to Kingsbridge, had fallen in with this JOHN ANDERSON, on his way to New-York. They took him aside for examination, and discovering sundry papers upon him, which he had concealed in his boots, they determined to detain him as a prisoner, notwithstanding ANDERSON's offers of pecuniary satisfaction if they would permit him to proceed on his course. They determined to bring him up to the head-quarters of our regiment, then on the advanced post of our army, and near Northcastle. This they effected on the forenoon of the twenty-third day of September, 1780, by delivering said ANDERSON to Lieut-Col. JOHN JAMESON, of the Second Regiment Light Dragoons, then the commanding officer of said post, Col. SHELTON being at old Salem, under arrest.

' His Excellency Gen. WASHINGTON had made an appointment, to meet the Count ROCHEAMBEAU (who commanded the French army then at Newport, R.I.,) at Hartford, in Connecticut, about the eighteenth or twentieth of September, and was on his return to the army at the time of ANDERSON's capture. When I reached Lieut-Col. JAMESON's quarters, late in the evening of the twenty-third, and learned the circumstances of the capture of the prisoner, I was very much surprised to find that he had been sent by Lieut-Col. JAMESON to ARNOLD's head-quarters at West Point, accompanied by a letter of information respecting his capture. At the same time he dispatched an express with the papers found on JOHN ANDERSON, to meet Gen. WASHINGTON, then on his way to West-Point. I did not fail to state the glaring inconsistency of this conduct to Lieut-Col. JAMESON, in a private and most friendly manner. He appeared greatly agitated when I suggested to him a measure which I wished to adopt, offering to take the whole responsibility upon myself, and which he deemed too perilous to permit. I will not farther disclose. I finally obtained his reluctant consent to have the prisoner brought back to our head-quarters. When the order was about to be dispatched to the officer to bring the prisoner back, strange as it may seem, Lieut-Col. JAMESON *would persist* in his purpose of letting his letter go on to Gen. ARNOLD. The letter did go on, and the prisoner returned before the next morning.'

MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS' BOSTON EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS has been brought to a conclusion. We have frequently adverted to it, as it has advanced; and to the very last works, 'The Surgeon's Daughter,' and 'Castle Dangerous,' now before us, it has justified, in all respects, the high praise which it has received from the press throughout the United States. Convenient in size, beautifully printed upon excellent paper, illustrated in each volume with exquisite engravings on steel, tastefully and uniformly bound, it is externally an edition which will make it an ornament to any library. The last volume gives the names of the novels in alphabetical order; the chronological order and the characters introduced, with a summary of the principal incidents in each story; an index of names, with references to the volumes and pages in which they are first mentioned; an index to the notes; and a copious glossary of the Scottish words and phrases so frequently used by SCOTT. These additions give a completeness to the Household Edition which no other one possesses.

HAZARD'S ESSAY ON LANGUAGE, AND OTHER PAPERS,' was noticed by a correspondent with signal favor in our March number: in the present issue, another correspondent, also a Thinker, and whose theory in relation to THOUGHT is, that we *think only in words*, sends us the following comprehensive memoranda, as *his* impressions derived from a perusal of the work in question, contending that the author does not distinguish between *feeling and thinking*. Having followed the maxim, '*Audi alteram partem*,' we leave the subject with our readers.

'THE author of an Essay on Language lays down the following positions at pages 9 and 10:

'1. A language of *words* has been adopted as the usual and best means of communicating our *thoughts*, (p. 9.)

'2. There is an incipient stage of our *thoughts* before they are connected with *words*, (p. 9.)

'3. At that stage *thoughts* might be called *ideas* or *images*, (p. 9.)

'4. *Ideas* are but vaguely associated with *thoughts* which have already assumed the form of *words*.

'5. To designate our *mental perceptions* in this incipient state, and keep them distinct as objects of *thought* from the *words* with which they are ultimately united, he calls them *ideals* or *primitive perceptions*.

'6. By these terms he means '*impressions of things*, and all the *images, sensations, and emotions* of the mind, which are really independent of *words*.'

'7. These *impressions*, etc., 'having a separate and prior existence, induce us to put them *into language*, in order to impart our knowledge of them to others, and to compare them with each other in our own mind.'

'8. If a person '*sees* a landscape, the impression it makes on his *mind* is an *ideal*. The *emotions* associated with it are also *ideals* or *primitive perceptions*.'

'9. He seeks *corresponding terms*, and describes the scenery to another [that is, in words] whose mind also receives an *ideal* of it, together with the associated *emotions*, which are also *ideals*.

'10. Though these *ideals*, in this case, are the *effect of language* they are still as distinguishable from the *words* as any other *effect* from its *cause* . . . *ideals* are separate objects of thought,' (p. 10.)

'Such are the definitions and first principles of the author's theory. The ground fallacy of his theory consists in his confounding *thought* with *sensation* and *emotion*. But sensation, feeling, emotion—is not thought. It is not incipient thought. It precedes thought. It is not until we are conscious of an emotion, feeling, or sensation that we begin to think of it—it is not till then an object of thought—then, as certainly and as perfectly as at any time afterward, we think of it *in words*. At no stage of its progress or continuance can we think of it apart from words.

'Thinking is a voluntary act. But sensations and emotions are involuntary; and to speak of the involuntary impressions and emotions occasioned by seeing a landscape, as *ideals, incipient thoughts*, is to confound things which are as different as possible from each other. To say that we can think of sensations or impressions—as *ideals*—apart from words, and yet (as in 9) by describing them in words, can produce the same *ideals*, that is, the same sensations, impressions, or emotions in another's mind—and of course, so that he can think of them without words—is the same as to say, that if I am conscious of neuralgic pain in my head, then, first, I can think of it as an *ideal*, apart from words; second, I can select words, think of it in words, and describe it to another in those words, so that he shall receive an *ideal* of it which he can think of apart from words; third, that his receiving an *ideal* of the pain by means of my verbal description, is nothing else but his feeling the same neuralgic pain in his head, and thinking of it apart from words.'







W. H. Prescott

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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LOGAN'S MONUMENT.

## LOGAN AND THE HOME OF THE IROQUOIS.

**EMBOSOMED** in Central New-York lies a group of beautiful lakes, lying from ten to forty miles in length, and nearly parallel with each other, which cannot escape the eye glancing ever so casually over the map of the Empire State. The quotations of flour have given the Seneca County 'almost a world-wide reputation, but the region em-

name to the Alleghany range, and to an important river in the United States.



FOOT OF THE OWASCO.

The Alleghans, so far as can be learned from traditions and the study of their monuments, were driven from the eminence of Osco during the thirteenth century, leaving behind them their altar and the ashes of their dead. Osco, then, was the terminus of a series of strongholds extending up the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio, which, in a state of perfection, had two necessary concomitants, an earthen altar for the worship of the sun, generally situated, as here, in the centre of the fortification, and a burial-place outside.

Osco, according to the traditions of the Cayugas, was the birth-place of Logan. Tah-gah-jute was the Indian name of the famous chieftain and orator. He was the second son of Shikellimus, a distinguished sachem of the Cayugas. About fifty years before the Revolution, when Osco was the principal village of the Cayugas, some two hundred members of the tribe removed to the region of Shamokin, Pennsylvania, in consequence of a scarcity of fish and game in their old haunts. Tah-gah-jute was then about seven years of age. Shikellimus became the friend of the white man, and was soon afterward appointed Indian agent.

The conversion of the chief and his family to Christianity was probably due to the efforts of the Moravian missionaries. In 1797, a number of the latter, being very unpopular with the Indians, accepted an invitation to take up their residence at Shamokin. It was there, also, that Shikellimus hospitably entertained Count Zinzendorff and

Conrad Weiser. We learn from Thatcher that the chief of the Cayugas was a shrewd and sober man, not addicted to drinking, for the reason that 'he never wished to become a fool.' He built his house on pillars for security against the drunken Indians, and from motives of aversion used to take refuge within it on occasions of riot and disorder. Shikellimus died in 1749, attended in his last moments by the good Moravian Bishop, in whose presence, says Sorkiel, 'he fell happily asleep in the Lord.'

Tah-gah-jute, on the occasion of his baptism, received the name of Logan, in honor of James Logan, Secretary of the Province. He inherited the talents and peaceful virtues of his father, after whose death he became a chieftain. In conformity with the paternal wish, Logan married, the same year, Alvaretta, the daughter of Ontonega. The wife of the orator is represented to have been remarkably beautiful; and the surviving Cayugas, when relating their legends, still love to speak of her piercing eye, her comely figure and gentle manners. Little however is known of Alvaretta except the sorrowful story of her death.



HEAD OF CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

Logan was the child of misfortune. A convert to Christianity and the pacific doctrines of William Penn, he opened the door of his cabin to all who were disposed to accept of his hospitality. Logan was the generous and abiding friend even of the pioneers whose axes were de-

molishing the forests that supplied his table with venison, but never was friendship rewarded like his.



CANANDAIGUA LAKE—EAST SHORE.

‘In the spring of 1774,’ says Jefferson, ‘robbery and murder occurred in some of the white settlements on the Ohio, which were charged to the Indians, though perhaps not justly, for it is well known that a large number of civilized adventurers were traversing the frontiers at this time, who sometimes disguised themselves as Indians, and who thought little more of killing one of their own race than of shooting a buffalo.

‘Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much-injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kenawha in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and not at all expecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan.’

Not long after this occurrence, a brother and sister of the chieftain were massacred under still more aggravated circumstances, and the delicate situation of the latter increased a thousand-fold both the barba-



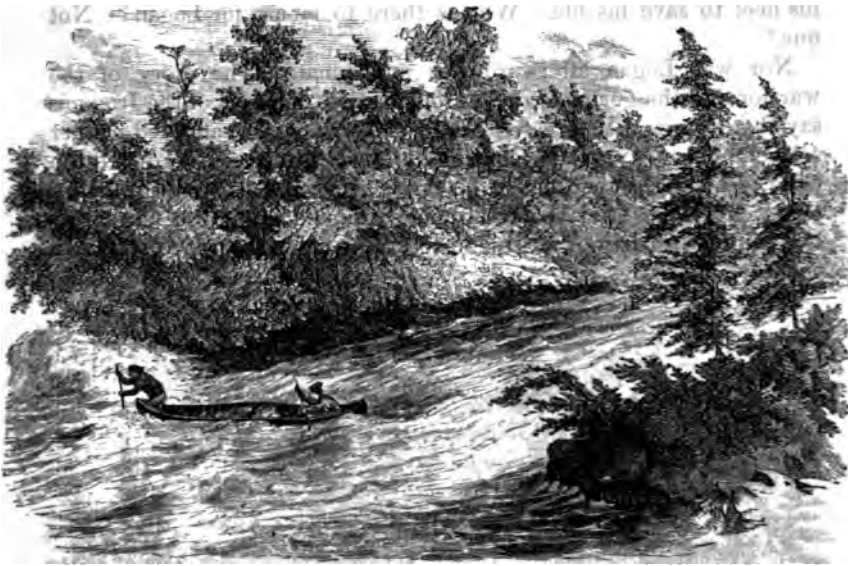
city of the crime and the rage of the survivors. Logan was an Indian. Descended from a proud and noble ancestry, he could not quietly endure the unprovoked wrongs heaped upon him. Forsaken, as he thought, by God and man, there was no alternative left him but revenge.

Logan accordingly distinguished himself by his daring and bloody exploits in the war that ensued. On the tenth of October a terrific battle was fought on Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kenawha. The confederate tribes were commanded by Logan; and opposed to them were a thousand riflemen, constituting the left wing of an army operating under Governor Dunmore against the Indians of the north-west.

The Virginians prevailed, but so great had been their loss during the war, and especially in the last fierce encounter, that they were even more anxious for peace than the enemy whom they had conquered but not subdued. The whites had been chastised, and Logan had avenged the cruel death of his kindred. It was proposed that the hatchet should again be buried. Logan assented for the sake of his surviving people. To him it seemed little worth. Himself a chieftain, and the son of a renowned sachem, he lived the last of his blood, his wish for longer existence buried in the graves of his family and friends. The remembrance of his wrongs, however, he could not obliterate.



CANANDAIGUA LAKE—WEST SHORE.



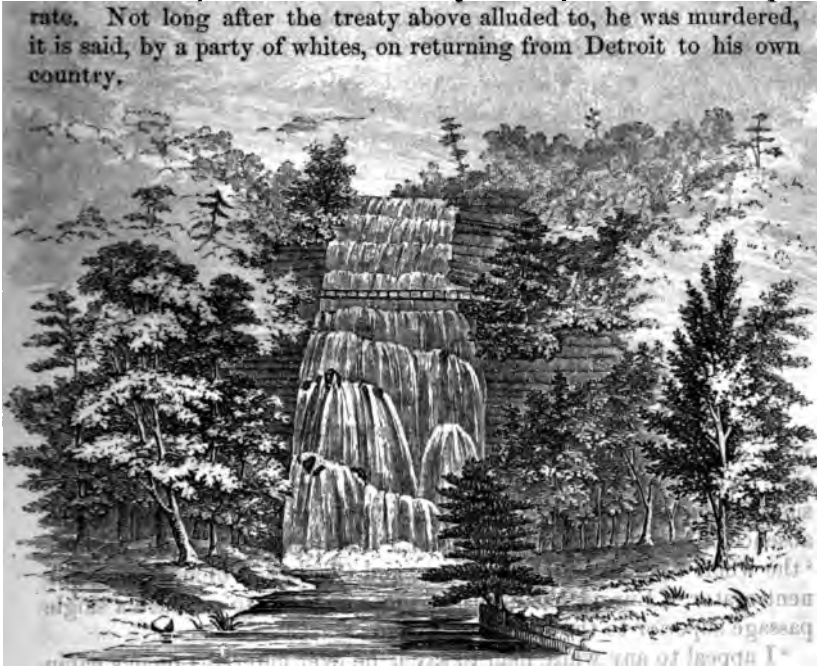
RAPIDS OF SENECA RIVER.

Logan was not present at the treaty concluded between Lord Dunmore and the Indians. His celebrated speech delivered on that occasion 'was sent by a messenger, that,' as Mr. Jefferson states, 'the sincerity of the negotiation might not be disturbed on account of the absence of so distinguished a warrior.' 'I may challenge,' he continues, 'the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan :'

'I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat ; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the close of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed, as they passed, and said : 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my wife and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on

his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.'

Nor was Logan afterward less unfortunate. The glory of the warrior and the genius of the orator, for the traditions of the Iroquois say that he was their greatest orator and wisest sage, afforded neither solace nor security to this Roman of the western world. Toward the close of his life, on account of his many sorrows, he became intemperate. Not long after the treaty above alluded to, he was murdered, it is said, by a party of whites, on returning from Detroit to his own country.



HECTOR FALLS, SENECA LAKE.

When the inhabitants of Auburn, where stood the Osco of the Iroquois, had determined to preserve the antiquities on Fort Hill by converting its magnificent grounds into a rural cemetery, it was proper that they should raise some tribute of respect to the memory of Logan. On Fort Alleghan, upon the sacrificial mound of earth where the Alleghans once paid adoration to the sun, and the Cayugas in later times worshipped the Great Spirit, a stately monument was erected in 1853 to commemorate the greatest of the Cayugas with the simple inscription :

'Who is there to mourn for LOGAN?'

Proudly it rises among stately forest trees, 'surrounded by marks and

vestiges' that tell us of an ancient people who dwelt there, and who, wiser though weaker than the Iroquois, passed away centuries ago.

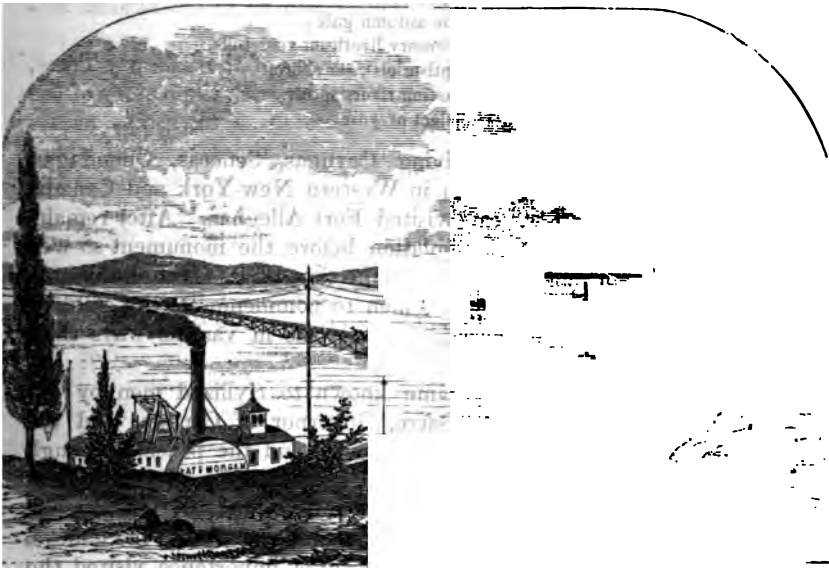
'Ye say their cone-like cabins,  
That clustered o'er the vale,  
Have disappeared as withered leaves  
Before the autumn gale ;  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore,  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.'

Delegations from the surviving Cayugas, Senecas, Onondagas, Mohawks, and Tuscaroras, both in Western New-York and Canada, have within the last few years visited Fort Alleghan. After remaining in silent and solemn contemplation before the monument so well represented in our engraving, and at the time of its erection the only one of importance built by white men to commemorate the children of the woods, they took occasion to express in various ways their deepest gratitude.

Central New-York first became known to civilized men by the military expedition of De la Barre, Governor of Canada, and the Marquis de Nonville against the Iroquois, and the peaceful though scarcely more successful efforts of the French missionaries to convert them to the Catholic faith. Thirteen captives made by De Nonville were sent to France as trophies, and thence as slaves to the galleys. From the year 1687 no military expedition of importance visited the region until the period of the Revolution. Those of the Iroquois who had taken sides with the English, having become exceedingly troublesome to the frontier, Congress determined to annihilate their power, if possible, by a single vigorous blow. Washington intrusted the expedition to General Sullivan in the year 1779, after having offered the command to three other distinguished officers.

Having reached the head of Seneca Lake, the troops constructed rude batteaux, in which they proceeded to where Geneva now stands. A small force was sent against the Cayugas, while the main body moved westward. They encamped a short time at the foot of Canandaigua Lake. At the head of the Conessus twenty-one men, under Lieutenant Boyd, were sent forward to reconnoitre in the direction of the Genesee river ; but having been surprised by a large number of Indians and rangers commanded by Brandt and the infamous Butler, the leader and a soldier named Parker were made prisoners, and shortly afterward inhumanly murdered. Sullivan's campaign terminated near Geneseo, where stood an Indian town of the same name, consisting of more than a hundred houses. This and the neighboring villages were destroyed, together with numerous orchards and thou-

sands of acres of corn. The initials of some of his soldiers, it is said, are still to be seen carved in the trees, near a deep and precipitous gorge south of the village, into which, there is a tradition that many of the Indians were compelled to leap by Sullivan's troops.



CAYUGA BRIDGE.

Down through the 'Pleasant Valley' flows the Genesee river from a table-land seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and furnishing within a space of six miles square, streams that mingle their waters with the River St. Lawrence, Chesapeake Bay, and the Gulf of Mexico. In the distance of a couple of miles, at Portage Falls, the river is precipitated by three perpendicular falls, more than three hundred feet. In close proximity to these and the perpendicular walls of the gorge, scarcely less wonderful than the falls themselves, the skill and industry of man have rivalled the creative efforts of Nature. We scarcely know which most to admire, the magnificent cascades thundering their song of centuries, with misty incense floating skyward, or the stupendous bridge upon which the traveller is suspended in the air, at an elevation of more than two hundred feet, and in sight of cataracts compared with which those of old Nilus sink into insignificance.

The Indian title to the part of Central New-York east of Seneca Lake, with the exception of a few reservations, was extinguished by the Albany treaty of 1788-9; and the region embracing the present



counties of Cayuga, Cortland, Seneca, Onondaga, with parts of Steuben, Wayne, and Oswego, was immediately assigned to the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the Revolution belonging to the New-York line, under the name of the Onondaga Military Tract. It was divided into twenty-eight townships, and these subdivided into lots of six hundred acres each, in 1789-90-91.

The officers who superintended the survey of the Military Tract, fresh from the Revolutionary war, and familiar with the history of the early republics of Greece and Rome, gave these townships names chiefly after the warriors and sages of classical times, many of which are still retained.\* Galen and Junius, embracing the marshes at the foot of Cayuga Lake, the least valuable part of the tract, were apportioned principally among the surgeons and chaplains of the army, and the friendly Indians of the Oneida tribe. Hector and Ulysses reposed side by side; Cato and Brutus were divided by the river of Seneca; Ovid and Milton smiled at each other across the fair Cayuga, while Hannibal and Scipio were located far apart. But few of the old soldiers, however, settled upon the claims. Their habits had unsuited them for the life of pioneers; and as several years had elapsed since the close of the war, many of them had died, or engaged in other pursuits. Many farms of six hundred acres were sold to speculators for a suit of clothes, or a few gallons of whiskey. But what the old soldiers lost in this way, they made up in part by selling their claims every day, if possible.

Immigration to Central New-York was first stimulated by the glowing accounts of its beauty and great natural advantages brought back by Sullivan's troops. In 1789 a number of persons leased of the Indians the lands between Cayuga and Owasco lakes for a period of nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The same year four members of the company living in Wysox, Pennsylvania, visited and surveyed the tract, and buried some vegetables they had raised, where the village of Aurora now stands, it being the intention of the Company to return next spring.

In the following March Captain Franklin, Deacon Atwell, and two other men named White and Durkee, with their families, left Wysox in sleighs, for a permanent settlement in the wilderness of Central New-York. Captain Franklin had seen much of the world, and experienced many vicissitudes. After an expedition to the borders of Canada, he enlisted in the British army as a private soldier, and sailed for the West-Indies. The vessel was wrecked on a desolate island. He was

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\* THE NAMES OF THE twenty-eight military townships were HECTOR, ULYSSES, SOLON, CINCINNATUS, OVID, ROMULUS, SCIPIO, AURELIUS, BRUTUS, CAMILLUS, MARCELLUS, SEMPRONIUS, TULLY, FABIUS, POMPEY, MARLIUS, CICERO, LYRANDER, HANNIBAL, CATO, GALEN, JUNIUS, STERLING, MILTON, LOCKE, HOMER, VIRGIL, and DRYDEN.

present at the siege of Havana in 1762; and used to relate that the English, in order to revenge the barbarity of the Spaniards in hanging in chains a number of their prisoners alive outside the walls, to die by inches, put dead bodies into their mortars, and threw their scattered fragments in showers of pollution over the city, tainting the air, and filling the minds of the inhabitants with the most gloomy forebodings. Having removed to Wyoming a few years later, he took part in the Pennamite war, was taken prisoner, but finally escaped. At the battle of Wyoming, in 1778, Franklin, then a lieutenant, did all in his power to retrieve the disasters of the day, and narrowly escaped with his life. A few years afterward his family were captured by the Indians, who killed his wife in an encounter with the whites.



AURORA.

Mrs. Franklin, the second wife of the pioneer, was a brave-hearted woman, inured to privations and trials. Her first husband fell in the massacre of Wyoming, and herself and child, a boy of tender age, were carried into captivity. The latter, unable to sustain the fatigue of the journey to Western New-York, was barbarously murdered by the savages. They kept the afflicted mother several months, until she was about to give birth to an infant, when, with barbarous humanity, she was left alone in the woods. The child died from want of proper cherishing. The scanty raiment of the mother was reduced to a

couple of garments; yet with a mother's love for her offspring, she wrapped one of them around her babe, and with her own hands buried it, after many kisses and with many tears, under the soft mosses and leaves. She lingered several days near the grave of her little one, suffering greatly from want of food and the cold damp night-air.



TAGHANIC FALLS, NEAR CAYUGA LAKE.

Hunger, and a faint hope that she might yet reach a settlement, at last forced her away from the sorrowful spot; and the tender-hearted mother, after many returnings, and often looking back, ventured into the pathless forest, leaving the wild-flowers, the birds, and the waving trees to guard the grave of her child. The poor creature wandered in despair, almost naked, and not knowing whither to direct her steps, until one day she discovered a number of persons approaching in the

distance. Uncertain whether they were whites or Indians, she hid herself in her flight behind a tree, dreading to be seen even by friends, in her destitute condition. The party had, however, discovered her, and suspecting that Indians were near, prepared for an encounter. She held out her garment in such a manner as to inform them of her situation. They turned out to be a company of border-men from Wyoming, in pursuit of the Indians. Her wants were supplied as far as possible by the kind-hearted men; and not long afterward she reached the settlement in their company, only to find that her house had been burned and her family destroyed.

The emigrants ascended the Susquehanna on the ice, so far as practicable, and then directed their way across the country to Newtown, now Elmira. Torrents had to be crossed, and sometimes the women and children were obliged to hold fast upon the sleighs, to keep themselves from being swept away by the angry waters. Part of the time the cold was intense, while the stopping-places along the route were but few in number. Now they were swamped in the mud, and then impeded by deep snow. In one instance they traversed a mountain where no team had ever before been, and where they were obliged to cut their way through the forest in the most laborious manner.

At the head of Seneca Lake, they were so fortunate as to find a boat, which had been used by Sullivan's army for the transportation of artillery, and abandoned on the return of the expedition, eleven years before. This rude craft they repaired; and as soon as the weather became favorable, the company set sail — leaving, however, one or two young men to drive a team, and a few domestic animals — to the destination of the company. Cheerfully they sailed down the deep blue waters of the Seneca, thinking that the hardships of the journey were at an end. In this, however, they were disappointed. At the rapids of Seneca river, where the village of Seneca Falls now stands, they were obliged to unload half of the cargo, and then return for what had been left behind.

On reaching Cayuga Lake, they found it filled with ice. It was determined to cut a passage for the boat; but this was a laborious process, and it took them several days to make a distance of five miles. At night, the party encamped on shore. When they awoke one morning, they saw, to their great joy, that the ice was all gone. The south wind had swept it entirely away. Both shores of the Cayuga were fringed with heavy forests; and as they coasted along the eastern side, they observed here and there the site of an Indian village. In scarcely more than one place, however, did they see the wigwam smoke curling above the tree-tops.

## D E A D   O R   A L I V E .

WE were a gay party of four young men, who had met by chance in Switzerland, and were now on our way over one of the least frequented of the Alpine passes. Two of my new acquaintances who had fallen in with me only two days before, while I was taking a bottle of wine at the door of a wayside cabaret, were Frenchmen, and possessed more than the usual share of their national high spirits, and tendency to *blague*. The third of our party was a German, remarkable for nothing more than a wonderful ear for music, which enabled him to retain and whistle any thing he had ever heard before, and his intense disrelish for the *canards* which my two Gallic companions were perpetually letting fly at him.

It was only seven o'clock in the morning. We had already spent three hours on the road, and having reached, after an exhausting pull, the summit of the mountain, threw down our packs and *Alpenstocks* at the door of the Pavillon de Bellevue — the generic name for mountain inns — and sat down to enjoy the prospect and smoke our morning pipes, while waiting for breakfast.

The air was almost too cold, after our hot walk. But how calm! not a sound could be heard about us. Not even the buzz of insect-life, or the distant thunder of a summer's avalanche broke the stillness of that July morning. And from the world below, only the singing voice of a mountain goat-herd, or the sweet music of distant bells came, now and then wafted to our ears by the slow, unwilling wind. Still high above us towered the mighty Alps, their summits wrapped in clouds, their sides covered with snow so pure that it might have fallen the night before, pierced by a thousand needle-shaped points, and in the valleys torn and racked by its never-ending downward course into a troubled sea of icy ridges and abysses.

'I think I could live a thousand years in this air, and with this view before me,' said I, after we had drunk our fill of the wild beauty and savage grandeur of the scene spread out before us. 'I made a mistake in making my will before leaving home. I don't believe any one ever dies here.'

'I should n't think many lived here,' said Adolphe.

'When they have lived long enough, they melt away with the snow, or fall down some of these break-neck precipices, and go out of the world with *eclat*. If I were to do that, (I mean have a fall,) and escape without a broken neck, my legatees would swear it was done out of spite.'

'I wonder how much legatees really regret those who have left them



something,' said Adolphe, as he finished rolling his cigarette. 'For my part, I should like once to come back awhile after my will had been opened, and see what the effect would be; and whose would the property be, mine or theirs?'

'The philosopher Zenagoras,' said the German slowly, breaking off in the midst of the 'Funeral March' from the *Eroica*, 'the philosopher Zenagoras taught that the souls of those who had perished by accident were allowed, at their own request, to return to their bodies once more, and to live out the rest of their life.'

'Yes,' interrupted Louis, 'I remember that doctrine; and the old muffle who preached it was so convinced of its truth, that he made way with himself one day. Unfortunately, however, he has n't come back yet. He threw himself from some arch or other — I forget the name.'

We did full justice to the bountiful breakfast we had been waiting for, and the end of another hour saw us on the march again, refreshed by our rest, and cheered by the last bottle of delicious wine.

The road, which before had been only tiresome, now became difficult, if not dangerous. We were forced to proceed in single file, our guide Pierre going before with ladder, rope, and axe, and Jean Baptiste coming after us, laden with the provisions for our mid-day halt. We had progressed in this way for an hour or two, when, at a sudden turn, the path we had been following terminated at a large rift of rock which seemed to bar all further progress, as it rose high over-head, and twenty feet below reached a steep slope of smooth hard snow, that at the distance of a stone's throw came to an edge, and all beyond was mystery.

'*Diable*,' said Adolphe, '*nous viola plantés!*'

'It is the *Pont des Anès*,' said Pierre: 'all but Englishmen usually turn back here.'

'Then we go on,' cried Louis and Adolphe, and I thought it. We even insisted that we would cross the bridge without the assistance of the rope which Pierre had begun to unwind from his waist. The face of the rock was not very smooth. The hollows and projections were the only holding-places for our hands and feet. Pierre passed first, Louis followed, then Adolphe and Groetz, and my turn came. The space was not a wide one. Already I had come in sight of my companions on the other side, when an incontrollable desire to see if I could not look over the snowy edge behind me, made me turn my head. I could not move another step. My brain began to whirl, my hands and feet slipped from their hold, and with the cry of horror from my companions ringing in my ears, I slid heavily upon the bed of ice and snow below. Even then I had no fear. My fall had not injured me, and I made a spring to regain the rock. To my dismay,

I found that I could make no progress upward. I saw, on the contrary, with all my efforts to plant my heels into the smooth surface of the treacherous snow, or to dig my nails into the icy crust till the blood flowed from beneath them, that I could not even stay my downward course, but was gliding slowly and surely toward that fearful edge. Nothing before me but the smooth hard snow, and then that sharp line against the distant mountains which bounded either a steeper slope beyond, or the brink of a precipice. O God! the agony of those moments, which seemed ages, as I battled with my doom, and felt its relentless power slowly and inevitably exert its terrible force. I gave up the struggle at last. A strange feeling of indifference, almost unconsciousness, seemed to take possession of me, and I yielded myself to the fate which hung over me. All dread disappeared; and with a kind of pleasing fascination I watched the decreasing distance between me and that fatal brink, the mysteries beyond which I was so soon to explore. I even think, that to shorten the period of uncertainty, and gratify what was almost a feeling of curiosity, I aided by my own efforts my sliding course, and contemplated with a feeling of satisfaction my approaching release from the suspense I was then enduring. Swiftly and more swiftly I neared the awful verge. Already I saw the misty depths through which I was about to fall—a glimpse of a distant chalet calmly sleeping in the summer sun. A hasty prayer as I closed my eyes forever—one short shuddering breath—a convulsive bound—and I was on my way toward eternity—

No. I was safe: breathless, stunned, bewildered from my fall; but uninjured. Where had I fallen from, and into what place? I looked about me and upward. It seemed incredible that I could have fallen from those cloud-wreathed heights above. I looked up to shout to my friends that I was safe; but my voice died away on my lips in that great solitude; and I reflected that, even if they could hear me, which was not probable, it would be impossible for them to come the way I had taken, and that many hours must elapse before they could reach me. But I must find my way out of the valley I was shut up in. A night passed in such a situation would be fatal.

How long I had wandered about in search of some practicable outlet to the valley I was in, I know not; and I was at last about to give up all hope, when, as I gazed once more anxiously around me, before resigning myself to a worse fate than the one I had just escaped, as by a miracle my eye was suddenly caught by two dark moving objects high up on the mountain-side above me. Could I make myself seen or heard? The chance was slender. He only who has suffered shipwreck, and lying weak and dying on his sea-washed raft, faint from hunger, almost mad from thirst, gazes and gazes with straining eyes, as with his last strength he feebly waves his wretched signal, and tries

to urge his failing voice once more through his parched and shrivelled throat, at the distant sail which seems now to approach, now to turn away, and may even be only a phantom of his troubled brain, can picture to himself the agony I endured as I watched those moving spots, and tried, it seemed in vain, to attract their attention.

If they should not see me, I knew now, at least, in which direction lay my path, and might succeed, perhaps, in reaching it alone. They saw me at last, or heard my shouts; for I saw them lay aside their packs, and motioning to me the way I must take to meet them, begin their descent. In an hour I stood beside them on the path they had been following.

Although they were on their way from Cormayeur, I induced them to return with me, and put myself under their guidance. In answer to their eager questions, how I happened to have wandered so far from the proper road; why I was out without a guide; where I came from; and to what place I was going—I told them of the accident I had met with in the morning, and without noticing particularly the looks they cast at one another, asked them if they belonged in Cormayeur.

They did, and had left it near noon. ‘Had my friends returned?’ I asked; ‘and had they said nothing about the accident one of their party had met with? or perhaps, giving me up as lost beyond all hope of recovery, had they kept on their way?’ My rescuers looked at each other harder than before.

‘No party left Cormayeur this morning,’ said the elder. ‘Strangers don’t visit us so often now, since the avalanche of a year ago, which swept away almost every house in the village, except the ‘Golden Goose,’ and left it covered with sand and stones.’

‘Avalanche!’ returned I. ‘What avalanche? The village was safe enough when we left it at dawn this morning. Is it Cormayeur you are speaking of?’

‘The very same. A year ago, or more, during a heavy storm of rain, an avalanche, partly snow, but mostly earth and stones, swept down the valley, as I told you, and damming up the river, which was then swollen to a torrent, added the horrors of a flood to that other calamity. How could you have visited Cormayeur within the year, and not know that?’

‘A year ago?—a year ago?’ I murmured half-aloud. ‘How could I have been there within the year, and not know that? And you say there have been no strangers there since?’

‘Few lately, but they begin to come again.’

‘Did not a party of four,’ I asked, ‘two of them Frenchmen, one a German, and the fourth an American, leave with Jean Baptiste and Pierre de la Rochecanée this morning, to cross to Chamounix?’

‘I remember hearing of a party like the one you speak of. One of

them — the American I believe — was lost from the *Pont des Anès*, but that must have happened two years ago, at least.

I asked no more questions. Two years! And where and how had I passed them? Am I dreaming now, or have I really been the victim of that accident, and have I been sent back to this life as unfit for any other? My soul cannot have entered another body, for this is really my own. Can what Groetz said this morning be true; and have I been sent back to earth at my own request? No! that is absurd. There must be some mistake. I will wait until I reach the village, and see whether what my guides have told me is true or not.

To distract my thoughts from the contemplation of this mystery, I tried to enter into conversation with my companions, but they seemed unwilling to hold any intercourse with me; and though they treated me with all tenderness and consideration, always kept in advance of me, and seemed uncertain whether they should regard me as one the balance of whose mind had been destroyed by some sudden shock, or as one really returned from the other world. We reached the valley toward sun-down. It was too true. Where I had left wide pastures, a smiling plain, neat cottages, and a babbling stream, was now only a dreary waste of rocks and stones, while the pretty brook had made itself a new channel, and struggled through the mass that had been thrown upon it, a full mile from its old course. With the exception of a few houses on the very outskirts, my old inn, the 'Golden Goose,' which had been protected by an overhanging mass of solid rock, was the only dwelling that remained as I had left it.

I looked over the register at the hotel. It was even so. Two whole years had elapsed since I had written my name there with my own hand, and another had since added an account of the unhappy termination of our expedition.

Two years! and in all that time, they cannot have heard of me at home, or if they have heard any thing, it must have been of my loss. They must think me dead. Dead! And am I not dead? for how can I be living, after what I have passed through? But how can I have died, since I am still upon the earth? In vain I tried to recal what had passed in the interval between my fall and the recovery of my consciousness in the valley below. The only resting-place my harassed mind could find in that wide chaos, was the thought of home, and those who must have mourned for me so sincerely; and I resolved to return to them as soon as possible.

I sat out at once for Havre, writing on to secure a passage in the first steamer; for the timid curiosity of the villagers, who had all heard my strange story, and who followed me at a distance in all my wanderings, had become insupportable, and I longed to be at home and at rest.

But although my heart yearned toward those I was hastening to see again, a strange feeling of dread, a dim presentiment of some impending evil, I knew not what, at times, and more and more frequently, took possession of me, and almost made me doubt the advisability of continuing my journey.

How should I be received by those who, if they had not already forgotten me, had at least accustomed themselves to regard me as long since dead? How could I, with the hope of being believed, account to them for my miraculous escape or for my total silence of the past two years? Why had I not put off my return until I had written, and had received answers to my letters? On the register of the hotel I stopped at the night I spent in Havre, I found a name which strangely attracted my attention. This name, though I was sure I had never seen it before, nor knew any one who bore it, occupied all my thoughts. What could there be in common between me and Francis Burgess, of New-York, who had arrived from that city a few days before, accompanied by his wife? I was sure there was some common bond between us. I was determined to see the man; and asking for him in the hotel, was told that he had the day before left for Paris.

The steamer left her port; and every day, as it brought me nearer those I longed yet feared to see, added to the heavy weight of apprehension at my heart. That strange blank in my life, which I was powerless to fill up intelligibly — what did it mean? Had it existed? Had I set out on that fatal journey? Was I not still sleeping? And a thousand other perplexing hypotheses were ever in my mind, so that my actual life became every day more and more like a troubled dream from which I could not rouse myself. Doubt combated doubt, and conqueror and conquered ranged themselves against my failing reason, which, bewildered in the dim uncertainty that every where surrounded it, and from which it could not escape, found no firm ground whereon to make a stand, and had not courage to turn and stand at bay.

At last we reached our journey's end, and I stood once more on the threshold of my own house. But in what a state? A criminal on his way to execution could not have suffered greater agony than I, while standing irresolute at the door of my former dwelling-place. In vain I reasoned with myself that there was no real cause for fear; that I had committed no unpardonable crime; that I was not to blame, if I could not account more satisfactorily for that lapse in my life during which I had been lost to the world and to myself. I drove myself up the steps, and rang the bell.

The short twilight of a November afternoon was drawing to a close, and the lamps had already been lighted for some time. My ring was answered quickly, almost too quickly. The same servant who, on



my departure, had brought my trunks down into the hall, now opened the door for me again. The glare from the gas-light in the stair-way flashed full in my face as the door was thrown open, and with a groan and an exclamation of—‘Good God save us!’ James sprang away from me, and ran swiftly up-stairs, leaving the door behind him open.

‘Nonsense!’ in a voice from above, which I recognized as my brother George’s. ‘What do you mean, by coming up here with a story like that? You are drunk, or crazy. Go down to the door, if there is any one there; and don’t burst into the room in that way again.’

‘No, I an’t drunk, nor crazy, neither,’ returned James: ‘and if you want the door gone to again, you may go yourself. I tell you, it’s Mr. Frank, or his ghost. I knowed him as soon as I seed him, in spite of his beard and mustaches; and if you do n’t believe me, go down yourself, and see, for I won’t.’

This enraged my brother, who began to abuse James for his cowardice and impudence, when I heard a female voice, my sister Ethel’s, trying to pacify him and persuade James that he had been mistaken and frightened without cause. They dropped their voices then, and Lina joined them, and, though I could not hear all that was said, I knew they were talking of me. It seemed to me that they longed yet feared to believe, that they dreaded to come down themselves and find the faint hope which James’ story had revived without foundation, and I thought it time for me to declare myself.

‘George! Ethel!’ I shouted with a voice unghostly enough to have satisfied the most superstitious or timorous. ‘It is Frank; I am home again at last!’ and I ran up-stairs to meet them.

I was hardly satisfied with my reception. The greeting they gave me was neither what I had hoped nor what I had feared. Surprise at my unexpected and sudden return was greater than the joy they felt at seeing me again; and the conviction, which had existed so long as a certainty, that I had perished by a sudden and violent death, was too strong to be overthrown in a moment, even by my actual presence among them.

Only my little Lina’s greeting was sincerely cordial, affectionate, unreserved, and unconditional, and warmed instead of chilling and repulsing me.

It was to Lina, more than to the others, that I told the story I had determined upon, as we sat round the blazing fire in the evening. It was to Lina I told my story, though my conscience reproached me for the deceit I was practising, and I longed, oh! how I longed, to confide to her all the mental suffering I had endured. I had not fallen from a great height, and fortunately into a bed of snow softened by the sum-

mer's sun, and had been found by the monks of the Hospice of those upper Alps. I was unharmed in body, but the terror of those awful moments when I had hung suspended between heaven and earth, had shaken my reason so that, when restored to consciousness, it was found that my mind was still wandering and unsettled. In this state I lived, or rather remained, with these charitable monks during two whole years, when a sudden accident, the sound of my native language spoken by a visitor to the Hospice, at once restored me to myself, and in a few days I was in a condition to leave my preservers and take my place in the world again.

Such was in brief the story I told as we sat together the first evening after my return. How I longed to take back this deliberate falsehood which seemed to me so necessary, and open my inmost heart to them all, to empty my troubled mind of all its load of doubt and sorrow; but I dared not. It seemed as though I stood before my judges, who, deaf to every appeal of humanity, affection, or relationship, would pronounce upon me sentence of everlasting banishment, should my defence seem wanting in any one particular.

So the first evening of my return passed slowly, heavily away. We were all constrained and ill at ease. There was one question always on my lips, and I dared not ask it even of Lina, as she sat beside me and looked up into my face as though she could not believe I was near her if she looked another way. Fanny, to whom I was engaged when I left home, and who had always been a constant visitor at the house, where was she? The others did not speak of her, waiting, I suppose, for me to question them; and I dared not ask if she were well, why she was not with us, why she was not sent for, or why I did not go to her? I was down-stairs early in the morning, for my night had been a sleepless one, and was glad to find Lina sitting in the breakfast-room alone.

'I have been waiting to see you alone, Frank,' she said as I came in. 'I know what it is you dare not ask; I know whose name was on your lips all last evening. Can you bear a great sorrow, dear brother?' and she put her arms round my neck gently, tenderly, as though I had been a child.

'She — she is dead?' I asked.

'Dead,' said Lina; 'dead to you, to me, for I cannot forgive her. She waited long and anxiously, it is true, and it was feared she would never recover from the shock; but two months ago she was married, married to one she had loved, and who had loved her long before you ever saw her, and they sailed for Europe immediately.

'Sailed for Europe?' I cried, forgetting almost my sorrow in the sudden recollection that flashed across my mind. 'By the Havre steamer; and his name is Burgess?' I knew there was some reason

for the strange attraction that name had had for me, and I thanked Heaven that I had been spared the pain of meeting them at the hotel I had stopped at in Havre.

Although this shock was almost greater than I could bear, still the certainty, however dreadful, of my loss, while it tore my heart with anguish, brought with it some relief from the terrible suspense I had so long endured, since it accounted for the mysterious presentiment of some impending evil which had haunted me ever since my arrival in Havre.

I fell gradually into my place in the family, but it was not my old place. It seemed as though they would never become accustomed to my presence among them. My place at the dinner-table was often forgotten. It seemed to require an effort for them to remember that I was not still absent. With the exception of Lina, all about me seemed to regard me with a coldness almost amounting to suspicion or distrust. A gulf, which I could not and they would not pass, separated me from those I had longed so much to see again. The old freedom of intercourse which had made our orphan-home so happy a one was gone, and a heavy restraint, a ceremonious politeness and attention, worse than neglect, had taken its place.

I tried to persuade myself that this could not last long. They will change soon, I thought. They can not all at once accustom themselves to the sight among them of one who has for so long a time been regarded as dead. They will return to their old manners, and will restore me to my old place in their hearts when they shall have become habituated to my presence, and shall have come to regard no longer as unaccountable and almost supernatural my sudden reëpearance, for which I have perhaps never satisfactorily accounted. But why should not Lina be influenced by the strangeness of that event as well as they? In vain I tried to persuade myself by such arguments that the distance between us would gradually diminish, and that I should at last regain my place in the affections of my brother and sister. But the days passed sadly and slowly by, and I was still a stranger, it seemed to me an unwelcome one in my own house.

I had told over my story so many times, at last, to every acquaintance I met and to every one whom the news of my return brought to the house, that I began to believe it myself. My account of my escape had always seemed a strange one to Ethel; and George, as he heard it again and again, began at last to question and surmise so artfully that he believed I did not suspect that he began to doubt me; and this happened so often in connection with other test-questions upon points in our common past history, that the conviction gradually forced itself upon my mind, that he, my own brother, began to suspect that I was not what I represented myself to be. I became every day

more and more convinced that I was regarded by my brother and sister as an impostor, and that, for some reason I could not guess, they were unwilling to admit the weight of the proof I every moment gave them that I was really the brother who had so long been given up as lost.

Among those who visited the house, were two men, one of whom, from his manner of questioning me, I took for a lawyer, while the other, I was equally sure — for *my* suspicions, also, had become aroused — was a detective. Both these men had upon different pretexts been presented to me, had heard my story, and had each, but particularly the lawyer, cross-examined me as though I had been upon the stand. Their examinations, however, had been so skilfully conducted, that it was only after they had been several times repeated that my suspicions were awakened.

Suddenly the reason for the cold recognition I had received from my brother George and from my elder sister, an accounting cause for their indifference and distrust, flashed into my mind. There was the will I had left behind me. I had forgotten, until now, that it must have been opened. Disappointment at being obliged to wait yet longer for what they had begun to regard as their own, had poisoned their minds against me, and turned their love into cruel hate and envy.

I went at once to my lawyer. The will had been opened a year after the receipt of my last letter.

‘We could n’t guess, you know,’ said the lawyer, ‘that the report of your death was n’t true. The property is yours still, of course, but it makes it exceedingly inconvenient; and the best thing for you to do, will be to make some amicable arrangement with your legatees.’

I happened, on that same day, to overhear a conversation which threw additional light upon what had before been so dark and obscure. It took place between two business men, who knew George, in the office of an acquaintance with whom I was waiting to speak, and was begun and continued in spite of the signals of my friend, who in vain tried to break it off.

‘George Traynor finds himself in rather a tight place just now,’ said one of them. ‘The notes he gave on his houses in —th street fall due shortly, and where he will raise the money for them Heaven only knows.’

‘Why, I thought he had money enough,’ said the other. Did n’t some one die and leave him two or three hundred thousand?’

‘Two or three tens; forty thousand, I believe,’ said the first. ‘Yes, his brother. He left him the money sure enough, but instead of leaving him to enjoy it, what must Mr. Frank do, after having been comfortably out of the world for two or three years, but suddenly reäp-

pear here in New-York, with a cock-and-bull story of having been picked out of the snow by some monks who kept him till he was in a fit state to come home again. And home again he is sure enough, though I believe the poor devil finds himself rather *de trop* in the world, and has had the cold shoulder turned to him even in his own house——

I stopped to hear no more, but, with a hasty excuse to my friend, rushed out into the open air. Whither? where could I find the peace and consolation that had been taken from me? Lina still remained to me; she, I knew, was faithful, but that house I could not enter again; and would she come to me?

I can find no words to describe the utter weariness and desolation of my heart as I sat in the reading-room of the hotel into which I had turned, almost mechanically. Surrounded by all the noise and confusion of that public place, every sound about me jarred and racked my tortured brain till I feared I should go mad.

I resolved never to see George nor Ethel again, but transferring to them the coveted estate, the cause of their cruel estrangement between us, and taking Lina with me, if she would consent to go, to leave forever a place in which I had endured so much misery, and which the cruel treatment from those who should have been so kind had rendered hateful to me. I wrote a letter to George, informing him of my intention, but without attempting to account for it, preferring to leave that matter to his conscience; and one to Lina, asking her if she loved me well enough and pitied me sincerely enough to be willing to leave her home and friends and all the joys and pleasures of her young life, to follow me, I knew not whither, abroad—out into the world, any where, so that I could forget what I had suffered here. I put these letters into my pocket and went out again to find a lawyer, with whose assistance I might draw up the necessary papers for the transfer of my property.

It had seemed to me, at intervals during the whole of that morning, that I was followed—not stealthily, as though my pursuer were anxious to escape detection, but rather closely and pertinaciously, as though he feared I might escape him. And I found the same man behind me again as I walked away from the hotel. The suspicion that a spy had been set upon me became a conviction, as, after turning several corners and quickening my pace almost to a run, I found my follower still at the same distance behind me.

‘Are you following me?’ I asked as I turned upon him so suddenly that he had no time to stop. ‘Are you following me? and why?’

‘Yes I am,’ he answered respectfully; ‘but no harm is meant you. I am only not to lose sight of you for a few days. Don’t be alarmed;



nobody will know that I am following you so long as you do n't attempt to give me the slip.'

'But by whose orders?' I asked. 'And why are you not to lose sight of me?'

'Mr. Watson's. But I do n't rightly know why. The only orders I've got is to keep an eye on you for the sake of a client of his, who I suppose must be very fond of you; name — what is his name? Begins with a T, I think. George — yes, that's it — George Trynor, or Traynor; something like that.'

I must have fallen lifeless at his feet. There was a sudden whirl before my eyes, a dull, heavy shock, a gathering crowd, and a rapid motion, as though I were being lifted into a carriage.

What a relief it was to be free for that brief time from the cruel suffering that had so long been mine, to forget, in an unconsciousness more perfect than that of sleep, the sickening anxiety of mind; the terrible, ever present foreboding of evil; the dull, heavy sense of utter hopelessness that I had had no freedom from for so many days. I cannot say how long this happy state endured. Even after I had begun to recover my consciousness, all my faculties remained in a half-awakened state I made no effort to destroy. Through the veil thrown over my mind, the memory of all the agonies I had been the victim of were so distant and indistinct, that they seemed no longer to belong to the present, but to some far-off past; and the flickering light of my returning reason threw into the dark passages of those by-gone times such uncertain rays as only softened and obscured instead of making their mysteries clear.

But alas! this happy state of forgetfulness faded in its turn. The quiet, dream-like trance was almost ended, and the cold, hard realities of the cruel world were with every breath I drew coming nearer. Already I had recovered sufficiently to know that those about me were busied in restoring me to consciousness. My cravat had been loosened from my neck. A wet cloth lay upon my forehead. Some one held me with a strong arm against his breast; a cooling breeze passed across my face.

'His color is coming again,' I heard a voice say.

I knew that voice. How long it was since I had heard it! I opened my eyes, and what a sight greeted them, and how different from the one I had feared to see. The blue vault of heaven hung over my head. I was lying on the ground, supported by Pierre, who held me in his arms, while Louis, kneeling by my side, held and chafed my hands in his.

'Where am I? How came I here?' I asked, raising my head and gazing stupefied upon the clear blue sky over-head, the snowy Alpine

peaks about me, and into the faces of those around me, and drawing a deep draught of that pure mountain air, which, as I breathed it out again, carried with it all the weight of sorrow and trouble that had oppressed me. 'How came I here?'

'How came you here? You may well ask that, my boy,' cried Louis; 'and it was n't so easy a matter, let me tell you. You seemed determined to finish the slide you had begun, and came near carrying Pierre with you. And even after we had succeeded in getting the rope made fast to you, and had drawn you up here again, we began to think you had started on that journey from which people do n't come back any more. You have had two narrow escapes to-day, rather more than one man's share; one from breaking your neck over that infernal bridge, as they call it; and the other from dying of suspended animation, as the medical gentlemen say, though I should think that meant being hanged. We have been half-an-hour, I should think, trying to restore the roses to your pallid cheeks.'

'But we are all right now,' said Adolphe; 'and if we do n't start soon, shall not reach Chamounix before night. So *en route, messieurs*, only do n't try any more short cuts to Paradise.'

'Confound you, Groetz,' I said to him as soon as I was entirely myself again, 'confound you with your stories of spiritual resuscitation; you have been the cause of my suffering more than I believed human nature could endure. I wish your philosopher Zenagoras, or whatever his name is, would come back and try the experiment himself.'

And Groetz would have believed, I think, that I had proved the truth of the doctrine he had quoted if we had not succeeded in persuading him that he had not passed any thing like two years in whistling over me with his hands in his pockets, while the others were occupied in bringing me to myself again.

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#### THE DISCONSOLATE HUSBAND.

In prime of life Tom lost his wife :  
Says Dick, to soothe his pain :  
'Thy wife, I trow, has long ere now  
In ABRAHAM'S bosom lain.'  
'His face forlorn with grief I mourn,'  
The shrewd dissembler cries ;  
'For much I fear, by this sad tear,  
She 'll scratch out ABRAM'S eyes.'

## S O M E T H I N G   T O   W E A R .

WHAT woman ever had any thing 'fit to be seen' left from one spring to the next? The shawl and mantilla, the soft-hued silks, and the delicate, opal-tinted *robe de chambre* of last year's supply, are indeed still in existence, but the truth-telling light of a May-day shows them shabby, creased, and faded — altogether unfit to appear before this virgin Queen of the Year.

A stain on a vestment, colors ill-assorted or dingy, are insults to her radiant presence; during her balmy reign, one should be attired like the children of her kingdom, in the tender, subdued tints of the sun: in 'violet dim;' in the pale yellow of the daffodil,

'THAT comes before the swallow dares, and takes  
The winds of March with beauty;'

in the lively green that wimples the young grass when it timidly peeps out from its winter nest, charmed by the piping of early birds; the faint pied blush of the apple-blossom; the heavenly blue of Spring's own skies; or the virgin white of the snow-drop.

Spring is always a surprise, and therein perhaps consists half her charm — leaping from the very lap of Winter, flower-wreathed and instinct with innumerable beauties; she steals a march on the careful housewife, who 'seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands,' as well as on our dashing Miss Flora, whose life is frittered away in the luxurious chase after the myth of 'Something to Wear.' Only last week, it seems to her, nestled in furs, her face half-enveloped in a velvet and ermine hood, she was borne on the wings of jollity over the glistening snow — bells jingling, whips cracking, Winter in all his jubilee: now as she rolls down Broadway in her crimson-cushioned coupé, the flame-color 'stares at her, glares at her;' through the window a hot, sickening draught from the cross-streets scorches the freshness of her cheek; her velvet mantle clings to her shoulders in leaden folds, her sables tighten their clasp about her delicate throat and bust, till she is nigh suffocating; even the tiny hat and plumes contribute to the sudden and overwhelming discomfort.

*Par parenthèse:* how like, and how unlike, Owen Meredith's *Madame la Marquise*, who

—— 'DRIVES after noon: then 's the time to behold her,  
With her fair face half-hid, like a ripe peeping rose,  
'Neath that veil — o'er the velvets and furs which enfold her,  
Leaning back with a queenly repose —

'As she glides up the sun-light! . . . You'd say she was made  
To loll back in a carriage, all day, with a smile;  
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade  
Of soft lamps, and be wooed for a while.'

If Miss MacFlimsey walks, it is worse; the dust that sticks to her heavy drapery is disgusting to her fastidiousness, and irritates her lungs, while the sense of weight and warmth is redoubled; but walking or driving must be endured till she achieves the blessed consummation which is the chief end of her butterfly being.

The shopdom of Gotham comes gallantly to the relief of Miss MacFlimsey; for her all Broadway, hung with spring garlands and holiday streamers, is converted into a grand fête-ground, wherein are collected treasures from the uttermost parts of the earth to do homage to her loveliness. Our metropolitan Autolyceus, prince of peddlers, strides on his triumphal march through the scene of his fabulous successes, 'singing his wares as they were indeed gods and goddesses,' in characteristic rhymes:

'LAWN as white as driven snow;  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces and for noses;  
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber;  
Perfume for a lady's chamber;  
Golden quoifs and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel:  
Come, buy of me, come: come, buy — come, buy!'

And he of the next booth takes up the refrain, 'Come, buy; come, buy;' and the next, and the next, till the echo resounds afar, and enters every dwelling wherein a woman sits in blank dismay, wondering what she shall wear.

It is superfluous to add that the invitation meets with universal response; let us see what of new or strange meets this sisterhood of a common necessity in the bewildering Fairyland of Dress.

Conspicuous in swelling proportions stands Crinoline, multitudinous and multiformed, from the stiff, uncompromising circumferences, which, like that wherein Queen Anne delighted, 'is no more a petticoat, than Diogenes' tub was his breeches,' to the hoop of steel-skeleton perfection. Undoubtedly the most prominent feature of female costume in 1852, it seems by its steadily-growing popularity to demand more serious consideration than the passing whims of the fickle goddess. Indeed it does not appear absurd to hazard the prediction, that crinoline, in one shape

or another, will become a recognized institution in women's dress, not to be subject henceforth to tri-monthly mutations in common with the cut of boddices or the poise of head-gear; certain it is that, in the days of its flagrant abominations, of 'supporters, postures, farthingales,' and commodores or bustles, it was tenaciously adhered to by ladies of fashion and supposed good taste, notwithstanding æsthetic and even clerical interference; and now that the 'bewitching round' incloses within its magic circle utility, comfort, and almost perfect grace, what may we not expect?

Intimately associated with the improved hoop-skirts, we should be grateful for the *tournure* corset, an invention that must prove equally popular, as combining in the best manner the requirements of corset and skirt-supporter. The corset has long since ceased to be the *memento-mori* of social and medical monitors; this may be owing partly to the incalculable improvement in its construction, but more probably to the fact that tight-lacing has become exceptional; it is no longer a crying evil. Wasp waists and thin sallow faces are now by no means *fashionable*, which is only another way of saying that women are at last sensible of the immensely superior attraction of firm, elastic, well-developed forms, and countenances beautiful with the radiance of perfect health.

There are still many grave errors to be corrected in the physical education of women; but we have made long strides already on the right track.

Women's dress, at the head-quarters of Fashion — the Imperial Court of 'his uncle's nephew' — is characterized by almost incredible extravagance. When we hear that at a bridal dinner in Paris, consisting of sixty persons, the ladies wore jewels to the amount of five or six millions of dollars; the flowers decorating the *salon* and the tables costing the bagatelle of seven thousand five hundred dollars; that six or ten thousand dollars worth of precious stones, and lace flounces seven yards long, at forty dollars per yard, are common items of garniture for a ball or dinner-dress, in a modiste's report of current modes, we can but sigh for our Republican frog, that will strain every muscle to compete with the Parisian ox.

We are told already that 'the expense of a well-dressed wife or daughter, in the simple article of jewelry for a single evening, is oftentimes as much as would originally have bought the entire island of Manhattan before the time of Peter Stuyvesant;' and that a New-York matron appeared at the Napier ball in Washington last winter, in such a costly profusion of lace and diamonds, that she was forced to maintain a solitary and secure position during the entertainment. From this, we may easily anticipate the possible follies of the future.

In the materials simply for 'robes,' there is nothing absolutely new



to notice: it is only by combinations and designs that novel effects are produced. Great latitude is obtained in this respect by the prevailing mode of double skirts, or *jupes* in technical parlance; the upper one may be made of velvet, the lower being of satin of the same color; or one may be profusely ornamented, the other plain; one striped, the other plaided; striped latitudinally, or striped longitudinally; barred, buttoned, or fringed; trimmed with bows, bugles, or box-plaiting: in fact, admitting of means to vary the monotony of a lady's wardrobe too complicated for any but a milliner's brain to conceive or contain. This is by no means a safe mode to be blindly followed: very becoming to some figures, it deforms others.

Flounces divide the day with the double jupes, and are perhaps even more hazardous. Though we are not inclined to pronounce the Et-trick Shepherd infallible authority, his remarks on this subject are so just and forcible, that we shall let him have his say: 'Tak for example floonces. What's mair ridiculous than sax tier o' floonces on the tail o' the gown o' a bit fat, dumpy cretur, wi' unco short legs, and sticken' out gey and sair, baith before and behin', beside a tall, straught, elegant lassie, wha bears along her floonces as gloriously as the rising morning trails her clouds through amang the dewes on the mountain-tops!'

Artistically considered, the advantage of breaking up the harmonious lines of drapery by flounces or over-skirts or latitudinal embellishment of any kind, may be justly questioned; still, as fashion prescribes them rather peremptorily, the classic will, naturally, be ignored; we have only to beg those most concerned, to carefully consult a cheval mirror, before they lay aside the surely elegant plain skirt for a ruffled risk.

The marked preference for black in promenade costume during the last two or three years, we welcome as the proof of a dawning perception among our most cultivated women of the vulgarity of street-dress in America, and especially in New-York.

A touch of that innate coquetry which makes the whole feminine world kin, may have had an equal share in this obvious reform; for it is indisputable, that eight women in every ten, of whatever age, complexion, or size, will appear more beautiful, more elegant, more *distingué* in black (not necessarily *mourning*) than in any color, or combination of colors. The peculiar properties of this hue have been shamefully overlooked by those who devote their talents to the art of dress; it possesses preëminently the gift of ladyfying the coarse, of softening into a species of beauty the plain, and of imparting style to the common-place.

The most charming street-toilettes are composed of these 'suits of sable,' relieved by a judicious commingling of their associated tints

of lavender, violet, purple, or gray ; a lady, confident of the purity of her taste, may combine white with black with excellent effect ; but to be successful, it must be done with rare tact.

Two superb fashion-plate robes in a *modiste's* monthly for March were of black velvet ; one, an 'at home,' was made with high buttoned boddice, having close sleeves with broad cuffs reversed, and embroidered with bugles ; the other was an indescribably elegant ball-dress, trimmed profusely on the sides of the skirt with a wavy pyramid of broad lace, the *décolleté* boddice and short sleeves being covered with the same costly web.

The basque, so long popular, is at last discarded ; a few soften its abrupt departure in little basquines about the waist ; but *La Mode* inexorably demands the round boddice finished neatly with a belt and jewelled buckle, or extending into sharp, short points over the swelling fulness of the skirt. About the neck, the dress may be cut à *la Pompadour* of to-day, a slight modification of the somewhat too luxurious style of costume indulged in by the fair Marchioness who originated it ; to a person of desirable *embonpoint*, this fashion is peculiarly becoming ; but let her of the doubtful bust or throat beware of it, unless she adopt with it the pretty chemisette of tulle and ribbon, invented expressly for her benefit.

With the round waist, close sleeves are happily restored ; in thick materials, those formed of graduated puffs from the shoulder to the hand, are extremely becoming to a slim person, and quaint to a charm.

The loose flowing sleeve, so long in vogue, is still preferred for thin goods, and is particularly graceful for evening-dress, while it affords a desirable concealment to arms that are not of the plumpest.

On the vexed question of sleeves or no sleeves, a 'professional painter' says, 'A very short sleeve, though it should not quite allow sight of the shoulder, is better than a longer, because it shows more of the entire arm,' and 'Few arms are fine enough to maintain a fair appearance, when covered to within a little of the elbow, while almost every one would look well, if uncovered from the shoulder.' For examples, he refers to the antique statues : Canova's 'Dancing-Girl Reposing' is a good case in point.

Unfortunately, this artist's advice can be followed now only by having no sleeve whatever, which was a last year's fashion, and therefore impracticable ; moreover, the present style of full-dress is so *décolleté*, that the arm is necessarily very much covered by even the shortest sleeve. A Paris letter-writer declares that the evening-toilette there in vogue transcends the bounds of propriety ; and he is particularly facetious on the *lux-de-dos* indulged in by ladies who are very far from being a load for a camel — the eastern standard of beauty.

We had hoped that an English dinner-table was the only stake at which these anatomical specimens were compelled to sacrifice themselves, and in such necessary humiliation we were disposed to regard them more in pity than ridicule. The woman who, being beautiful in the rare beauty of a perfect bust, is induced by an almost pardonable vanity, seconded by the authority of Fashion, to display it promiscuously, might not be insensible to a well-timed appeal to her sense of delicacy, her own interests, her good taste ; but what can one hope of a woman who intrudes upon the public gaze an attenuated and repulsive bareness ?

*Apropos*, that conscious offspring of French meretriciousness, in old-fashioned designation the 'modesty-piece,' is once more resuscitated from the oblivion to which ridicule not over-nice had consigned it. It appears now in a fan-form (*éventail*) of rich lace, within the front of the corsage ; it is as if Parisian belles should say with the Cardinal de Bernis when assisting at the toilette of Madame de Pompadour :

•  
'Or being nude, th' embarrassment  
Gives nudity its greatest charm.'

And forthwith 'th' embarrassment' is personated by the lace *éventail* !

With this exception, the present style of evening costume is picturesquely beautiful.

*Moiré antique*, and similarly rich fabrics, are chosen by the dowagers, while tulle, tarletane, and tissue are monopolized by their daughters ; the skirts of these latter, made in demi-train, are covered with countless puffings or ruffles of the same gauzy materials ; and these are tastefully decorated with a shower of exquisite flowers — roses, violets, hyacinths, camelias, which involuntarily suggest to the poetic beholder Petrarch's picture of Laura :

'How well I call to mind,  
When from the boughs the wind  
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower ;  
And there she sat, meek-eyed,  
In midst of all that pride,  
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower,  
Some to her hair paid dower,  
And seemed to dress the curls,  
Queen-like, with gold and pearls ;  
Some, snowing on her drapery, stopped.'

On the hair, which is dressed low behind, or with broad braids, are worn flower head-dresses to correspond with those on the dress ; while combinations of velvet and jewels accompany the more elaborate toilettes. Too much attention can scarcely be paid to the decoration

of the head; it is at once the most difficult and the most important point in dress.

The French bonnet is so irrevocably fixed in feminine preference, wherever 'modern improvements' assert their pretentious sway, that it is absurd to hope for its eradication, however well satisfied each individual woman may be of its absolute failure to meet the requirements of comfort, grace or beauty. So we must e'en accept the hateful exotic, and make the best of it; for very change it must occasionally assume a shape somewhat less objectionable than the one it has worn for the last ten years, and we believe this to be the accepted time for a nearer approach to perfection than we could have reasonably hoped for in the next ten years.

On this unfortunate article of head-gear *La Mode* seems to have delighted to wreak her wildest whimsicalities: from the 'flour-barrel' structures of our great-grandmothers to the abortions of yesterday, what has it not suffered at her hands?

The ultra-fashionable bonnet this season is perceptibly larger; quite large enough for the ordinary purposes of promenade costume; indeed for the last eighteen months the extremely small bonnet has indicated only loud vulgarity. The *vavolet*, or cape of the hat, which was last spring so large as to conceal the most attractive point in a fine figure, the graceful poise of the head on the neck, is now reduced to a desirable size, subordinate, as it should be, to the main structure.

The prevailing style is, to trim or form the bonnet of two strongly contrasting colors, which is open to many objections, but may be managed with skill. Blonde streamers and *voillettes*, together with spring flowers, are used as decorations; face-trimmings were never more becoming—full ruches of tulle, blonde-edged, with wreaths or clusters of flowers, or narrow ribbons plaited and bordered with silky lace. In shape, the bonnet flares in front much more than those of the past season, allowing a freer display of the hair, which is always to be desired; the *Marie Stuart* comes forward on the head in a point, and fits closely to the face.

Straw bonnets, fine and coarse, and Leghorns, are the most popular till the extreme warm weather demands an even lighter head-dress. These straw goods form a large item in the spring trade; one State alone furnishes over three millions of bonnets a year, while the importations amount in the same time to as many dollars' worth. This preference may be accounted for by the fact, that a straw bonnet is the only one suitable for summer wear; the only one that is at once lady-like, durable, and cheap; a one dollar straw bonnet, tastefully trimmed, is incalculably preferable to any sort of thin hat that costs twice as much.

Leghorns are superlatively elegant, but by far the most extravagant

bonnets worn. And for the country, or the sea-side, straw hats, by all means; the broader the brim the better.

We must not over-look one of the most striking features of now-a-days dress — the profuse ornamentation of ladies' under-linen. To such an extent is this carried, that the sum which a few years ago would have furnished an outfit, complete and in good style, will now barely suffice for the one item of 'fringed, embroidered petticoats.' The simply-ruffled petticoat, from which these dainties sprung, is said to have originated from a picture by Albert Durer, in which he put one on the angel who is driving Adam and Eve out of Paradise — the solitary instance in female affairs, where it was only the '*premier pas*' that did not cost.

Let us beg our fair friends to eschew the cape, so fashionable and so tasteless, prescribed for the morning *negligés*, with which these pretty skirts are worn; let the accompanying slippers be quite as dainty, if not so small, as Cinderella's; and to perfect the charm of these 'robes loosely flowing, hair as free,' study that 'sweet neglect' which Ben Jonson sings, to the disparagement of 'all the adulteries of art,' and stiff preciseness of appareling.

For outside wrappings, we have the French loose basques of light cloth, and the large lace mantles or shawls, tastefully hooded, for mid-summer; besides, the usual variety of not very noticeable silk mantillas.

To be able, without violating any social law, to dress according to one's individual peculiarities of person, position, and means, and taste, has always been regarded as a customary millennium, far-distant but certain. However desirable this state of things would be, we dare not hold such a promise to the hearts of Fashion's hapless victims, nor bid them hope for more latitude than they enjoy now. This is by no means inconsiderable; there are, of course, certain articles which are *par excellence* the Fashion, but there are those, far preferable and of infinitely larger variety, which are not out of Fashion, in the selection of which individual taste may be exercised to almost any extent.

So, if the 'bit, fat, dumpy cretur' wears 'sax tier o' floonces,' or the dear lady of five feet nine, chooses in her gown, a pattern one foot square, of every color in the rainbow, it is her own fault.



## A P R I L .

THROUGH the blue aisles of March,  
Across the brown sides of the bare old hills,  
By lakes moss-rimmed and silver gliding rills,  
Comes April, glad and arch.  
With quiet stir she moves across the fields,  
And to her footstep yields  
The softened soil, whose cool breath, fresh and sweet,  
Rises beneath her feet :  
Her long and sunny hair,  
With all its wealth of rippling gold unbound,  
Casts wavy shadows o'er the furrowed ground ;  
While on the clinging air  
Floats out her misty veil of gray and white,  
Touched with red dashes as of morning light.  
Earth to her influence wakes,  
And clears her hills and valleys of the snow,  
And autumn leaves that drifted long ago,  
Then lifts her head to meet the spring-time's glow.  
The tiny ferns and brakes,  
Hid in the bosom of the birchen woods,  
Unroll their graceful lengths in waving floods  
The sweet blue violet —  
That opes its eyes the merry brook beside,  
Just where the meadow flows out far and wide —  
Lists, when the stars are set,  
And the pale moon sunk to the plains below,  
And the gay dawn with bright and blushing mirth  
Heralds the morning's birth,  
For the faint rustle, delicate and low,  
Of the young corn-blades striking through the earth ;  
The stately maple-trees,  
Red-budded watchers of the youthful year,  
Strong with the strength of the rich atmosphere,  
Bend to the first-born breeze.  
Beside the last year acorn's downy cup  
The mossy grass looks up ;  
Daisies lie on the hills in starry shrouds ;  
While snowy-footed clouds  
Troop o'er the highways of the heavenly lands,  
And from their hasty hands  
Scatter swift showers upon the eager earth  
In drops of dewy mirth ;  
The huge old Titans wake,  
With strength renewed, unto their daily toil,

And through the rich and ever-yielding soil,  
New paths and furrows make ;  
Their long and mighty arms with heavy sweep  
Break up the mists that veil the river's sleep,  
Which in mute dulness lies ;  
But as their ponderous tools with clanging cries  
Ring up into the skies,  
It bursts the fetters that has bound it long,  
With power unknown and strong —  
It creeps no longer sluggishly and slow,  
But with a quickened flow  
Leaps up to meet the willows on its brink,  
Whose long attendant shadows slowly sink  
Its pearly depths below.  
The restless, fearless breeze,  
Singing the murmurs of a thousand pines,  
With pleasant interludes of swinging vines,  
Flutters amongst the trees.  
The slowly winding rills  
Ripple soft chimes as low they lie apart,  
Like the pale drops within the diamond's heart,  
Beneath the proud high hills ;  
Where, crowned with dewy light, and azure zoned,  
Young April sits enthroned.  
Her work all done in its appointed time,  
Her seeds all sown, her beauty in its prime,  
She resteth from her labors like a queen,  
Dispensing joy serene.  
But now the golden light,  
That wavered softly on her forehead white,  
Like the rare halo round some hallowed saint,  
Is waxing dim and faint.  
The large-eyed, silent dreams,  
Lifting their presence from her shadowed hair,  
Fold their white wings upon the sleeping air,  
And sink into the streams ;  
And with wild weeping for the flowers she leaves,  
With heavy heart she grieves  
For the pure treasures of the well-filled earth,  
Which she has given birth ;  
For the sweet buds and promises of spring,  
Which now are blossoming ;  
And with her arms raised upward to the skies,  
With mute imploring in her longing eyes,  
She passeth from the woods and fields away,  
To the white land of May !

## THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

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Sursum corda ! (Lift up your hearts.)

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## PART SECOND.

*Friday, April 28th.*

THIS morning, at nine o'clock, I rang at M. Laubépin's door, in the vague hope that something might have hastened his return ; but he is not expected before to-morrow. The thought occurred to me to address myself to Mme. Laubépin, and to tell her of the extreme annoyance to which her husband's absence subjected me. While I was hesitating between shame and want, the old servant, apparently frightened at the hungry look which I fixed on her, cut the discussion short by suddenly shutting the door. I then came to a determination, and resolved to fast until to-morrow. I said to myself, 'After all, a man does not die of a single day's fasting : if I was to be blamed in this course for an excess of pride, I alone had to suffer for it, and consequently it concerned no one but myself.'

Upon this I took my way to the Sorbonne, where I attended several lectures in succession, trying, by dint of intellectual enjoyment, to fill the void which made itself felt in the flesh ; but the time came when this resource failed me, and I soon began to find it ineffectual. I felt particularly an intense nervous irritation, which I hoped to soothe by walking. It was a cold and foggy day. As I was crossing the bridge des Saints Pères, I stopped for a moment in spite of myself ; I leaned on the parapet, and watched the troubled waters of the river tumbling through the arches. I know not what accursed thoughts at that moment crossed my weary and weakened brain : on a sudden I pictured to myself, in the most dreary colors, the future of ceaseless strife, of dependence and humiliation, on which I was entering through the gate of hunger ; I felt a deep and positive loathing, and as it were an incapability for life. At the same moment a flood of wild and brutal rage rushed to my brain, a dizzy sensation seized me, and leaning over the empty space, I saw the whole surface of the river studded with stars.

I will not say in common phrase, 'It was not God's will.' I do not like those unmeaning expressions. I venture to say, it was not my will. God has made us free ; and if I could have doubted it previously, that supreme moment when the soul and the body, courage and cowardice, good and evil, were so clearly in mortal combat within me, that moment would have removed my doubts forever.

Once more master of myself, I no longer felt, in looking on those

dreadful waters, any thing save the very harmless and tolerably stupid temptation to quench the thirst which was consuming me. I reflected, moreover, that in my own room I should find much clearer water, and I quickly made my way toward the hotel, summing up a delightful image of the pleasures which awaited me there. In my wretched childishness I was astonished, nay, could not get over the fact, that I had not sooner thought of this victorious device. On the boulevard I suddenly came across Gaston de Vaux, whom I had not seen for two years. After a moment's hesitation he stopped, shook me cordially by the hand, said a word or two about my travels, and left me hastily. Then returning, he said: 'My friend, you must allow me to share with you a piece of good luck which has befallen me within these few days. I have got hold of a treasure: I have received a lot of segars which cost me two francs apiece, but they are above price. Here's one, you'll tell me what you think of it. Good morning, my dear fellow.'

I mounted painfully the six stories, and, trembling with emotion, seized my lucky carafe, the contents of which I swallowed in little mouthfuls; after which I lighted my friend's segar, giving myself an encouraging smile in the glass. I left the house again at once, convinced that walking and the sights in the street were good for me. On opening my door, I was surprised and displeased to see in the narrow passage the wife of the porter of the hotel, who seemed disconcerted by my sudden appearance. This woman was formerly in the service of my mother, who became fond of her, and gave her a husband and the lucrative post which she still holds. I had thought I noticed for several days that she was keeping a watch on me, and, surprising her this time almost in the very fact, I said violently: 'What do you want?' 'Nothing, Monsieur Maxime—nothing,' she replied, much agitated; 'I was turning on the gas.' I shrugged my shoulders, and walked away.

The day was closing. I could walk in the most frequented places without fear of the annoyance of meeting acquaintances. I was obliged to throw away my segar, which disagreed with me. My walk lasted two or three hours—hours of torture. There is something peculiarly bitter in feeling yourself attacked, in the midst of all the splendor and opulence of civilized life, by the scourge of savage life, by hunger. It is akin to madness; it is a tiger that springs at your throat on the crowded Boulevard.

I made fresh reflections. It is not, then, an idle word, this hunger! There is really a disease of this name; there really are human beings who suffer usually, almost every day, what I am suffering by chance once in my life. And for how many of those beings is not that suffering increased by complications which are spared me? The only person in the world for whom I care, I know her at least to be sheltered

from the evils which I am undergoing: I see her dear face, happy, rosy, and smiling. But those who do not suffer alone, those who hear the heart-rending cry of their own bowels repeated by beloved and supplicating lips, those for whom in their cold lodgings wait pale-cheeked wives and little ones that cannot smile! Poor people! O holy charity!

These thoughts robbed me of the courage to complain, and gave me the courage to endure the trial to the end. I had, in fact, the means of shortening it. There are two or three restaurants here where I am known; and it often happened, when I was rich, that I would enter them unhesitatingly, though I had forgotten my purse. I could make use of this device. It would not have been more difficult for me to manage to borrow a hundred sous in Paris; but these plans, which savored of wretchedness and trickery, decidedly displeased me. It is a slippery descent for the poor, and I will not even set foot on it. I would as soon, I think, lose honesty itself, as lose the delicacy which is the distinguishing mark of that common virtue. Now I have so often observed with what a dreadful facility this exquisite sentiment of honor loses its flower and its rank, even in the best-endowed souls, not only at the breath of misery, but on simple contact with difficulties, that I must watch over myself with strictness, and reject henceforth, as suspicious, the most harmless-seeming compromises of conscience. When evil days come on us, we must not accustom the soul to pliancy; it has only too much inclination of itself to yield.

Weariness and cold brought me to the house again toward nine o'clock. The door of the hotel happened to be open; and I was walking to the stairs with the step of a ghost, when I heard from the porter's lodge the sound of an animated conversation, apparently at my expense, for just at that moment the tyrant of the place pronounced my name in a contemptuous tone. 'Do me the favor, Mme. Vanberger,' he said, 'to leave me in peace about your Maxime. Did I ruin your Maxime for you? Very well, then: why do you keep talking about him? If he kills himself, he'll be buried, I suppose!'

'I tell you, Vanberger,' the woman rejoined, 'it would have cut you to the heart, if you had seen him swallow the carafe of water. And if I thought that you mean what you say, when you say so coolly, like an actor, 'If he kills himself, he'll be buried!'' But I do not think so; because you are a good man at heart, though you don't like to have your habits disturbed. Just think, Vanberger, to be in want of fire and bread! A gentleman who has been fed all his life on blancmange, and wrapped in furs like a pet cat! It is not a shame and a disgrace, oh! no! and it is not a queer government to allow such things, I suppose, either!'

'But that does not concern the government at all,' M. Vanberger



replied, reasonably enough. 'And then you're mistaken, I tell you: he's not in that position: he does n't want for bread. It's impossible!

'Well, Vanberger, I will tell you every thing: I have followed him, played the spy on him up there, and set Edward to play the spy, too: well, I'm certain he did not dine yesterday, and ate no breakfast this morning; and as I have searched all his pockets and all his drawers, and there is not a red farthing left in them, it is quite certain that he will have had no dinner again to-day; for he is too proud to go and beg a dinner.'

'Well, so much the worse for him. When a man is poor, he must not be proud,' said the worthy porter, who seemed to me to be expressing the true feelings of a door-keeper.

I had had enough of this dialogue, and closed it abruptly by opening the door of the lodge, and asking M. Vanberger for a light: I think he would not have been more astonished if I had asked for his head. In spite of all the desire I felt to keep a good countenance before these people, I could not help stumbling once or twice on the staircase; my head was going round. On entering my room, generally icy-cold, I was surprised to find a genial temperature, pleasantly kept up by a bright, cheerful fire. I had not the asceticism to put it out: I blessed the excellent hearts that there are in the world, and stretched myself in an old arm-chair, covered with Utrecht velvet, which, like myself, had been driven by stress of fortune from the ground-floor to the garret, and tried to slumber. I had been plunged for about half-an-hour in a kind of stupor, in which one uniform dream offered me the phantom of luxurious feasts, and fat thansgiving-days, when the noise of the door opening made me spring up wide-awake. I thought I was still dreaming, when I saw Mme. Vanberger come in, adorned with a huge tray on which smoked two or three savory dishes. She had already set the tray down on the floor, and began to spread a cloth on the table, before I was able entirely to shake off my lethargy. At last I rose abruptly. 'What is that?' I said. 'What are you doing?'

Mme. Vanberger feigned great astonishment.

'Did not Monsieur ask for his dinner?'

'Not at all. Edward has made a mistake: it is some lodger close by; see if it is not.'

'But there is no lodger on the same landing with Monsieur. . . . I do n't understand.'

'At any rate, it was not I. What can it mean? You weary me! Take it away!'

The poor woman hereupon began sorrowfully to fold up her cloth again, looking at me meanwhile as mournfully as a beaten dog. 'Monsieur has dined, probably?' she resumed in a timid voice.

‘Probably.’

‘It is a pity, for the dinner was all ready. It will be wasted, and the child will get a scolding from his father. If Monsieur had happened not to have dined, Monsieur would have done me a favor.’

I stamped violently. ‘Go away, I tell you!’ Then, as she was leaving the room, I walked toward her. ‘My good Louise, I understand you, and thank you; but I am not quite well this evening, I am not hungry.’

‘Ah! Monsieur Maxime!’ she cried, weeping, ‘if you knew how you mortify me! Well, then, you shall pay me for the dinner, if you like; you shall put money in my hand, when you have some again; but you may be sure that you might give me a hundred thousand francs, and it would not please me so much as seeing you eat my poor dinner! Why, it would be giving me alms! You are a sensible man, Monsieur Maxime, and you must see that it would!’

‘Well, my dear Louise, what shall I do? I cannot give you a hundred thousand francs, but I am going to eat your dinner. You will leave me by myself, won’t you?’

‘Yes, Sir. Oh! thank you, Sir! Thank you sincerely, Sir! You have a good heart!’

‘And a good appetite, too, Louise. Give me your hand; it is not to put money in it: don’t be afraid. There! Good-by, Louise.’

The excellent woman went away sobbing.

I was finishing writing these lines, after doing honor to Louise’s dinner, when I heard the sound of a heavy, steady step; at the same time I thought I distinguished the voice of my humble providence, speaking in the tone of a hasty and agitated communication. A few seconds afterward came a knock, and while Louise disappeared in the darkness, I saw, appearing in the frame formed by the door-way, the solemn profile of the old notary. M. Laubépin cast a rapid glance on the tray on which I had placed the remnants of my dinner; then advanced toward me, and opening his arms, in token at once of confusion and reproach: ‘Monseigneur le Marquis, in heaven’s name, why did you not let me——’ He interrupted himself, walked with great strides across the room, and stopping suddenly, resumed: ‘Young man, this is not well: you have wounded a friend, you have made an old man blush.’ He was much agitated. I looked at him, a little agitated myself, not clearly knowing how to answer; when he abruptly caught me to his breast, and pressing me as if he would stifle me, murmured in my ear, ‘My poor child!’ A moment’s silence ensued. He sat down. ‘Maxime,’ M. Laubépin then resumed, ‘are you still in the same mind in which I left you? Would you have the courage to accept the most humble labor, the most modest employment, provided only it is honorable, and, while securing a livelihood for your-

‘And when shall I have to start, my dear Sir?’

‘Why, to speak the truth, my boy, (no mention any longer of Monsieur le Marquis,) ‘the sooner the better; for those people yonder are not capable, all put together, of drawing up a receipt. My excellent friend, Mme. Laroque, especially, a woman otherwise respectable on many accounts, is, in business matters, careless, incapable, and childish beyond all imagination. She is a Creole.’

‘Ah! she is a Creole!’ I repeated with some eagerness.

‘Yes, young man, an old Creole,’ M. Laubépin replied drily. ‘Her husband was a Breton; but these details will come in their time. Till to-morrow, Maxime, keep a good heart! Ah! I was forgetting. On Thursday morning, before my departure, I did a thing which will not be unpleasant to you. You had among your creditors some scoundrels whose affairs with your father were plainly tainted with usury; armed with the thunders of the law, I reduced their claims one half, and I have procured a receipt for every thing. There now remains to you a clear sum of twenty thousand francs. By adding to this reserve the savings you may be able to lay aside each year out of your salary, we shall have, in ten years’ time, a nice fortune for Helen. Ah! well! come and dine to-morrow with Master Laubépin, and we will finish arranging all this. Good night, Maxime — a good night’s rest, my dear child.’

‘God bless you, Sir.’

—  
*Chateau de Laroque, (d’Ars,) May 1st.*

I LEFT Paris yesterday: My last interview with M. Laubépin was a painful one. I tendered to the old man the feelings of a son. It was then needful to say good-by to Helen. To make her understand the necessity I am in of finding employment, it was indispensable to give her a glimpse of a portion of the truth. I spoke of some temporary embarrassment in our affairs. The poor child understood more, I think, than I told her; her large wistful eyes filled with tears, and she threw herself on my neck.

At last I set out. The railway brought me to Rennes, where I passed the night. This morning I took my seat in a diligence, which was to set me down, some hours later, in a small town in the department of Morbihan, situated not far from Laroque chateau. I had ridden half-a-score leagues beyond Rennes, without being able to account for the reputation which the ancient Armorica enjoys generally for picturesqueness. A flat, green, and monotonous country, everlasting apple-trees in everlasting meadows, ditches and wooded slopes bounding the view on each side of the road; at best but a few nooks of rustic grace; blouses and oil-skin hats to enliven these vulgar pictures; all this gave me a strong idea since yesterday, that this poetical Brittany is but a pretentious and somewhat leaner sister of

Lower Normandy. Tired of deceptions and apple-trees, I had ceased for an hour to pay any attention whatever to the landscape; and I was sadly slumbering, when I seemed all of a sudden to perceive that our heavy vehicle was leaning forward more than was fit, and sure enough the pace of the horses became perceptibly slower, and a sound of iron, accompanied by a peculiar friction, told me that the last of conductors had just fastened the last of drags to the wheel of the last diligence. An old lady who was sitting near me, seized my arm with that lively sympathy which springs from common danger. I put my head out at the window; we were going, between two high banks, down an extremely steep hill, a conception of some engineer who was certainly too fond of the straight line. Half-sliding, half-rolling, we were not long in finding ourselves in a narrow, gloomy-looking valley, in the bottom of which a puny rivulet flowed with difficulty, and without sound, through thick reeds; on the crumbling banks were a few crooked old mossy trunks of trees. The road crossed this rivulet by a bridge of a single arch, and then ascended the opposite hill, drawing its white furrow across a boundless moor, barren and absolutely bare, the heights of which stood out boldly against the sky before us. Near the bridge, and by the road-side, stood a lonely ruin: the air of utter desolation about it made the heart ache. A stout young man was busy chopping wood before the door; a black ribbon fastened his long fair hair at the back of his head. He raised his head, and I was astonished at the foreign character of his features, and the calm gaze of his blue eyes: he saluted me in an unknown tongue, with a short, sweet, and wild accent. At the window of the cottage was a woman spinning; her head-dress and the cut of her garments brought before me, with the exactness of the stage, the image of those slender stone figures of ladies that we see reposing on old tomb-stones. These people had not the appearance of peasants; they had in the highest degree that look of ease, grace, and dignity, which is called a distinguished air. Their faces wore that sad and dreamy expression which I have often noticed with emotion in nations that have lost their nationality.

I had got down to walk up the hill. The moor, which was not fenced off from the road, stretched all round me, far as the eye could see; every where straggling rushes were creeping over a black soil; here and there were ravines, holes, abandoned quarries, and a few rocks just showing above the surface of the ground; but not a tree. Only, on reaching the height, I saw the dusky line of the moor meeting on my right, in the far distance, a band on the horizon still more distant, slightly indented, blue as the sea, bathed in sunlight, and apparently opening out in the midst of this desolate scene the sudden prospect of a radiant fairy-land: it was Brittany at last!



I had to charter a post-chaise in the little town of —, in order to accomplish the two leagues which still lay between me and my journey's end. During the ride, which was none of the quickest, I dimly recollect seeing woods, lawns, lakes, and oases of fresh green, hidden in valleys; but on approaching Laroque chateau, I found myself attacked by a thousand painful thoughts, which left little room for the observations of the tourist. In a few minutes I was about to enter an unknown family, on the footing of a kind of disguised servitude, with a position that would scarcely secure me the attention and respect of the servants of the house: this was a new thing to me. At the time when M. Laubépin proposed to me this situation as bailiff, all my instincts and habits revolted strongly against the character of peculiar dependence attached to such an office. I thought, however, that I could not refuse it, without seeming to disparage and discourage my old friend's cordial efforts on my behalf. Beside, I could not hope to obtain, for several years, in a more independent situation, the advantages here afforded me at the outset, which would allow me to work without delay for my sister's prospects. Accordingly, I had overcome my distaste — but it was very strong — and awoke again with greater strength before the impending reality. I had need to read again, in the code which every man carries in his breast, the chapters on duty and sacrifice; and, at the same time, I repeated to myself that there is no situation, however humble, in which personal dignity cannot be maintained, and which it cannot elevate. Then I marked out a plan of conduct toward the members of the Laroque family, promising myself to show a conscientious zeal for their interests, and a becoming deference for their persons, equally removed from servility and stiffness. But I could not disguise from myself that this last, and indisputably most delicate part of my task, would be wonderfully simplified or complicated by the particular nature of the dispositions and minds with which I was thus brought into contact. Now M. Laubépin, while fully recognizing the legitimate character of my anxiety on this personal matter, had shown himself studiously sparing of information and detail on this point. Nevertheless, at the moment of my departure, he had given me a confidential note, with a recommendation to throw it in the fire after using it. I drew this note from my portfolio, and began to study its sibylline contents, which I will reproduce exactly.

*'Laroque Chateau, (Arz.)*

'Description of the inmates of the said chateau.

'1st. M. Laroque, (Louise Augusté,) octogenarian, head of the family, principal source of its fortune; old sailor, celebrated under the first empire as a privateer with letters of marque; appears to have become rich, while following the sea, by legitimate undertakings of



of soul which she professed. Mlle. Laroque, who had at first seemed to me very tall, owes that appearance only to the full and perfectly harmonious style of her beauty. She is really of the ordinary height. Her face, of a slightly-rounded oval, and her neck, exquisitely and proudly set, are lightly covered with a tint of dusky gold. Her hair, which forms a thick setting to her forehead, throws wavy bluish reflections with every movement of her head; the nostrils, delicate and thin, seem copied from the divine model of a Roman Madonna, and sculptured in living mother-of-pearl. Below the large, deep, pensive eyes, the golden-brown tint of the cheeks is shaded by a kind of browner glory, which seems a mark, projected by the shadow of the eye-lashes, or as it were burnt in by her ardent gaze. I can with difficulty give the supreme sweetness of the smile, which at intervals animates that fine face, and tempers, by a kind of graceful shrinking, the brilliancy of those large eyes. Certainly the very goddess of poesy, the goddess of dreams and enchanted worlds, might boldly offer herself for human worship under the form of that child who loves nothing but her dog. Nature often prepares these cruel mysteries for us in her choicest works.

For the rest, it matters little enough to me. I am convinced that I am destined to play in Mlle. Marguerite's imagination the part which might be played by a negro; an object, as is known, of slight attraction for a Creole. Still, I flatter myself I am as proud as Mlle. Marguerite; the most impossible of all attachments for me would be one that would expose me to suspicions of intrigue and scheming. I do not think, moreover, that I shall need arming with any great moral force against a danger which does not seem to me a probable one; for Mlle. Laroque's beauty is of the kind which calls for the pure contemplation of the artist, rather than for any more human and tenderer feeling.

Be that as it may, at the name of Mervyn, which Mlle. Marguerite had given to her body-guard, my neighbor on the left, Mlle. H  louin, launched under full-sail into the cycle of Arthur, and was so kind as to inform me that Mervyn was the true name of the famous enchanter whom the vulgar style Merlin. From the Knights of the Round Table she ascended to the times of C  sar, and I saw pass before me in a somewhat tedious procession, the whole hierarchy of druids, bards, and Ovates, after which we fell fatally from 'menhir' to 'dolmen,' and from 'galgal' to 'cromlech.'

While I was losing myself in the Celtic forests under the guidance of Mlle. H  louin, who wants nothing but a little more flesh to be a very passable druidess, the broker's widow, seated near us, was waking the echoes with a continued monotonous complaining, like that of a blind man: they had forgotten to give her a foot-warmer; they

tures of an impetuous waltz. I had scarcely time to note the animated faces of the dancers, their loose flowing hair, the large hats floating over their shoulders: my sudden appearance was greeted by a general shout, followed immediately by a deep silence: the dancing ceased, and the whole band, in order of battle, gravely waited for the stranger to pass. Nevertheless the stranger stopped, not without showing a little embarrassment. Although, for some time, my thoughts scarcely meddle with mundane things, I confess I would have sold my little bag at a bargain just then. It was necessary to decide. As I advanced, hat in hand, toward the double flight of steps which leads to the hall of the chateau, the piano suddenly became still. I saw first an enormous dog of the Newfoundland breed appear at the open window, resting his lion-like muzzle between two velvety paws on the cross-bar; then a moment afterward appeared a young girl of a tall figure, whose somewhat brown face and serious countenance were set in a thick mass of lustrous black hair. Her eyes, which seemed to me of an unusual size, interrogated with careless curiosity the scene which was going on outside.

‘Well! what is the matter?’ she said in a tranquil tone. I made her a deep bow, and, once more cursing my bag, which clearly amused the young ladies, I hastened to cross the terrace.

A gray-haired servant, dressed in black, whom I found in the hall, took my name. In a few minutes I was ushered into a vast parlor, hung with yellow silk, where I at once recognized the young lady whom I had just seen at the window, and who was truly very beautiful. Near the fire-place, in which a real furnace was blazing, sat a middle-aged lady, whose features strongly attested the Creole type, buried in a large easy-chair, which was arranged with eider-pillows, cushions, and ottomans of all sizes. A tripod of antique shape, surmounted by a lighted brazier, was placed within her reach, and at intervals she extended toward it her thin pale hands. By the side of Mme. Laroque sat a lady knitting; by her morose and displeasing countenance I could not mistake the second-cousin, the widow of the broker deceased in Belgium.

The first look which Mme. Laroque cast on me seemed stamped with a surprise bordering on stupefaction. She made me repeat my name.

‘Pardon! Monsieur ——?’

‘Odiot, Madame.’

‘Maxime Odiot, the agent, the manager whom M. Laubépin ——’

‘Yes, Madame.’

‘You are quite sure?’

I could not help smiling. ‘Yes, Madame, perfectly.’

She gave a rapid glance at the broker’s widow, then at the young girl with the serious brow, as if to say: ‘Think of that!’

After which she shuffled a little among the ottomans, and resumed: 'Please to take a seat, Monseieur Odiot. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for being so kind as to devote your talents to us. We have great need of your help, I assure you; for, in fact, we have, it cannot be denied, the unhappiness of being very rich.' Perceiving that at these words the second-cousin shrugged her shoulders, 'Yes, my dear Mme. Aubry,' continued Mme. Laroque, 'I maintain it. In making me rich, God determined to try me. I was in reality born for poverty, privation, devotedness, and sacrifice; but I have always been crossed. For instance, I should have liked to have an infirm husband. Well, M. Laroque was a man of admirable health. That is the way my destiny has been, and will be, thwarted from beginning to end.'

'Stop there,' said Mme. Aubry drily, 'poverty would suit you finely: you who cannot deny yourself a single luxury, a single refinement!'

'With your permission, my dear lady,' replied Mme. Laroque, 'I have no taste for useless self-denial. If I should condemn myself to the greatest hardships and privation, who or what would get any good by it? If I were to freeze from morning to night, should you be any the happier?'

Mme. Aubry gave it to be understood by an expressive gesture, that she should be none the happier, but that she considered Mme. Laroque's language excessively affected and absurd.

'Well,' continued the latter, 'happiness or unhappiness, it matters little. We are very rich, then, M. Odiot; and however little I may care for this wealth myself, it is my duty to preserve it for my daughter, though the poor child troubles herself about it no more than I do: do you, Marguerite?'

At this question, a slight smile half-parted the disdainful lips of Mlle. Marguerite, and the long arch of her eyebrows was slightly raised, after which that serious and superb countenance returned to its repose.

'Monsieur,' Mme. Laroque resumed, 'you shall be shown the apartment selected for you at the express desire of M. Laubépin; but first allow them to conduct you to my father-in-law, who will be very glad to see you. Will you ring, my dear cousin? I hope, M. Odiot, you will do us the pleasure to dine with us to-day. Good-by, Sir, for the present.'

I was intrusted to the care of a servant, who begged me to wait, in a room adjoining that I had just left, till he had received M. Laroque's orders. The man had left the door of the parlor half-opened, and I could not help hearing these words spoken by Mme. Laroque in the tone of good-natured banter which is habitual with her.

'Who can understand Laubépin, who announces a bachelor of a certain age, very simple and very grave, and then sends me a gentleman like that?'

Mlle. Marguerite murmured a few words which escaped me, to my

lively regret, I own, and to which her mother immediately replied: 'I say nothing to the contrary, my daughter, but it is none the less absurd of Laubépin. How can you expect a gentleman like that to go trotting about in sabots over ploughed ground? I wager the man has never worn sabots. He does not even know what sabots are. Well, perhaps I am wrong, my daughter, but I cannot fancy a good bailiff without sabots. What do you say, Marguerite, to going with him to see your grand-father?'

Mlle. Marguerite entered almost immediately the room where I was. She seemed but little satisfied at seeing me. 'Pardon, Mademoiselle; but the servant told me to wait here.'

'Please to follow me, Sir.'

I followed her. She led me up a stair-case, through several passages, and finally showed me into a kind of gallery, where she left me. I began to examine some pictures on the wall. These paintings were mostly very indifferent sea-pieces, devoted to the glory of the old privateer of the Empire. There were several sea-fights, somewhat smoky, in which it was nevertheless apparent that the little brig 'Aimable,' Captain Laroque, twenty-six guns, was causing John Bull the most evident dissatisfaction. Then came some full-length portraits of Captain Laroque, which naturally attracted my particular attention. They all represented, with slight variations, a man of a gigantic size, wearing a kind of republican uniform with large facings, his hair like Kléber's, and sending straight before him a look of energy, ardor, and melancholy: on the whole, a kind of man with nothing cheerful about him. While I was curiously studying this tall form, which wonderfully realized the idea we generally fashion to ourselves of a privateer, and even of a pirate, Mlle. Marguerite begged me to enter. I then found myself in the presence of a thin, decrepit old man, whose eyes scarcely preserved the vital spark, and who, in token of welcome, touched with a trembling hand a black silk cap, which covered a skull shining like ivory.

'Grand-father,' said Mlle. Marguerite, raising her voice, 'this is M. Odiot.'

The poor old privateer rose a little in his easy-chair, and looked at me with a dim and undecided expression. At a sign from Mlle. Marguerite, I took a seat, and she repeated: 'M. Odiot, the new bailiff, father!'

'Ah! Good morning, Sir,' the old man murmured. A pause of most painful silence followed. Captain Laroque, his body bent double and his head drooping, continued to fix on me an unmeaning stare. At last, apparently finding a subject for conversation which was of the highest interest, he said to me, in a dull and deep voice: 'M. de Beauchêne is dead!'

I could find no answer to this unexpected communication. I was absolutely ignorant who this M. de Beauchêne might be, and, as Mlle. Marguerite did not take the trouble to inform me, I confined myself to expressing, by a slight exclamation of condolence, the interest which I took in the unhappy event. Apparently this did not quite satisfy the old captain's expectation, for he repeated a moment afterwards, in the same mournful tone: 'M. de Beauchêne is dead!'

My embarrassment was doubled at this perseverance. I saw Mlle. Marguerite's foot tapping impatiently on the floor: despair took possession of me, and seizing the first expression that came into my mind: 'And what did he die of?' I asked.

This question had no sooner escaped me than an angry look from Mlle. Marguerite warned me that I was suspected of some sarcastic disrespect. Although I felt myself guilty of nothing but foolish awkwardness, I hastened to give the conversation a happier turn. I spoke of the pictures in the gallery, of the strong emotions they must recall to the captain, of the respectful interest I felt in seeing the hero of those glorious annals. I even went into detail, and spoke with some warmth of two or three engagements in which the 'Aimable' seemed to me really to have performed miracles. While I was practising this refined politeness, Mlle. Marguerite, to my extreme surprise, continued to look at me with evident dissatisfaction and vexation. Still her grand-father gave me an attentive ear; I saw his head gradually rise. A strange smile lighted up his emaciated face, and seemed to efface its wrinkles. Suddenly, seizing with both hands the arms of his chair, he drew himself up to his full height; a war-like flame shot from his deep-set eyes, and he cried in a sonorous voice, which made me tremble: 'Keep her up to the wind! Full up to the wind! Fire on the larboard side! Close with her! close with her! Throw out the grappling-irons! Quick! Now we have her. Fire yonder! a good clean sweep, clear her deck! Now follow me! All together! Down with the Englishman, the accursed Saxon! Hurrah!' While uttering this last cry, which rattled in his throat, the old man, ineffectually supported by the pious hands of his grand-daughter, fell back, as if crushed, in his chair. Mlle. Laroque made me an imperious sign, and I left the room. I found my way back as well as I could through the maze of passages and staircases, congratulating myself warmly on the tact which I had displayed in my interview with the old captain of the 'Aimable.'

The gray-haired servant who had received me on my arrival — his name is Alain — was waiting for me in the hall, to tell me, from Mme. Laroque, that I had not time now to go to my own apartment before dinner, and that my dress would do as it was. At the moment that I entered the parlor, a company of about twenty persons was leaving it



with the usual ceremonies, to go to the dining-room. It was the first time, since the change in my circumstances, that I had been at a fashionable party. Accustomed formerly to the little distinctions which the etiquette of society usually makes in favor of birth and fortune, I did not receive without bitterness the first tokens of neglect and disdain to which my new position unavoidably condemns me. Repressing as well as I could the rising of false pride, I offered my arm to a young girl of a short but well-shaped and graceful figure, who was staying alone behind all the guests, and who was, as I supposed, Mlle. H  louin, the governess. My place at table was set near hers. While we were taking our seats, Mlle. Marguerite appeared, leading, like Antigone, the slow and heavy steps of her grand-father. She came and took a seat on my right, with that air of calm majesty which belongs to her, and the powerful Newfoundland, who seems to be the accredited protector of this princess, did not fail to take his position as sentinel behind her chair. I thought it my duty to express to my neighbor, without delay, the regret which I felt at having awkwardly awakened memories which seemed to disturb and annoy her grand-father.

‘It is for me to excuse myself, Sir,’ she replied; ‘I ought to have warned you never to mention the English before my father. Are you acquainted with Brittany, Sir?’

I said that I had no acquaintance with it before to-day, but that I was very happy to know it now; and further, to prove myself worthy of it, I spoke in lyrical style of the picturesque beauties which had struck me on the journey. Just when I was thinking that this adroit flattery was gaining me the young Breton’s good-will in the highest degree, I was astonished to see symptoms of impatience and weariness depicted on her brow. I was decidedly unlucky with this young girl.

‘Come, Sir!’ said she with a peculiar ironical expression, ‘I see you love what is beautiful, all that speaks to the imagination and the soul; nature, greenness, heather, rocks, and the fine arts. You will get along wonderfully with Mlle. H  louin, who also adores all those things; for my own part, I scarcely love them at all.’

‘Why, in heaven’s name, what then do you love, Mademoiselle?’

At this question, which I addressed to her in a tone of amiable pleasantry, Mlle. Marguerite turned abruptly towards me, and answered drily: ‘I love my dog. Here, Mervyn!’

Then she affectionately plunged her hand into the thick fur of the Newfoundland, who was seated on his haunches and already thrusting his formidable head between my plate and that of Mlle. Marguerite.

I could not help observing with a fresh interest the countenance of this strange person, and looking for the outward signs of the deadness

gave her cold soup ; they gave her bones without any meat : that was the way they treated her. But she was used to it. It is sad to be poor, very sad. She wished she was dead.

‘Yes, Doctor,’ she addressed herself to her neighbor, who seemed to be listening to her grievances with a rather ironical affectation of interest ; ‘yes, Doctor, I am not joking : I wish I was dead. Besides, it would be a great relief to every body. Think, Doctor, when one has been in my position, and dined off plate with one’s own crest on it, to be reduced to charity, and to find one’s self a plaything for servants ! It is not known, it never will be known, how much I suffer in this house ! Those who are proud, can suffer without complaining ; and so I hold my peace, Doctor, but I think none the less.’

‘Exactly, my dear lady,’ said the Doctor, whose name, I think, is Desmarets ; ‘let us speak no more of it ; drink some cold water, it will calm you.’

‘Nothing will calm me, Doctor ; nothing, but death.’

‘Very well, Madame, whenever you please,’ the Doctor replied resolutely.

At a more central part of the table, the attention of the guests was riveted by the careless, caustic, conceited rattle of a person whom I heard called M. Bévallan, and who seems to enjoy here all the rights of particular intimacy. He is a man of tall figure, past his first youth ; his head recalls with tolerable fidelity that of King Francis I. He is listened to like an oracle, and Mlle. Laroque herself bestows on him as much interest and admiration as she seems able to conceive for any thing in the world. For my own part, as the majority of the sallies which I heard applauded related to local stories and events of the immediate neighborhood, I could appreciate thus far but imperfectly the merits of this Armorican lion.

I had occasion, however, to congratulate myself on his politeness ; he offered me a cigar after dinner, and took me to the smoking-room. He did the honors at the same time to three or four young men, scarcely past boyhood, who evidently regarded him as a model of good-manners and exquisite wickedness.

‘Well ! Bévallan,’ said one of these young rufflers, ‘you do n’t give up the priestess of the sun, then ?’

‘Never !’ replied M. Bévallan. ‘I will wait ten months, ten years, if need be ; but I will have her, or no one shall.’

‘You are not unlucky, old fellow ; the governess will help you to keep patient.’

‘Shall I slit your tongue or your ears, young Arthur ?’ replied M. de Bévallan in an under-tone, advancing towards the speaker, and pointing out my presence to him by a rapid gesture.

Then they brought on the carpet, in charming confusion, all the

horses, all the dogs, all the women of the neighborhood. It might be wished, by-the-by, that women could be present, once in their lives, in secret, at one of those conversations which take place between men in the first excitement after a generous repast; they would there learn the exact measure of the delicacy of our morals, and of the confidence with which it should inspire them. I do not in any degree pique myself on prudishness; but the conversation at which I was present had, in my opinion, the grave fault of overstepping the bounds of the freest pleasantry: it touched lightly on every thing, outraged every thing gayly, and finally assumed a very uncalled-for tone of universal desecration. Now, my education, doubtless too imperfect, has left in my heart a fund of respect, which, it seems to me, should be kept intact even in the liveliest outbreaks of gayety. Still we have now-a-days in France our Young America, who is not happy if he does not blaspheme a little after drinking; we have some agreeable little ruffians, the hope of the future, who have had neither father nor mother, who have no country and no God, but seem to be the brute production of some heartless and soulless machine, which has dropped them by chance upon this globe, to become its very indifferent ornament.

In short, M. de Bévallan, who is not afraid to appoint himself professor of cynicism to these beardless rakes, did not please me, any more than I think I pleased him. I alleged a little fatigue, and took my leave.

At my request, old Alain armed himself with a lantern, and led me across the park toward the apartments intended for me. After a walk of a few minutes, we crossed a brook by a wooden bridge, and found ourselves before a massive arched door-way, surmounted by a kind of belfry, and flanked by two turrets. It is the entrance of the old chateau. Aged oaks and firs form a mysterious girdle round this feudal ruin, and give it an air of deep retirement. It is in this ruin that I am to live. My apartments, consisting of three rooms very prettily hung with chintz, stretched above the gate from one turret to the other. This melancholy abode did not fail to please me; it suits my fortunes. As soon as I was released from old Alain, who is of a somewhat garrulous disposition, I began to write an account of this important day, stopping now and then to listen to the gentle murmur of the brooklet running beneath my windows, and to the cry of the legendary owl, celebrating his mournful loves in the neighboring woods.

*July 1st.*

It is time to try and unravel the thread of my personal and private existence, which has been a little lost these two months in the active duties of my office.

The day after my arrival, after several hours spent in my retirement

in studying the papers and registers of Father Hivart, as they call my predecessor, I went to breakfast at the chateau, where I found remaining but few of the guests of the day before. Mme. Laroque, who lived a good deal in Paris before the health of her father-in-law condemned her to a perpetual country life, faithfully preserves in her retirement the taste for the elevated, elegant, or frivolous pursuits, which were reflected in the kennel of the Rue du Bac, in the time of Mme. de Stael's turban. She seems, moreover, to have visited most of the great cities of Europe, and has brought back from them certain literary inclinations which go beyond the usual bounds of Parisian learning and curiosity. She takes in a number of papers and reviews, and endeavors to follow from afar, as much as may be, the movements of that refined civilization, of which the theatres, museums, and new books, are the more or less transient flower and fruit. In the course of breakfast, a new opera was spoken of, and Mme. Laroque addressed a question relative to it to M. de Bévallan : he was not able to answer it, though, if he is to be believed, he has always one foot and one eye on the Boulevard des Italiens. Mme. Laroque then fell back on me, though showing, by her distracted look, the small hopes she had of finding her man of business well acquainted with such things ; but, unluckily, they are precisely the only things I do know. I had heard in Italy the opera which had just been played in Paris for the first time. The very reserve of my reply excited Mme. Laroque's curiosity, and she began to press me with questions, and soon condescended to impart to me, of her own accord, her impressions, remembrances, and enthusiastic ideas of travel. In short, we did not stop before reviewing in company the most celebrated theatres and galleries of the Continent ; and our conversation was so animated when we left the table, that, not to break it off, she took my arm without noticing it. We went into the drawing-room, and continued our sympathetic outpourings : Mme. Laroque forgetting more and more the tone of kind protection, which hitherto had a good deal disturbed me in her language to me.

She confessed to me that the demon of the theatre tormented her in a high degree, and that she contemplated having a play represented at the chateau. She asked my advice as to the management of this diversion. I spoke to her in some detail of the private theatricals which I had had the opportunity of seeing in Paris and St. Petersburg ; and then, not wishing to presume upon her favor, I rose abruptly, stating that I intended to inaugurate my office without delay, by exploring a large farm situated two short leagues from the castle. At this announcement, Mme. Laroque seemed suddenly astounded : she looked at me, shuffled among her ottomans, stretched out her hands to the brasier, and finally said in a half-whisper : ' Oh ! what does that matter ? Leave it for the present.' And when I persisted, ' But,

good heaven!' she returned with charming embarrassment, 'the roads are frightful! At least, wait for fine weather!'

'No, Madame,' said I, laughing, 'I will not wait a minute; I am bailiff, or I am not.'

'Madame,' said old Alain, who happened to be in the room, 'we could harness Father Hivart's wagon for M. Odier; it has no springs, but it is all the stronger for that.'

Mme. Laroque looked thunderbolts at the unlucky Alain for daring to propose Father Hivart's wagon to a bailiff of my stamp, who had been at a play in the palace of the Grand Duchess Helen. 'Would not the buggy get through the roads?' she asked.

'The buggy, Madame? No, indeed. No fear of its getting through,' said Alain; 'or if it does get through, it won't all of it get through; and besides, I do n't think it can get through.'

I asserted that I could go perfectly well on foot.

'No, no, impossible; I won't have it! Let us see, let us see. We have half-a-dozen saddle-horses doing nothing — but probably you do not ride?'

'I beg your pardon, Madame; but really it is useless; I will go —'

'Alain, have a horse saddled for Monsieur. Which, Marguerite?'

'Give him Proserpine,' murmured M. de Bévallan, laughing in his beard.

'No, no, not Proserpine!' cried Mlle. Marguerite impetuously.

'Why not Proserpine, Mademoiselle?' I asked.

'Because she would throw you,' said the young girl, flatly.

'Ah! would she really? Pardon, will you allow me to ask if you ride the animal in question, Mademoiselle?'

'Yes, Sir; but I have some trouble.'

'Well, perhaps you will have less after I have ridden her two or three times. That decides me. Have Proserpine saddled, Alain.'

Mlle. Marguerite knitted her black brows, and sat down, making a gesture of the hand, as if to disclaim all share in the responsibility of the catastrophe which she foresaw to be impending.

'If you want spurs, I have a pair at your service,' said M. de Bévallan, who certainly expected that I should not return.

Without seeming to notice the reproachful look which Mlle. Marguerite directed at the obliging gentleman, I accepted his spurs. In five minutes, a sound of irregular pawing proclaimed the arrival of Proserpine, who was being led with some difficulty to the foot of the steps leading to the private garden. I may state that she was a fine half-bred mare, as black as jet. I immediately descended the steps. Some young men, with M. de Bévallan at their head, followed me on the terrace, out of humanity, I fancy; and at the same time the three windows of the drawing-room were opened for the benefit of the ladies



and the old men. I would willingly have dispensed with all this ceremony, but of course I had to submit to it; and, besides, I had no great anxiety as to the upshot of the adventure; for if I am a young bailiff, I am a very old horseman. I could scarcely walk when my father began to set me on horseback, to my mother's great despair; and subsequently he spared no pains to make me his equal in an art in which he excelled. He had even carried this branch of my education to a refinement, occasionally making me put on some old, heavy armor that was in the family, that I might go through my exercises of the grand *manège* more at my ease.

Meanwhile, Proserpine allowed me to untie the bridle, and even to touch her shoulder, without giving the least sign of hesitation; but she no sooner felt the weight of my foot in the stirrup than she swerved abruptly aside, giving three or four magnificent flings above the large marble vases which ornamented the steps; then reared, by way of doing the agreeable, beating the air with her fore-feet, after which she stood still, trembling.

'Not easy to mount,' said the groom, with a wink.

'So I see, my hoy; but I'll astonish her, you'll see.' At the same time I sprang into the saddle without touching the stirrup, and while Proserpine was thinking over what had occurred to her, I got a firm seat. The next moment we were vanishing at a hand-gallop down the avenue of chestnuts, followed by a sound of clapping of hands, for which M. de Bévallan had had the wit to give the signal.

This incident, trifling as it was, did not fail, as I could perceive even the same evening in the faces of the party, wonderfully to raise my credit. A few other accomplishments, of equal value, completed the work of securing for me all the importance I wish for here, enough to guarantee my personal dignity. For the rest, they can easily see that I make no attempts to abuse the care and consideration which are shown me, with an idea of playing a part in the chateau out of keeping with the modest post which I fill. I shut myself up in my tower as often as I can, without distinctly failing in politeness; in a word, I keep strictly in my place, that no one may ever be tempted to put me down into it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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F R O M   M A R T I A L .

WHEN no living soul is nigh,  
GELLIA's filial grief is dry;  
Call some morning and I'll warrant  
GELLIA 'll shed a perfect torrent:  
Tears unforced true sorrow draws,  
GELLIA weeps for mere applause.

## P R E S C O T T .

THE portrait of the late William H. Prescott which accompanies the present number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, is from a daguerrotype taken in 1858. It differs in some respects from the portraits of the great historian which have been heretofore engraved, but it is considered by those who from habits of intimacy with Mr. Prescott are best qualified to judge of its merits, to be an extremely faithful representation of him as he appeared in his study, absorbed in composition, with a thoughtful, resolute aspect, firmly bent on overcoming whatever obstacles impeded his path, and seeking by earnest, patient thought, the resolution of some high problem in the mazes of Spanish history. Almost all the portraits hitherto given to the public depict him as he appeared in his hours of courteous, familiar, and easy intercourse with the world, gay, good-humored, and cheerful, with something that brought to mind, as Mr. Bancroft happily expresses it, the beautiful disdain that hovers on the countenance of the Apollo.

Mr. Prescott was descended from John Prescott, an English blacksmith and mill-wright, who came to this country in 1640, and settled in Lancaster, Mass. He was a hardy and resolute man, and rendered good service to the Colony as an Indian fighter. According to tradition he brought from England a complete suit of armor, with which he was wont to array himself when about to take the field against the savages. His grandson, Benjamin Prescott, lived in the neighboring town of Groton, which he represented for many years in the Great and General Court of the Colony, besides serving as a magistrate and an officer of militia — then a post of considerably more importance and honor than it has since become. He died in 1735, and his son William succeeded to his large estate, which lay partly in Groton, and in the town of Pepperell, adjoining Groton. William Prescott, born in 1725, served for a few months in the old French war, and accompanied Winslow on the famous expedition against the Acadians of Nova Scotia. The news of Concord fight called him from his plough, and he led the militia regiment of north-west Middlesex, of which he was colonel, to join the army that was gathering to drive the British out of Boston. When on the evening of the fifteenth of June, 1775, the Massachusetts Committee of Safety determined on the desperate measure of seizing and holding Bunker Hill, with their ill-appointed and ill-armed forces, Colonel Prescott was selected to command the brigade of a thousand men that was dispatched for that purpose on the night of the sixteenth. Though the Committee had designated Bunker's Hill as the one to be occupied, Gen. Ward, from whom Prescott had received his orders, directed him to march to Breed's Hill, which was nearer Boston, and

better suited to annoy the town and the shipping in the harbor. It is a singular fact that the first hostile demonstration against Prescott's force was made by the guns of the sloop-of-war *Lively*, which was lying in the stream between Boston and Charlestown, and was commanded by Captain Linzee, whose grand-daughter long afterward became the wife of Col. Prescott's grandson, the historian. As the day advanced and the fire from the men-of-war and from the batteries on Copp's Hill became more severe, Prescott, to encourage his men, mounted the parapet of the redoubt and calmly paced backward and forward in full view of the enemy. The British General Gage with a glass recognized him and asked of Councillor Willard who stood by his side: 'Will he fight?' 'To the last drop of his blood,' was the reply. Willard was Prescott's brother-in-law. It is the contemporary record, says Bancroft, that during the battle no one appeared to have any command but Col. Prescott, and that his bravery could never be enough acknowledged and applauded. The camp long repeated the story of his self-collected valor, and a historian of the war, who best knew the judgments of the army, has rightly awarded the highest prize of glory to Prescott and his companions. At the close of the campaign of 1776, 'Prescott the brave,' as Washington liked to term him, returned to his farm in Pepperell, and resumed his usual peaceful avocations, interrupted only by a brief service as a volunteer in the army of Gates, at Saratoga, where he witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne. He died October thirteenth, 1795.

His son, and only child, William Prescott, the father of the historian, who somewhere speaks of him, as 'the best and wisest of his line,' was born in 1762, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1783. He taught school for two years, and studied law, was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in Massachusetts, in 1817, which office he held only for a year, though it gave him the title of Judge to the end of his days. He became very eminent at the bar, and was repeatedly offered a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, which he modestly declined. As a practising lawyer, says Mr. Hillard, no person ever enjoyed in a greater degree the confidence of the community or the respect of the courts. To say that Judge Prescott was a man of sense and sagacity is not enough, for in him these qualities ripened into wisdom. Within his sphere of action and experience his judgment commanded the greatest respect, was sought in the most difficult questions, and reposed in with the utmost confidence. For the last thirty years of his life there was no one in Boston whose counsel was more solicited or more valued in important matters, whether public or private.

Mr. Hillard thus describes his personal appearance during the last years of his life: 'His figure was tall, thin and slightly bent; his movements active and his frame untouched by infirmity. His features

were regular in outline and proportion, resembling the portraits of a kindred spirit, the late illustrious John Jay — and their expression benevolent and intellectual. His manners were simple, but marked by an air of high breeding, flowing from dignity and refinement of character. He was a perfect gentleman, whether judged by a natural or a conventional standard. Who can estimate too highly the privilege of having had such a father — so fitted for the paternal office that if the son could have had the impossible boon bestowed upon him of selecting the parent of whom he would have been born, he could never have found a better guide, a wiser counsellor, a truer friend, than he upon whom in the providence of God, that trust was actually devolved.'

Judge Prescott died December eighth, 1844, suddenly, like his illustrious son, in the same house and surrounded by almost the same household. His wife was a daughter of the American Consul at the Azores, Mr. Hickling, whence the name of their son William *Hickling* Prescott. This middle name was the only thing belonging to his parents with which Mr. Prescott was dissatisfied. He disliked its similarity in sound to *higgling*, which above all things was foreign to his generous habits and character.

William H. Prescott, as he always preferred to write his name, was born at Salem, May fourth, 1796. He removed with his father to Boston in 1808; entered Harvard College in 1811, and was graduated in 1814. During his last term in college, while sitting at the commons' table in the college dining-hall, a playful skirmish began among the students around him; one of whom, named Foster, threw at him a crust of bread, which struck him in the left eye, inflicting so severe an injury that he ultimately lost entirely the sight of that eye; while the other, from sympathy, became so affected that it could only be used to a very slight extent for purposes of study. This accident compelled Mr. Prescott to relinquish his intended study of the law. He visited Europe, and passed two years in travel in England, France, and Italy. On his return he devoted himself to literature with the aid of an amanuensis, and contributed to the *North American Review*, in 1824, in an article on Italian narrative poetry; a subject which he had made an especial object of research. It was his design at this time to write a history of Italian literature. He made for this purpose an almost complete collection of standard Italian literature, which formed the basis of the excellent private library of his latter years. As late as July, 1831, the pages of the *North American* bear witness to his partiality for this topic in an article on the poetry and romance of the Italians.

Another favorite project was a life of Moliere, including a critical examination of his plays and of all that had been written about him. For this, also, with his usual zeal and diligence, he had made a collection of volumes embracing every thing that he could hear of, in any

way relating to the French dramatist. The only fruit of his labors in this direction, however, was an article on Moliere in the *North American Review* for October, 1828. Mr. Prescott about this time formed the plan of writing the history of Ferdinand and Isabella, and wisely gave up his schemes of merely literary history. For ten years, from 1828 to 1838, he devoted himself to his task, amid obstacles and difficulties that would have utterly discouraged any but a man of the highest force of will and tenacity of purpose. His eyes at this time were in their worst condition. Instead of the trained and competent secretaries, whom he employed in later years, he had to depend on the services of a youth ignorant of any language but English, who stumbled painfully and slowly through the dreary folios in antique Spanish and Italian, which were Mr. Prescott's chief authorities.

When the work was written, and when the advice of his father and of wise and candid friends had overcome the modest timidity with which he shrank from publication, Mr. Prescott, for a considerable period, in vain sought for a publisher. The trade, as usual, distrusted where they should have welcomed, and the history of Ferdinand and Isabella for some months went begging for a publisher. It was at last accepted by Little, Brown and Co., and appeared in 1838. Its success was immediate and decisive. It has already gone through fourteen or fifteen editions in this country, besides several in England.

Mr. Prescott's next work, '*The History of the Conquest of Mexico*,' appeared in 1843, the result of five years of labor; his '*Conquest of Peru*,' a work of four years, in 1847. For the remaining twelve years of his life he was engaged upon the history of Philip II. of Spain. Of this work, which was to have filled six volumes, three volumes have been published, and the fourth is left, half-done, in ms. It was announced, shortly after Mr. Prescott's decease, that Philip II. would be completed by his secretary, Mr. J. F. Kirk. But we understand that this plan has been given up, Mr. Kirk preferring to devote himself to the completion of a history of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, upon which he has been for many years engaged.

A year or two ago Mr. Prescott, whose general health had always been extremely good, had a slight paralytic shock, from which, however, he soon recovered. He was apparently perfectly well on Friday, January twenty-eighth, of this year, when at noon-day, while in a closet adjoining his study, he was suddenly struck with apoplexy and died in a few minutes. It may be said without exaggeration, that not only his own country, but the whole civilized world, regretted his loss. In almost every land he had warm friends and admirers — certainly, he had no enemies either at home or abroad. His pure and gentle and peaceful life had gathered around him its proper harvest of 'troops of friends,'

'Honor, love,  
And all that should accompany old age.'



## THE HARVESTER.

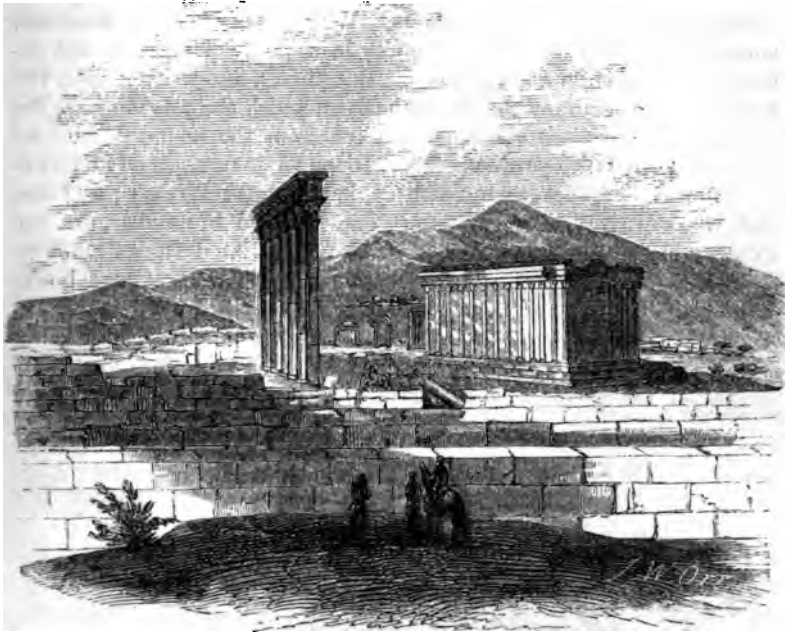
A REAPER unto whom had been assigned  
 Some portion of a ripened harvest field —  
 Few sheaves at most the yellow grain would yield,  
 Which he with care alone could reap and bind —  
 Commenced his task with cheerful stroke and song;  
 But soon the melody more fitful grew,  
 More tardily the sharpened sickle drew  
 Full, even swaths of grain the field along,  
 Until the work and song together ceased.  
 'How great the harvests of the world!' he thought,  
 'How uselessly my own poor sheaves are brought.'  
 And as he reckoned, still the weight increased,  
 Till by the burden, time and strength were spent;  
 The day passed on and died, in idle discontent.

Poor fool! — and yet thyself, O heart! behold —  
 With thy small task in God's fair harvest set,  
 Brooding in vain, no work accomplished yet,  
 Half of thy day and strength already told.  
 Sighing: 'How wide the fields beneath the sun!  
 How few the laborers called to work therein!  
 How tares increase of error, wrong, and sin,  
 What chaff to winnow when our best is done!  
 Up! they who will not work, shall eat no bread,  
 Such questioning but makes thy day more brief,  
 Thrust in the sickle! reap thine own full sheaf!  
 See how thy comrades patiently have sped,  
 And oh! beware, lest when with shout they come,  
 Thou hast no part in that great Harvest Home.

## REVERSING THE FIGURES.

MARIA, just at twenty, swore  
 That no man less than six feet four  
 Should be her chosen one.  
 At thirty she is glad to fix  
 A spouse exactly four feet six,  
 As better far than none.

## WALL STREET TO CASHMERE.\*



RUINS OF BAALBEK.

'ALLAH AKBAR! and you Americans are great travellers!' used to exclaim an old Mussulman near whom we once smoked, and drank coffee, and tried to sleep in a wretched Khan at Varna. But the most ambitious of American tourists must yield the palm to the author of the book whose title stands at the head of this article. We have in one large octavo, copiously illustrated by the pencil of the author, and got up in the best style of the honorable book-making guild, the record of a journey through more countries and among more peoples than we dare mention.

The author is an American all over—that is, an individual who prides himself on his countrymen's whitening the seas with ships, and

\* Journal of Five Years in Asia, Africa, and Europe; comprising Visits during 1851, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, to the Danemora Iron Mines, the 'Seven Churches,' Plains of Troy, Palmyra, Jerusalem, Petra, Seringapatam, Surat; with the scenes of the recent mutinies, (Benares, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi, etc., etc.), Cashmere, Peshawur, the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, Java, China, and Mauritius. By JOHN B. INGLAND. With nearly one hundred Illustrations, from sketches made on the spot by the Author. Pp. 580. S. A. ROLLO & Co., New-York.

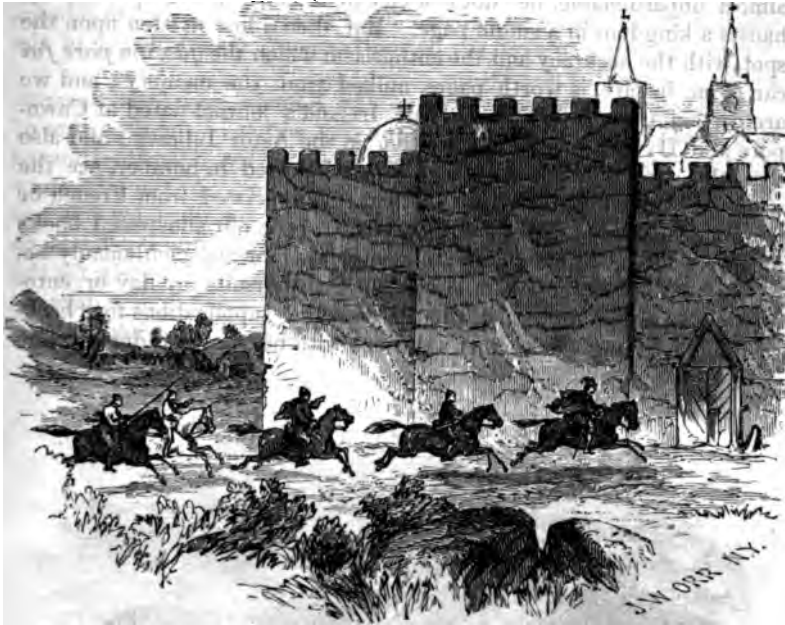
clothing the nations in cotton, and who is equally prepared to enter into a contract for killing bears at the North Pole or converting the heathen.

Mr. Ireland has the three essential elements of a good traveller — industry, enthusiasm, and truthfulness. With brevity in many instances, almost unpardonable, he 'does' a city in a single paragraph, and exhausts a kingdom in a single page. But then a line written upon the spot, with the accuracy and the enthusiasm which the *quorum pars fui* can alone inspire, is worth pages milked from the memory; and we are certain that the portions of Mr. Ireland's journal dated at Cawn-pore and Hydaspes were not written in the Astor Library; and also that the superb illustrations, nearly one hundred in number, are the work of his own hand, instead of being appropriated from French or German tourists, as is too frequently the case in our illustrated books of travel. Nor do we underrate his good-humor and gentlemanly behavior. Whether engaged in ethnological pursuits by day or entomological pursuits by night, whether resisting supplications for 'back-sheesh' or taking his turn at ablutions with negroes and donkeys, he



DESCENT TO DANAMORA IRON MINE, SWEDEN.

maintains, under all circumstances, the same apparent cheerfulness. Sheiks and pashas are also spared the humiliation of being choked, or the greater humiliation of having their beards pulled by the ambitious howadji ; at least we are not afflicted with apochryphal narratives of that kind.



ESCAPE OF PETER THE GREAT AND BROTHER FROM THE STRELITZES INTO TROITSE MONASTERY.

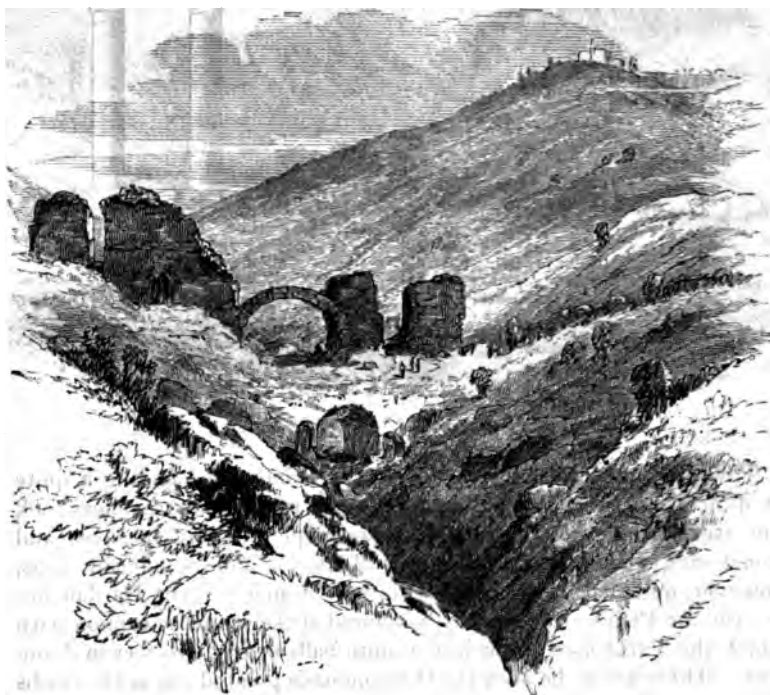
In less than a dozen opening lines our tourist bids good-by to the bulls and bears and briefs of Wall Street, looks in at the opening of the Great Exhibition, sees the Queen and the Hippopotamus, and, taking Paris in his way, is off for a glimpse at the tombs of Odin. At Danemora, in Sweden, he and his companions descended five hundred feet into one of the eighty mines which produce the best iron in the world for steel, passing on the way down a great number of caverns and also little birds flying about. There was considerable ice at the bottom. Old Jove's best thunderbolts were child's play to the succession of terrific blasts.

At Abo on the Gulf of Finland, they entered Russia, and the Fins took them a drive through the town in low droskies, the funniest contrivances one can imagine, with Bucephalus at full gallop. At St. Petersburg, where John Randolph behaved so rudely to the court that

his recall was requested, they saw many gorgeous palaces and churches; and also steamers and iron bridges built by Americans. The military reviews were superb, and our travellers heard the Emperor Nicholas 'blowing up' his cadets savagely. The knout is said to be abolished in the army, but the delinquent has to run, instead, the gauntlet between a double line of soldiers with rods in their hands, which they use lustily, and if the wretch survives, he is sent to Siberia. A grand jollification over the buried bones of relatives is one of the annual *fêtes* at St. Petersburg.

In Moscow our travellers visited the Kremlin and from Sparrow Hill, where Napoleon first viewed the city, witnessed the departure of eighty exiles on foot and in chains to Siberia. Dr. Hass, the Howard of Russia, was present to cheer the unfortunates. At the monastery of Troitzka, where Peter the Great took refuge when his life was threatened by the Strelitzes, they bought tarantas, odd vehicles to look at, with maximum of axle-trees and minimum of wheels, for the jaunt of a thousand miles to Odessa, to be performed in nine days.

On the way they halted occasionally to 'Tchai,' to drink tea, the



VIEW OF PERGAMUS.

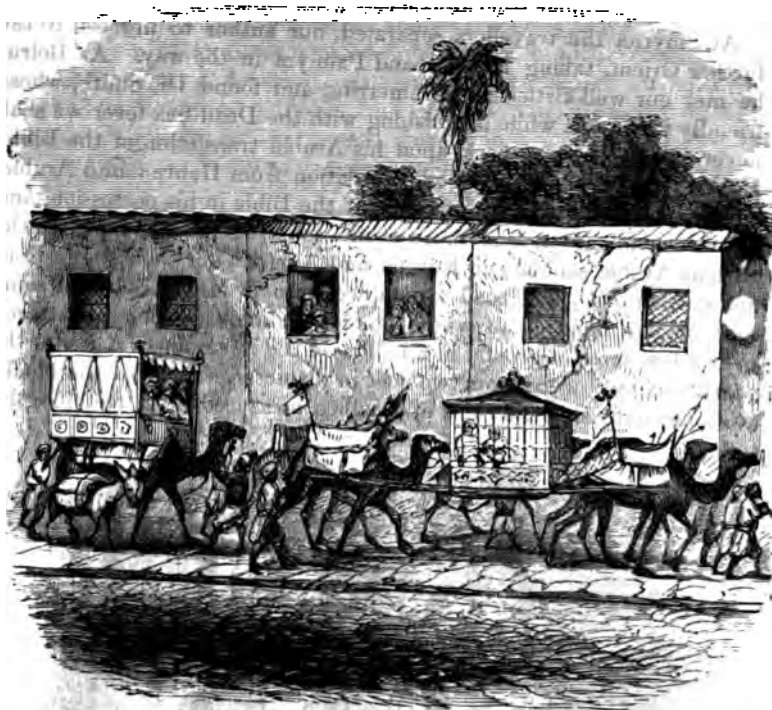


beverage most prized in Russia after brandy. A French restaurateur who had travelled all over England without getting a beefsteak well-cooked, gave them a delicious *dejeuner à la fourchette*. Pultova, celebrated for the defeat of Charles the Twelfth, they found situated on a high hill, with poor buildings and an indifferent monument. Orel was passed with the cool remark that fifteen hundred persons had frozen to death there the previous winter.



SARDIS. "SEVEN CHURCHES."

Thwarted in their intention to visit the Crimea, and finding it quite as difficult to get out of Russia as to get into it, our travellers took the steamer from Odessa to Constantinople; whose mosques and cemeteries, veiled women, braying donkeys, and wonderful dogs, however, detained them but a few days. Stopping at the Dardanelles to visit the Plains of Troy, they wondered at the immense cannon with which the Turks used to project granite balls nearly two feet in diameter. There are to be seen the three mounds pointed out as the tombs of Hector, Ajax, and the valiant Achilles, and to verify the description of the locality by Virgil, *Tenedos est in conspectu*. Inside of an old



HADS RETURNING FROM MECCA. DAMASCUS.

wall was a large ruin, called Priam's Palace, where they unfurled the American flag. The famed Scamander and Simois were nearly dry. Many of the classical rivers, it may be stated in a general way, are humbugs. The Cephissus could not drive a saw-mill, and the Ilissus does not suffice even for the washerwomen of Athens.

A year's journey carried the tourists through Greece, Syria, Egypt, back to Spain, over Central Europe, and down the Danube, at the expiration of which time they are again on the Plains of Troy, *en route* for the Seven Churches. There was no end of amusing incidents and experiences, though to sleep in a small room tenanted by six gentlemen, five servants, and seven dogs, besides hosts of persevering fleas, is not calculated to put one into good-humor. At Pergamus they found many Roman ruins, and at Sardis the tumuli of the Lydian kings, one of which is described by Herodotus as vying with the finest monuments of Egypt and Babylon. The robbers hearing that some travelers were about to arrive, probably with a considerable sum of money,

waited for them near Sedecui, and, '*pour passer le temps*,' robbed the mail only three miles from the city.

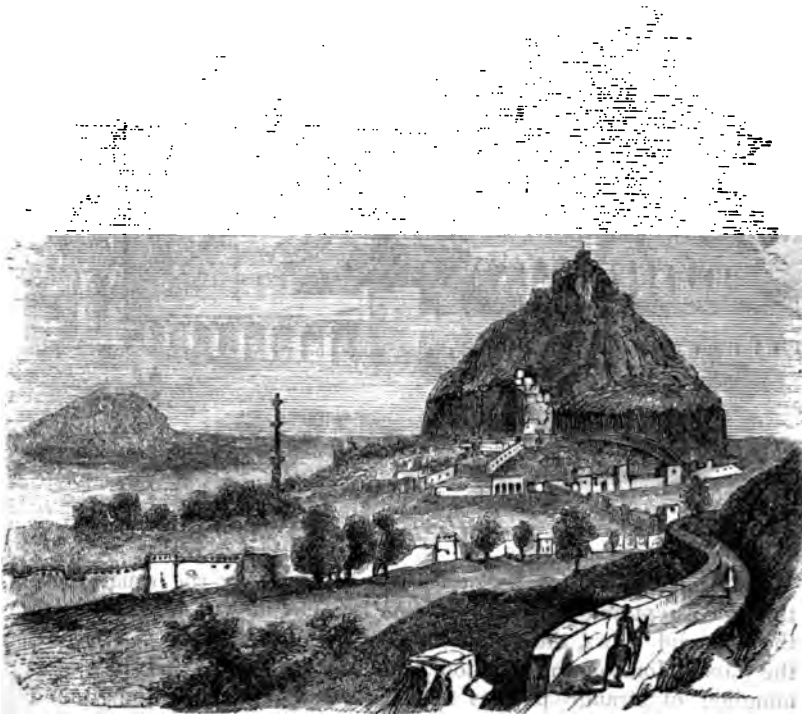
At Smyrna the travellers separated, our author to proceed to the further Orient, taking Baalbec and Palmyra in the way. At Beirut he met our well-kirtled host Demetrius, and found Dr. Smith, whose friendly visit to us while languishing with the Dead Sea fever we shall never forget, hard at work upon his Arabic translation of the Bible. His method was to get a good translation from Hebrew into Arabic, compare it with other translations of the Bible in his possession, and after reëxamination, send more than a hundred printed copies to the various Arabic scholars in Europe and America for their suggestions and corrections. The road to Baalbec led over Mount Lebanon, some four or five hundred of whose famous cedars still remain scattered over a few acres of ground in a hollow of the mountain. A few of the patriarchs only were over two feet in diameter. Some of the blocks of stone composing the ruins of Baalbec measured sixty feet long by



THE PATRIARCHAL EMBRACE, TRINIDAD

twelve feet square. The Mussulmans say they were moved by the d,ms.

While he was recruiting at Damascus the 'Hadji,' or caravan of pilgrims, entered the city on its way from Mecca. It being incumbent on the faithful to make a pilgrimage, at least once during their lives, to the holy city, the return of the annual caravan is made the occasion of great rejoicing. In one we saw at Grand Cairo there were ten thousand camels, and the pilgrims of both sexes and all ages had congregated from all Northern Africa and the distant regions of the Upper Nile. The friends of the pilgrims painted the doors of their houses, and went a long way out on the desert to meet those returning. The Orientals have no conception of travelling for information or pleasure. *Hadji* is the honorable name assumed by any one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. *Hovadji* is the trader, usually on a picayune scale, who not unfrequently travels in the same caravan.



VIEW OF DOWLATABAD FORTRESS, DECCAN.

A view of Palmyra, the ruined capital of the Queen of the East, amply repaid the danger and fatigue experienced in reaching it.



Baalbec, with its immense foundations, portals, and columns, is grander, Carnac, with fallen obelisks and towering pylons, is magnificent; but, in extent and light graceful beauty, Palmyra is unequalled. Ruined temples and colonnades cover a space more than a mile and a half long. One traveller 'coffee'd' in the 'Great Temple,' occupied by a Sheik. While he was absent the rascally Arabs 'tasted away' his only remaining bottle of wine, and complained that their heads felt queer.



TOMB OF IBRAIM ADIL SHAH, BEJAPORE.

Returning to Beirut he proceeded to India by the usual route through Egypt and the Red Sea. At Bombay he was delighted with the splendid views, the varieties of craft that skimmed the harbor, the 'Joss Houses' and Hindoo temples, and the remarkable commingling of strange peoples and costumes, embracing long-tailed Chinamen, Arabs in the 'dirty picturesque,' drunken, rollicking sailors, grave Persians in high pointed hats, white-gowned Parsees and Hindoos, from the 'Baboo' in gossamer to the porter in his slight winter dress of a small pocket-handkerchief and three feet of twine. On



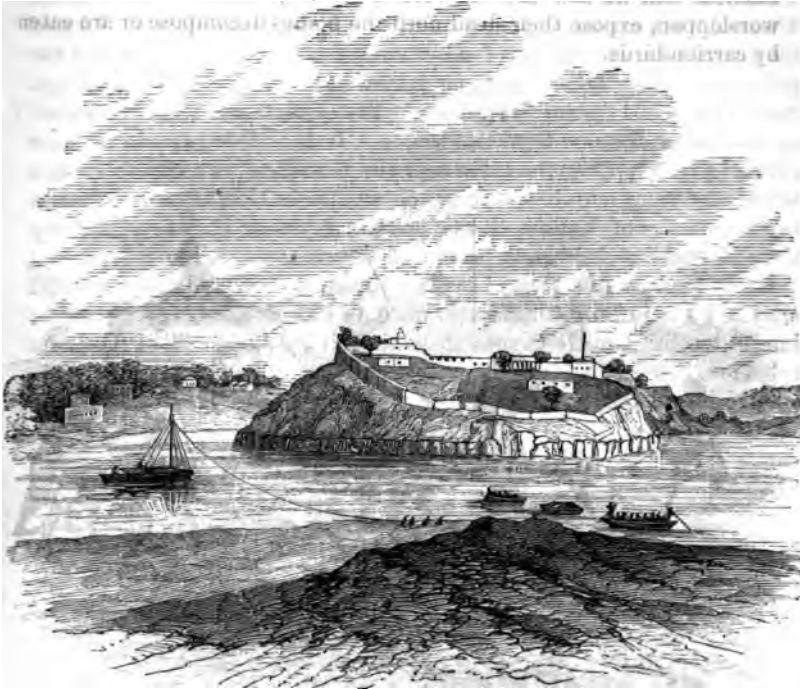
Malabar Hill he saw the 'Towers of Silence,' where the Parsee fire-worshippers expose their dead until the bodies decompose or are eaten by carrion-birds.



DAK TRAVELLING IN BENGAL.

'Ireland Saib,' as the natives called the author, now made a journey into the Presidency of Bombay, travelling in a bullock-cart, and stopping over night at the numerous bungalows. No white person in India ever goes to bed without first taking a look for cobras, or dresses without shaking his clothes and boots, to get rid of these unpleasant customers. On the way he met immense trains of bullock-carts, and bullocks carrying sacks of grain on their backs. At the 'Mountain of Pilgrimage,' ascended by nine hundred granite steps, he saw the pilgrims, after their devotions to the white-eyed, ring-nosed idol, feeding the monkeys which scrambled down an almost perpendicular rock three hundred feet high.

In India every person of consideration has a large train of servants — a house of handsome income, not less than twenty or thirty. Every horse must have a groom, and if you do not buy the grass or hay, an extra man to cut it for him. If you keep a dog, there must be an additional servant to take care of him. Five servants sometimes assist a gentleman in dressing. Their wages of course are very low.



CHUNAR FORTRESS.

At Aurungabad, not far from the Dowlatabad Fortress, (The Hill of God,) 'Ireland Saib' unconsciously excited the ire of the people by seating himself on the altar of a household god. He also rode to the tomb of the wife of Aurungzebe, one of the last of the Mogul Emperors. At Beejapore, which our traveller reached by way of Karlee and Sattare, he made a sketch of Mohammed Shah's tomb. Under eight successive Mohammedan sovereigns this city, whose walls were eight miles in circumference, became one of the most magnificent in India. Its glory however passed away after the conquest of Aurungzebe. It contained no less than seven hundred mosques of stone and as many of plaster. In and near the city there are said to be a thousand wells, these being in the sultry east one of the indications of wealth and importance. The Hindoo temple was cool and inviting 'to put up in.' In the midst of his nap a wedding party came up to do 'pooja.'

At Goa, where formerly lived no less than seven hundred monks, and whose Catholic churches and cathedral are still imposing, the

butler laid himself out for a grand dinner. For dessert there were six kinds of fruit, including plantains, mango, quava, and cashoo. One of his gorawallas, grooms, was fond of strong drink. From the sap of the palm the natives manufacture an intoxicating beverage called *bhang*. Some trees yield four or five gallons. The government is said to derive an income of £30,000 from this source. It is amusing to see the men climbing and tapping the trees near the branches. Thanks to Boston ships, ice-creams and ice-water are obtainable in Bombay and Calcutta, to say nothing of Yankee clocks, or Sam Slicks as they are generally termed, rocking-chairs, and preserved lobsters.

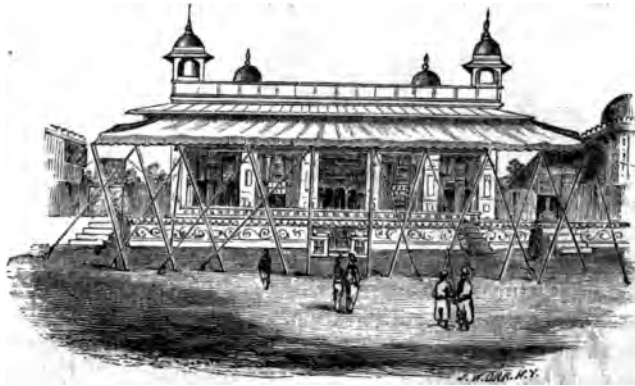
From Madras, Mr. Ireland made a voyage to China, Java, etc.; and after a few months returned westward to Calcutta, whence we follow him to localities, made famous since his visit by the events of the India rebellion.

Arriving at Calcutta, he was beset by porters and peddlers. It was



MONUMENT TO BUCEPHALUS, PUNJAB.

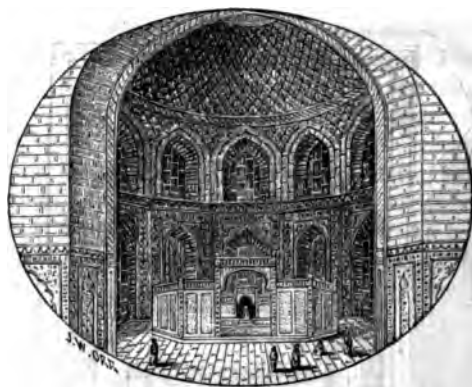
so hot in his room that he employed two men to pull his 'purka' all night. A servant obtained for the purpose of brushing up our tourist's rusty Hindostanee, looked as if he had been drawn out to the greatest length and smallest breadth. The native population of Calcutta is estimated at between six and seven hundred thousand; its exports fifty million dollars and the imports only about half that sum. The Governor-General of India, residing there, received, including various allowances, seventy thousand pounds per year. The system of railways begun in India, and the electric telegraph, have more than ever made it the capital of the empire. Before the recent rebellion the missionaries maintained *twenty-five* printing-presses in the country. The missionaries themselves numbered four hundred and fifty souls, and the native Christians one hundred and twelve thousand. The Bible has been translated into ten of their languages and the New Testament into five others.



PALACE GRAND AUDIENCE HALL, DELHI.

From Calcutta Mr. Ireland travelled toward the Punjaub by 'dak.' The horses attached to these vehicles are an odd set of ugly brutes; every one baulks, the only difference being in the number of times or the length of time it takes to get him off again. Benares our tourist found to be the chosen seat of Hindooism. Twenty thousand pilgrims sometimes visit the sacred city daily. Some of the devotees measure their distance, that is, lie down at full length, mark the spot where the head reached, and lie down again with their feet at the last mark, and so on until they arrive at the holy place. This mode of making pilgrimage, as may be supposed, is very slow. Yet one man had come seven hundred miles and had four hundred still to go. Benares is also the centre of the opium-growing interest. Not far from the city is the fortress of Chunar, in which Warren Hastings took refuge from the Benares insurrection.

From Benares 'Ireland Saib' travelled rapidly through Central India to Cashmere, pausing only for a short time at Allahabad, at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, at Cawnpore, never to be forgotten for the tragedy that occurred there during the rebellion, at Murat and



INTERIOR OF TAJ MAHAL AND TOMB, AGRA.

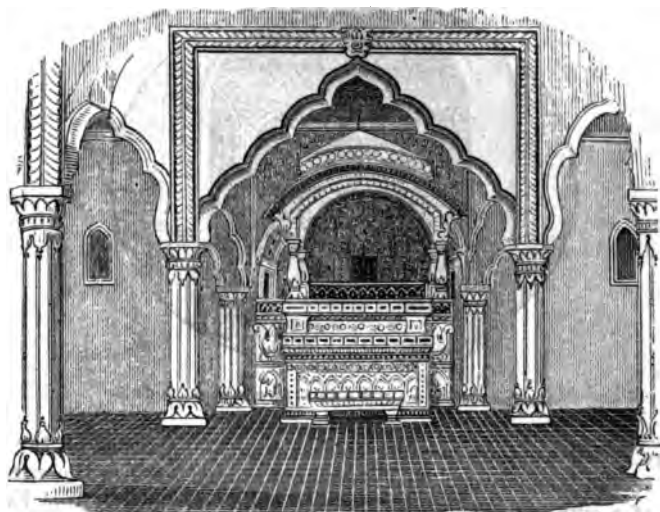
Lahore. The weather became cold at night on account of the proximity to the Himalayas. At Punch he was quartered in the establishment of a civil old Fakir, who showed many certificates from English travellers, one of them — a stupid attempt at wit — declaring him to be a humbug, and whose cat, notwithstanding the holy character of its master, had a predatory disposition. The roar of the mountain torrents in the vicinity sounded like the ocean surf after a storm. His horse and its owner having vanished there was danger of being compelled to make the journey into Cashmere on foot. The view at times was magnificent. Near Hyderabad they found the snow two or three feet deep. The coolies had a jollification over a sheep which 'Ireland Saib' gave them; he had the pick of a Cashmerean flock for thirty-seven cents.

At Hydaspes, he reached the end of his journey, and after various adventures among the mountains, turned back to the Punjaub. At Jheluen he found a half Grecian, half-Mussulman monument, said to have been erected to the memory of Bucephalus. Delhi, now associated with pillage and carnage, was a beautiful city. We might well devote pages to its description, but must be satisfied with as many lines. In the Palace Hall there is a pavilion on the walls of which our traveller saw the grandiloquent inscription: 'And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth it is here, it is here.'

At Agra he of course visited the marvellous Taj Mahal, upon which twenty thousand men are said to have been engaged twenty-two years.



On Durhar Hill once stood the famous Peacock throne, removed by Nadir Shah. And here, in the city of Agra, we take leave of our enterprising traveller, thanking him for the pleasure of wandering with him over so many countries, and bringing us in contact with so many peoples.



THE PEACOCK THRONE, DELHI.

#### THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN

ONCE she was fair as thou ;  
Had ringlets on her brow :  
Do not despise her now —  
Not now.

She sitteth in the cold ;  
She seemeth very old ;  
Be not to her too bold,  
Too bold.

She sitteth in the heat ;  
In the hot and jostling street ;  
She never seems to eat,  
To eat.

From earliest morning light,  
To the dun shades of night —  
A patient, weary sight,  
    Weary sight.

No one e'er comes to greet,  
As she sits on the street —  
Sits ever o'er her feet,  
    Her feet.

Yet all do pass that way,  
The young, old, grave, and gay ;  
Yet no one goes to say,  
    Good-day.

She looketh on her stand,  
She wipes it with her hand ;  
Wipes apples, dust, and sand  
    With her hand.

You stop and ask the way :  
'One cent,' you hear her say ;  
Naught else she saith all day,  
    All day.

The crowd it ebbs and flows,  
Each season comes and goes ;  
The only 'change' she knows,  
    One cent.

No one e'er calls the name  
Of that aged crooning dame ;  
None knoweth whence she came —  
    She came.

Yet she hath been a bride ;  
Stood by a mother's side ;  
Was once a husband's pride,  
    His pride.

She had a home as thou —  
Gone are both fruit and bough ! —  
Deal gently with her now,  
    Gently now.

One home ye both shall have :  
One hope beyond the grave ;  
One faith ye both shall save,  
    Shall save.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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LECTURES ON METAPHYSICS AND LOGIC. By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, etc., etc. Edited by the Rev. H. L. MANSEL, B.D., Oxford, and JOHN VEITCH, M.A., Edinburgh. In two Volumes: GOULD AND LINCOLN.

NOTHING less than a new gospel would be read with such avidity by the admirers of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON as will this volume of his 'Lectures on Metaphysics.' They are confessedly imperfect: by the author they were never prepared for publication; the phenomena of the cognitive faculties are discussed at length; those of feeling more briefly; those of conation (including will and desire) still more briefly; while the questions of ontology, as was to be expected in the case of lectures addressed to young college students, are touched upon only incidentally. Yet notwithstanding all the *lacunæ* in these lectures, and even apart from their abounding merit, to every student of philosophy this volume is a godsend. There is a charm about SIR WILLIAM'S name, and about all memories of him, to the lovers of 'divine philosophy,' as unaccountable, perhaps, to those who are not familiar with his writings, as was the power which, in spite of his vices, Fox wielded over the House of Commons and over England. When PITT was questioned regarding it by an incredulous foreigner, 'Ah!' said he, 'you have never been under the spell of the magician.'

Singularly little is known of his private life, personal character, and habits, at least on this side of the Atlantic: THOMAS SPENSER BAYNES' admirable contribution to the Edinburgh Essays, and the half-dozen facts in DE QUINCEY'S three tormenting papers in HOGG'S Instructor, being the principal sources of information. His writings are all fragmentary, consisting of review articles, brief essays, supplementary notes to other authors. He lived, and is dead. And yet to the brief record of his uneventful life, all competent scholars would insist upon adding that he was one of the most learned men that ever lived — a monster of erudition: all save envious Pharisees would unite in calling him the most massive yet thoroughly trained intellect of modern times, whose breadth of reasoning powers and certainty of logic were a marvel of mind, and to whom his boundless learning was only a light and pliant weapon, and never a crushing coat of mail too heavy to be borne: the purest men would add, as their tribute upon his tomb, that this boundless wealth of power and possession was balanced, not by pyrrhonism, but by faith; that he

whose mind touched the circumference of mind's possibilities, was first to fix most reverently and humbly its limits, and that his life was white and spotless; and finally the most competent of living men assert, that the revival of philosophy in England is owing to him; and that he is one with whom BACON is not to be compared, and who has known no peer since PLATO.

There is no space left us to set forth adequately any thing of the contents of this volume, or more than the most meagre sketch of his life.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON was born at Glasgow, on the eighth of March, 1778. His father, Dr. WILLIAM HAMILTON, was Professor of Anatomy and Botany in the University, and died at the age of thirty-two, leaving behind him a great reputation, superior even to that of his father, who had occupied the same chair before him. They descended from the HAMILTONS of Preston and Fingalton. Sir ROBERT HAMILTON, of Preston, fifth of the name, commanded the Cameronian insurgents at Drumclog and Bothwell Brig. In his first paper upon the Scotch philosopher, DE QUINCEY mentions the fact, that SCALIGER the elder, so fierce a controversialist, was a cavalry officer up to his fortieth year, and fancies that he can trace now and then, in Sir WILLIAM's fatal polemics, the sword-arm that charged at Drumclog. When quite young, Sir WILLIAM was placed under the care of Rev. Dr. SUMMERS, of Mid-Calder. He attended the junior classes at the University of Glasgow when only twelve years old; then passed an interval of two years at Dr. DEAN'S school in Bromley; and finally returned to the senior class of the University, carrying off the first prizes. Sir WILLIAM in 1809 proceeded on the SNELL foundation to Balliol College, Oxford, where his course was unprecedented. His honor-examination stands to this day without its equal. On going up for his degree, he 'professed' every classic author of mark — poet, orator, historian, philosopher — whether Greek or Roman. Under the head of science, he took in all ARISTOTLE, with the works of his early commentators; the whole of PLATO, with PROCLUS and PLOTINUS, to say nothing of the fragments preserved by LAERTIUS, STOBÆUS, and the other collectors. His examination in philosophy alone lasted for two days, six hours each day; and in fourteen of his books on the abstruse subjects of Greek philosophy, the examiners declined, with the most flattering compliments, to examine him at all. Besides the honors of the University, he received the thanks and public acknowledgments of the examiners, that he had never been surpassed, either in the minute or comprehensive knowledge of the systems on which he had been examined. The Greek, Arabian, and Latin authors of mark were not his only acquisitions. He had made the acquaintance of the chief of the schoolmen, the scholars of the revival, and his contemporaries on the Continent. All these monstrous acquisitions were made before his twenty-fourth year. DE QUINCEY humorously computes, that if all the days of his life had been ground down to globules of five minutes each, the rosary would not begin to equal the number of books he was known to have familiarly used; so that nothing is left but to think him indebted to a 'familiar' — to which hypothesis his attachment to a large Newfoundland dog lends color.

In 1813 Sir WILLIAM entered upon the practice of the law at Edinburgh. Here he met DUGALD STEWART — to edit whose works was one of the latest labors of his life — and Dr. PARR, whose colossal learning was equalled even then by the

young advocate. In 1820 he was defeated by his friend Professor WILSON (KIT NORRIS) as a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University. Politics carried the day. The year following, Sir WILLIAM entered the University as Professor of Universal History. His private studies at this period took the direction of the material organs and instruments of the mind, and then and subsequently by a multitude of accurate experiments he tested the crucial doctrines of the phrenologists, and developed the truths set forth in the appendix to this volume, such as the relative size and formation of the cerebellum, the age at which the brain is fully developed, the presence and value of the frontal sinus, which overthrow once and forever the doctrines of that pseudo-science, and degrade its future followers to the level of charlatans or fools.

In 1829 Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* the celebrated article on the Philosophy of the Conditioned. At first it was not understood by more than fifty men in England, though on the Continent Cousin pronounced it a master-piece. Its depth of thought, precision, and solid brevity of language made it incomprehensible to the multitude of scholars. It was the high mark to which they at once began to struggle. During the next seven years he furnished two or three articles annually to the *Review*, in each sounding those shoreless seas of erudition which to others were so fathomless, and so commanding all the literature and science of logic and metaphysics that WHATLEY was demonstrated a school-boy in the former, and BROWN ignorant of the latter. In 1836 the chair of Logic and Metaphysics became empty, and Sir WILLIAM became a candidate, and was elected, though such was the stupidity and bigotry of his electors, that the nominee by acclamation of all the philosophers of Europe and England, was near being the rejected of the city council. During the next few years his chief attention was given to his classes. The qualities which had placed him in the front rank of speculative thinkers, joined to his love of precision and system, and his lofty ideal of philosophical composition, made him keenly alive to the difficulties of his task of combining the elementary instruction in philosophy with the dignified discussion of its topics. The opening of the college session found him still reading and reflecting, and thus it came to pass that this volume of such bulk, each page the gate-way to some far-reaching vista of learning and of thought, fell to be written during the currency of the session of 1836-7, a period of five months, at the rate of three lectures a week, and each lecture the work of the evening and night previous to its delivery. Such a feat puts the MAGLIABECCHIS and the SCALIGERS to the blush.

In this post he continued till his death in May, 1856, exercising an unparalleled influence over his pupils, the influence of the true educator determining them to intelligent individual activity, and in a larger field the champion also of liberal education, reforming the degeneracy of the great English universities. Since, two years ago, he went to join

‘THE great of old,  
The dead but sceptred sovran, who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns,’

the world has begun to learn the greatness of its loss. Daily his influence grows. For a few short years that noble soul survived and breathed the air of life ere it sank forever into the waters of death. Yet he has not wholly died, for from that little spot on the ocean of existence where his bark went down, forever widening



waves extend, and will not cease to flow, reversing the law of nature and growing greater as the circles widen, so long as on earth there is nothing great but man, and in man nothing great but mind.

The second volume of these lectures (treating of logic) will be published in a few months. Then we hope to supply the deficiencies of this article, and speak of Sir WILLIAM's personal character, appearance, and habits, and to present, it may be, in outline the result of Sir WILLIAM's labors for the advancement of his favorite science.

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THE LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN INSECTS. By B. JAEGER, late Professor of Zoölogy and Botany in the College of New-Jersey, assisted by H. C. PRESTON, M.D. With numerous Illustrations from Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author. HARPER.

A LITTLE girl of our acquaintance presented for our entertainment a few evenings since, two or three thin white-wood boxes, neatly made, and secured with a hook, telling us to open them. On doing so, it seemed as if we had suddenly fallen upon a national congress of the insect creation. There were assembled tiger-beetles, tumble-bugs, carrion-beetles and dandy-beetles, bed-bugs, squash-bugs, and tree-bugs; locusts and lice; grasshoppers, crickets, caterpillars, tiger-moths, dragon-flies, wasps, bees, ants, horse-flies, house-flies, and butterflies, all arranged in parallel lines like squadrons of cavalry troops. Nearly all of them had been collected by the little girl during the summer sojourn of her parents among the pleasant hills of Berkshire. The gardener had appended the formidable Latin names of the insects under each pair; but if our little friend was ignorant of some of these, she was certainly well informed regarding the habits of their owners. Rambles in the woods; examinations of the trunks of trees, of thick moss and under fallen leaves; flying chases, net in hand, over the meadows, after butterflies and moths and dragon-flies and devil's-darning-needles, had been the simple means by which she had made this collection, which a naturalist would not despise. Health, happiness, and the best kind of education she had also caught, though they were not pinned among these specimens, nor of the sort usually promised in boarding-school circulars. She was a practical commentary upon the lecture of Professor AGASSIZ, delivered a few weeks since before the Massachusetts Legislature. She saw more of the beauty and the wonders of Nature with her twelve-year-old eyes, than many a pair that have looked without perceiving for half a century. Professor JAEGER's book will be a godsend to her. It is scientific enough for all not strictly scientific purposes, illustrated with frequent drawings from specimens in the author's collection; and comprehends the principal fruits of his entomological labors during many years of travel in this and the old world. The study and knowledge of the companions that swarm around us every where, in tree and flower, in the air above and the earth beneath, is a source of unfailing interest to any one that will engage in it. But the same may be said of all departments of natural history, so called, from the highest to the lowest, if one be lower than another. The study of insect-

life, however, has two special advantages. Specimens are the easiest collected, and insects are the most abounding of any class, in use or injury to man.

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**THE HISTORY OF MINNESOTA :** from the Earliest French Explorations to the Present Time. By EDWARD DUFFIELD NEILL, Secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society. Philadelphia: J. P. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

If any of our readers have doubted the statements put forth in the conclusion of an article in our last October issue, regarding the north-western areas of this continent; their habitability, their capacities of soil and salubrity of climate, and their consequent importance in the future development of this Republic, he will find that they are amply confirmed, directly and incidentally, in Mr. NEILL's 'History of Minnesota,' as they have also been by the Chamber of Commerce of St. Paul. Of Minnesota, the land of the Dacotahs — to say nothing of the regions to the north and north-west of it, drained by the Saskatchewan — those statements were preëminently true. In our opinion, it is to be the centre of the North-west, the dépôt and entrépôt of all the trade this side of the Rocky Mountains, and north of the Black Hill range; and when those areas are well populated, as in less than half a century they will be, to be the centre of the North-west, will be more than to be Boston, the centre of the North-east, or than Charleston, the centre of the South-east.

Historical Societies are a modern invention; but that they have come into pretty general use, is shown by the fact that there is a flourishing one in Minnesota, and that its Secretary has found in its archives and elsewhere, the matter to fill a stout octavo with the records of her progress, from the time when her native tribes were visited by the earliest French traders or priests, in 1640, until the seventh of April last year, when, with a vigorous, highly civilized, and growing population, she took her place among the sovereign States of the American Union. The mendacious Father HENNEPIN was the first European to explore the Mississippi above the mouth of the Wisconsin. He first described the Falls of St. Anthony and of Niagara, naming the former after his patron saint, ANTHONY of Padua. With his narrative begins the recorded history of the State in which those Falls are located. It would be agreeable, if we had the space, to trace in detail the principal events of this history: the adventurous voyages of the early Canadian settlers to Lake Superior and beyond; the small beginnings of the extensive fur-trade, which has since grown so great; the battles of the Indian tribes; the French and Indian war; the coming of the English, after the treaty of 1760, by which France ceded to England all the territory comprised within the limits of Wisconsin and Minnesota to the latter power; the arrival of JONATHAN CARVER, whose descendants have since laid claim to the site of St. Paul and the land for many miles adjacent; Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON's remarkable letter, written in 1768, in which he hints at the value of a future Erie Canal; the formation of the North-west Company; the organization of the North-west Territory as a possession of the United States; the exploration parties set on foot by President JEFFERSON; the establishment of United

States factories; the organization of the United States Fur Company by JOHN JACOB ASTOR; the settlement of the Earl of Selkirk's Swiss emigrants at Fort Snelling; the discovery of the sources of the Mississippi River; the Prairie Du Chien treaty of 1825; the explorations of Nicollet; the early missions, Catholic and Protestant; the saw-mills and incipient civilization of 1837; the passage of the bill organizing the Territory of Minnesota in 1849; the advent of the printing-press at St. Paul, (once called Pig's Eye;) and finally the admission of Minnesota, this garden-spot of the North-west, as a State, in 1858.

Thus skimming the surface, we have omitted to mention the very thorough exposition of the Indian character which Mr. NEILL has interwoven in his volume. Perhaps these and other parts might have been compressed with benefit to his readers, and his work still left the most thorough local history, of its kind. A State which, by its enterprise, its geographical position, its rich soil, and precipitous rivers, is soon destined to become the centre of the North-west, deserves, however, the very fullest record of its inchoate period. So full is this, that, for the present at least, the occupation of the Minnesota Historical Society is gone.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY. With a Memoir of the Author. In five Volumes. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.

MONTGOMERY's poems are among the latest additions to LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY's superb edition of the English poets. The first four volumes are a reprint, page for page, of the poems collected and revised by the author himself in 1841. The fifth volume contains the 'Original Hymns,' also collected and revised by the author twelve years later, and an appendix includes a few pieces of ephemeral verse.

It is doubtful whether a common book-case would contain all of the poems which, from the beginning to the end of his bachelor and exemplary life, Mr. MONTGOMERY wrote. Indeed, if his present editor has erred, it has been from printing too much, though his biographers went far ahead of him in this respect.

A stanza which we recal from a long poem, published some years ago by an English newspaper, hits the white in its criticism of MONTGOMERY.

THE Devil sat in his easy-chair :  
Sipping his sulphur tea ;  
He looked out with a pensive air  
O'er the broad bitumen sea :  
For the Devil can be sad at times,  
In spite of all his flummery :  
Be sad ; but not so prosy quite  
As drawn by his friend MONTGOMERY.'

The implication is, of course — and it is a just one — that MONTGOMERY never rose to the demands of a great occasion, or was competent to draw the outlines of a great character. Some prose sketches which he once wrote for annuals, were afterward collected and published under the quaint title of 'Prose by a Poet.' It will serve for a title to much of his verse. The poems are often prosy, and yet their

author is a poet. In popular sacred poetry, however, he is surpassed only by WATTS and COWPER; and in the poetry of the domestic affections, he had, in his early life, few equals. His descriptive blank-verse, as shown in 'The Pelican Island' and 'Greenland,' was another point in which he excelled; but his high-toned morality, and the simple integrity which marked his personal and political career, are the points which endear him most to his race, and do not fail to lend a charm even to his feeblest verse.

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THE PILLAR OF FIRE: OR ISRAEL IN BONDAGE. By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. New-York: PUDNEY AND RUSSEL.

ENCOURAGED by his success in 'The Prince of the House of DAVID,' Mr. INGRAHAM now follows that work with 'The Pillar of Fire.' Their subjects are different, but their methods of treatment identical. This method is to paraphrase the brief records of Holy Writ, of the evangelists or the Book of Exodus, into the elaborate detail of a romance. For labor like this, Mr. INGRAHAM is peculiarly qualified. His 'LAFITTE, or the Pirate of the Gulf;' the 'Dancing Feather;' and other novels of the same kind — to the production of which the greater part of his life has been devoted — show his command of all the resources of fiction to a degree hardly excelled by G. W. M. REYNOLDS, SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., or NED BUNTLINE. He has used them here with the utmost freedom; and thus so far is his narrative from having the faults of tameness, or lack of incident and ornament, that on the contrary, one who did not know that MOSES was his principal character, might be led to suppose himself following the more exciting adventures of a freebooter of the eighteenth century. Not that the Bible so represents MOSES: we all know that it does not; but it is clear that if Mr. INGRAHAM set himself to work to make the narratives of the Bible as interesting as his own novels, by fringing their few and plain details with the gorgeous coloring of romance, he must be allowed some latitude. His readers have for their security, that the author will not transcend the region of possible fact, the experience and knowledge which he must have acquired in correcting more than fifteen hundred anachronisms, historical errors, and the like, which disfigured the first, but are removed in the second edition of 'The Prince of the House of DAVID.'

A squeamish prejudice may exist in the minds of some persons against Mr. INGRAHAM's choice of a subject. We have even heard persons believing in the inspiration of Scripture say that any uninspired addition to them, on any pretext whatever, is infamous blasphemy, expressly denounced, and that with a curse, in the Scriptures themselves; but these objectors do not sufficiently consider that Prof. INGRAHAM has recently become the Rev. Mr. INGRAHAM, and is therefore of necessity restricted in the choice of subjects to the department of sacred fiction. That this squeamishness is not shared by any large proportion of the reading Christian world, seems to be proved by the sale of one hundred thousand copies of his first, and nearly half as many of his second work; its presence in so many Sunday-school libraries, and its unstinted commendation by so many pious pastors and religious newspapers.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EDITORIAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: PART FOUR. — We open our present number, with a few brief words from '*An Old Friend and an Old Subscriber*,' who writes: 'I have been induced, by the last number of the '*Narrative-History*' of your Magazine, to examine, at our Athenæum, in the Third Volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, the paper upon '*American Poets and their Critics*.' What a 'crusher!' But I am induced to ask, is it possible that the quotations, so admirably satirized, are *correct*? I had been accustomed to regard the *reputation* of the '*American Quarterly Review*,' under the editorial conduct of Mr. ROBERT WALSH, such as to secure that journal against the publication (at least of '*criticisms*') of the writings of such a person — such an *evident* literary charlatan.' To this, thanking our correspondent for his kind expressions of regard, we beg leave to reply: The facts and passages adduced in the article in question *were* all *truly* quoted; no distortion nor perversion was allowed in any instance; and what is equally true, as much more could have been given in each case. The dramatic quotations were derived from the pieces *as played*, and remembered by the audience; many of whom took 'notes,' and afterward compared them: gentlemen, let us add, wholly incapable of misrepresentation. There *is* a variation, in *one* instance, from the printed copy; to wit, the burst of eloquent inquiry which overwhelmed the supernumerary, in the tragedy of 'The Usurper:' namely: 'Sir,' said our 'critic' to an unfortunate gentleman whom he held by the button in Chestnut-street, 'the decline of this production was principally owing to one of the supernumeraries. He was dispatched to secure a distinguished prisoner, one of the heroes of the play. When he returned without him, he should have replied to the question, 'Where's your prisoner?' thus:

'Mr lord, we caught him, and we held him long,  
But, as d — d Fate decreed, he 'scaped our grasp,  
And fled!'

'Now, Sir, *this* is poetry: it stirs the blood, and makes an audience feel very uneasy: but how do you think this passage was spoken? Why, it was done in *this* wise:

QUEST.: 'Well, have you catch'd the prisoner?'  
ANS.: 'Yes, Sir, we catch'd him, but we could n't  
Hold him — and he's off!'



'That very passage, my friend, together with the pre-disposed stupidity of the audience, ruined my tragedy, and it is lost to the stage!'

The simple truth was, that the play was so intolerably bad, that many of the actors burnt their written 'parts' in the green-room, when it was repeated, being determined to enact their characters no more. On its second representation at the Walnut-street theatre, a quondam circus, there were about a dozen persons in the boxes, some twenty in the pit, and one enterprising Cyprian in the 'third tier.' The piece was listened to with great solemnity. It was 'written for amusement,' but the author had all the fun to himself. And now, briefly as to the 'American Quarterly Review:'. We are thoroughly convinced of *one* fact, namely, that no *medium* of communication with the public, however dignified its pretensions, can sanctify dulness, or give force to that false acumen at which sense and reason revolt, with a smile of ridicule. THE PUBLIC is the umpire in letters, and look upon opinions which clash with a general verdict from that source, as of very little value indeed. Nor *are* they: but in answering the query of a friendly correspondent, we find ourselves digressing, as usual.

A single thought in passing, (as it seems to us to be in immediate connection with this briefly-recalled 'critical' witness) upon *The Benefit of Cordial Praise from those whose Praise is Valuable, to Laborers in the Literary Vineyard*. This was hinted at, in the conclusion of Number Three. Let us be a little more particular now, although perhaps at the expense of apparent egotism. Hon. JAMES K. PAULDING's letter, to which we have referred, was as follows: Coming from an American writer, whose reputation at home and abroad gave additional force to his opinions, it was all the more gratifying, that it was alike unexpected and unsolicited:

*New-York, 3d October, 1834.*

'GENTLEMEN: I have just finished reading the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, and consider it little less than my bounden duty to bear my testimony to its increasing excellence. I have observed that it has been rapidly improving since it came into your hands, and in my opinion, it is now fully equal to any of its cotemporaries, at home or abroad.

'The last number, most especially, is full of spirit, variety, and just sentiments, animated by a proper national feeling, which I consider of the greatest importance to our taste and literature, and consequently our national character. Exercising, as they certainly do, a great influence over the public mind, periodical publications are charged with the important duty of guarding their readers from the inroads of foreign fashion and foreign affectations, which are equally injurious to our tastes and our morals. I particularly notice the two articles on 'Music,' and that on the 'Token,' as abounding in just remarks, and well-directed satire. All together, you will allow me, as an old fellow-laborer in the cause of national literature and national feeling, to congratulate you on the certain prospect of eminent success, should you persevere in this course, and to assure you of my best wishes for your future prosperity.

'I am, Gentlemen,

'Your Friend and Well-wisher,

J. K. PAULDING.'

'Messrs. CLARK AND EDSON.

One of the papers upon '*Musie*,' here alluded to by Mr. PAULDING, was from a

pen from whose neb much 'matter' has dropped upon these pages. It was a simple essay, or sketch, of some four or five pages, in a coarse type; and was an unstudied exemplification of a plain, country-born young man's impression of what he considered 'Music;' who, when a boy, used on Sundays to sit in the 'singing-seat' with 'the leader,' his father, in the old Presbyterian 'meetin'-house,' and hold his red pine pitch-pipe, while the chorister, standing up before him, surveyed with impatient glances his chosen 'band' until they 'chorded' in all 'parts,' and were ready to lift up their voices *together*, in singing one of the songs of Zion. Yet, notwithstanding his antecedents, he had, after coming to town, swallowed many a stave of fashionable music; had cried 'Brava!' at the opera, and shouted 'Encore!' from the stage-box of a theatre; pretending to admire lofty 'sound-flourishes,' which 'played round the head, but came not near the heart.' But he had no sinister motive *now*: there sat no *present* incubus upon his breast: he was 'older now,' and proposed to 'speak his *mind*,' which he did with much plainness, illustrating his position with a laughable example of 'opinionated *Opinions*,' which no one man had any right to force, or to try to force, upon another. This, condensed, was his anecdote: 'I remember reading, some years ago, an account of a pugnacious, opinionated fellow, who stepped into the box of an eating-house, in the Strand, London, and called for a pork-chop. A man who entered the same box, almost at the same moment, called for the same dish. Both were soon brought, 'all hot, smoking hot,' and slid upon the table. When placed before them, and each one had begun to apply his favorite condiments, the following colloquy ensued:

'You take mustard, *of course*, with your pork-chop?' said the last-comer.

'I never use it,' was the reply.

'You had better *try* it: every body does so: pork-chops are not worth eating without it,' responded the other.

'It may suit *others* — it may suit *you*; but it is not to *my* taste.'

'Then you won't eat mustard, just for once, with that dish?'

'Distinctly, *No!* I decline, emphatically. I do n't *like* it, and I won't *eat* it!'

Arising in great wrath, the 'Man of Opinion' cocked his hat sideways and indignantly upon his head, thrust his hands to the very elbows into his breeches-pockets, and darting at the obstinate individual a glance of mingled scorn, he strode toward the door, swearing with a round oath, as he vacated the premises:

'I'll be — (we omit the 'intensive') if I'll sit in the same box with a man who does n't know enough of good-eating to take mustard with his pork-chops!'

Reflecting upon this, the writer remarks: 'How would the admirers of a thousand fashionable follies of the present day be lessened, were the spirit of the man who refused mustard with his pork-chops more extensively prevalent!' After describing his first visit to a country travelling-theatre, and listening, between the acts of the play, to *The Braes of Balquither*, a Scottish song, very sweetly sung by one of the lady-performers of the little company, he observes, (in a very short passage, which we quote, to palliate if not to justify Mr. PAULDING's praise,) as follows:

'THE romantic sway of the melodies of Scotland over her sons who are 'far awa.' If they possess the power to thrill or to subdue the hearts of those who have never

stepped upon the soil of that glorious county — glorious in scenery, in deeds of arms, and in mighty minds — is it surprising that they should exert a powerful influence over the native-born, who associate those airs with the purple heath, the blue loch, the hazy mountain-top, and the valley sleeping below? The association is touching, not alone because it awakens old recollections, but because the music is *natural* — it is the language of the heart. Affectation has not interpolated tortuous windings, and trills, to mar its beauty, and to clip the full, melodious notes of their fair proportions. How much does the world owe to the simple songs, sung in their early childhood to WALTER SCOTT and ROBERT BURNS!

'Fashion, potent as it is, has not removed the evidences of deep attachment to the simpler melodies. Witness the exhibition of popular emotion at our theatres and concerts. Even the notes of that 'Sweet Bird of Song,' whose voice has but recently melted from among us, even *her* 'difficult' music, given in notes which could atone for any vagary — was thrown into the shade, by the enthusiastic applause poured from voice and hand upon her 'Black-eyed Susan.' A SINCLAIR may be applauded in the mazes of an opera; but does the house tremble with applause, or is the heart touched, as, when *encored*, he tenders his obeisance to an audience, entranced with the simple song of 'John Anderson, my Jo?' It is on occasions like these that the heart always overleaps the boundaries of fashionable surveillance; and those who have heard at our theatres the unaffected English, Scottish, and Irish songs, from the lips of the Woods, SINCLAIR, and POWER, need no corroborative evidence of this assertion. Nor are these proofs alone to be met with at our theatres. Disguise it as he may, the most obstinate enthusiast of the opera really *loves* such melody, more than he *admires* the most 'arduous execution.' It was but yesterday that I encountered a young friend — a man whose golden-headed cane, kid-gloved hands, and sonorous '*Brava!*' have disturbed quiet visitors at the opera for half the season — following 'furtively,' as Mr. COOPER would say, after the foot-steps of a blind fiddler, in an obscure street, who was slipping his unraised feet along the pavement; threading indeed his 'difficult passages' through the town, but exhibiting none in the plaintive songs with which he was be-guiling the listeners of their sixpences and their tears.'

We made mention, in speaking of the same volume in which the foregoing article, with others, appeared, of a series of papers by Dr. SAMUEL L. METCALF, upon 'Molecular Attraction,' 'Terrestrial Magnetism,' 'The Past and the Future,' 'Life,' etc. We cannot pass the writer of these extraordinary articles, without presenting to our readers something farther in relation to him. But as, on his death, which happened a comparatively short period ago, we gave in these pages a notice of the incidents of his professional history and career, we shall at present only dwell for a moment upon the character of his Writings, and give a few particulars touching the characteristics of the Man. The very *titles* of his papers indicate the propositions which it was his determination to elucidate: that, under Supreme direction, HEAT was LIFE, and its absence, DEATH. CALORIC was at the bottom, and was the base of all LIFE. Never was there a more faithful explorer of every field from which the slightest FACT might be gleaned, which tended to enhance his favorite argument. After his series of articles had appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, he sailed for England: he spent seven years in London, pursuing his researches; and at every new opening upon his mind, through the discoveries which he had made, of the truth of his theory, he would communicate them to us, with the delight of a child.

And he *was* a child, at least in simplicity and guilelessness of heart, although a MAN in perseverance and firmness of purpose. His writings excited much attention in London, in the most learned and scientific quarters; and though often laboring in *almost* indigence, he labored cheerfully, and with all his heart. He was enabled to bring out his 'great work,' by the assistance of those who knew his worth, and appreciated his remarkable intellectual power; but its theme was too recondite, too little understood, and the work too costly, to permit his views and arguments to be transferred and infused into the public mind.

In personal appearance, Dr. MERCALF would have attracted attention in any assembly. He had none of the *mauvaise honte* which is too frequently the accompaniment of the mere student. He was six feet in height; had a fine head, large dark eyes, and features of great mobility, as well as marked kindness of expression. He was utterly without ostentation: his manners were 'easy' without being familiar, and courteous without affectation. It is because we seem to see him before us as we write, that we venture to detain the reader with this personal description of one who added much to the interest of the earlier numbers of this Magazine; who had 'a mission' to fulfil, and, so far as health and *life* permitted, fulfilled it: who 'lived beloved, and died lamented.'

It was our intention, which we had fully prepared ourselves to carry out, to vary our own poor part of the present number of this narrative with matter-full passages of correspondence, from friends among the living and the dead, intimately connected with this period in the history of the KNICKERBOCKER: but we are compelled, for two reasons, to omit it: we had forgotten, as usual, that this is our *Index and Title-Page Number* for the present volume, which excludes several pages from this department: and in the second place, we are most desirous so far to retrace our steps as to pay a deserved tribute to one who was among the earliest of our contributors; a tribute such as our twin-brother WILLIS would have delighted to pay, had he not, like his friend and contemporary, been untimely beckoned to the 'Silent Land.'

JOSEPH C. NEAL, of Philadelphia, was a contributor to one among the earliest numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER. At the time he wrote his first communication for our Magazine, he was the editor of '*The Pennsylvanian*,' a daily morning journal of Philadelphia, of the Democratic 'persuasion;' the publishing-office of which newspaper, if we remember rightly, adjoined, at that time, the establishment of the *Philadelphia Gazette*, a daily evening journal, of the opposite 'stripe' in politics, edited by WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. Often have we heard WILLIS describe the commencement of their acquaintance, and the high courtesy and frankness with which their political and personal controversies were conducted. Mr. NEAL's journal, the '*Pennsylvanian*,' was the Democratic organ: the '*Philadelphia Gazette*' sustained the opposite side, in the political questions of the day: yet the editors of each, whose offices, as we have said, adjoined each other, never permitted their political opinions to interfere for a moment with their private friendships. It was their wont to attack each other, in their papers, with great vehemence; in such a manner, sometimes, as to menace (in type) a perpetual severance of their friendship: but 'the beauty of it' was, that the one being a morning and the other an evening journal, the two editors used to read to each other their severe 'leaders,'

before the manuscript went to the compositors. Many and many a time, when 'midst multitudes of men commercing,' from the near 'Exchange,' on Third and Dock streets, they entered 'NEIL's, and snatched a hasty 'glass of ale and a pretzel,' those who knew them would say: 'WILLIS has n't seen the '*Pennsylvanian*' this morning, or he would n't be quite so thick with Jo. NEAL: he has abused him like a pick-pocket in his this morning's paper!' 'JOHNNY THOMPSON's news!' 'WILLIS' had seen and enjoyed it all, the afternoon before; and his reply (which NEAL had also seen, and approved of) was already in type, and would be out in the '*Gazette*' at two o'clock: 'severe, but just!'

The '*Charcoal Sketches*' of NEAL, so quaint, so full of quiet humor, made his name widely and favorably known throughout the country. 'PICKWICK' itself, on its first publication in numbers in London, was not more universally quoted, in passages, by the provincial press, than were the '*Charcoal Sketches*' 'conveyed,' piecemeal, to the columns of American newspapers, from Maine to Florida. The kindred spirit of DARLEY has illustrated them, and they are extant in a handsome volume. They have the 'element of vitality,' and 'still live.'

In the number of the KNICKERBOCKER for May, 1835, appeared NEAL's review of a '*Tragical Tragedy*.' He had been waited upon by the author, and the tragedy had been read to him: a lovely 'circumstance,' as all who have had experience can testify. He says: It was with difficulty we could sit bolt upright in company with an author whose name figured upon the title-page of a Tragedy in five Acts. There was a witchcraft about him, which, like the potent eye of the royal VATHEK, curved our vertebral column, and abased our countenance. We shrank before the blaze of his glories, as wet woollen shrinks before the sun. Familiarity, since then, with distinguished men, however, has somewhat abated our personal reverence. There is so much of humanity about the most illustrious of our race; so few of them can exhibit their genius in common intercourse, as they do their buttons; that our reverence is soon transferred from them to their works. We turn from the inhabitant of a coat and pantaloons, to the great achievements of the mortal, invested with those ungraceful memorials of our common fall: it has turned from the grosser matter, to its essence. Now, we can meet the author of a Tragedy in five Acts very nearly as we would encounter an equal; and can contrive, when in his presence, to wear a composed aspect, and occupy quite as much of our chair as comports with gentlemanly ease and elegance. Emotion is reserved for a copy of the said tragedy: it is the embodying of a superior intellect; and soulless indeed must he be, who can toss it about like a flapjack, or see others do so, without sensations of horror and compunction!

In this spirit our critic approaches the great production, '*Orlando, or a Woman's Virtue*,' 'dedicated to the memory of Lord BYRON'—a story of love and horror, 'the fire and smoke of the tragic muse.' Scene, Grenada: ORLANDO is a Spanish general, who has fallen in love with the fair LANTHE, with whom he has been brought up, both supposing that they were brother and sister; from which impression they are made very miserable through several acts. LANTHE was right in supposing she had a brother; the difficulty arose from being 'mistaken in the person.' The youth Sabyro, a prisoner among the Moors, immured in a dungeon,



and about to be broken upon the wheel, *he* is her brother: and this is one of his soliloquies:

‘Oh! that thought  
Does fall deep within—*acts as a wheel*,  
And as it there revolves, more agonizing  
To my heart it is, than yonder dread one  
Unto the mortal frame of mine can be.’

‘Painful indeed! A ‘revolving-thought’ which acts in the interior of a gentleman’s body-corporate in the wheel-like manner above described, must hurt him very much. The world is tired of such common-place images as ‘harrowing,’ ‘splitting,’ ‘rending,’ and ‘ploughing’ thoughts, and will hail with delight the advent of a thought quite as painful, and perfectly fresh; a thought which acts on the coffee-mill principle, and grinds up the heart and other intestines of the sufferer.’ Sabyro is visited in prison by his ‘Uncle SOLYMAN,’ although his ‘prophetic soul’ has not as yet divined the relationship:

SOLYMAN: ‘Thou shalt not die!’  
SABYRO: ‘Thou dost mock me, SOLYMAN.’  
SOLYMAN: ‘I mock thee not:  
Ay, by ALLAH, nephew, thou shalt not die!’  
SABYRO: ‘What wonder’s this? If rightly I did hear,  
If that my reason lives, thou calledst me  
Thy nephew?’

‘We share the astonishment of SABYRO, and turn with eagerness to SOLYMAN. The reply is conclusive:

SOLYMAN: ‘And with truth I called thee so,  
*For I’m thine uncle, Sir.*’

‘SOLYMAN reasons closely, and is indisputably correct in his deduction from the premises: for it is generally conceded, that if one individual is uncle to another, probabilities favor the conclusion that the latter is nephew to the former. SABYRO is thunder-struck:

SAB.: ‘Uncle! mine!’  
SOL.: ‘Uncle! thine!’  
SAB.: ‘ALLAH!—what meanest thou? *Say direct!*’

‘Fair and softly! The cool old veteran is not to be hurried, and checks the impatience of his agitated visitor:

SOL.: ‘Dear Sir, *haul in the bridle of your tongue!*’

‘Now we have heard a hundred times of ‘reining in’ and ‘curbing’ the tongue, but no other writer with whom we are conversant, has taken the bull so manfully by the horns as he, in seizing the *bridle* of that unruly member, and ordering the loquacious SABYRO to ‘haul in.’

‘THE scene shifts to IBERIA castle. The fair LANTHE enters grieving over her passion for her supposed brother. She soliloquizes as follows:

LANTHE: ‘I fly, and misery pursues. Come Night,  
Come endless Night, and shut me *inly in*:  
Oh! all around me, wrap thy dark mantle,  
And hide me, hide me from my own sad self:  
Oh! for a shelter, *an alleviating little shed*,  
To hide me from the tempest of my woes!’

‘This passage well expresses the distress of the damsel, and vividly depicts the pelting of stormy despair. In such a tempest, an alleviating little umbrella would be

worse than useless. It would turn inside out in a twinkling, and be an annoyance rather than a comfort, pulling the sufferer, in all likelihood, into the kennel: whereas an 'alleviating little shed,' stout and well-timbered, would enable one to remain in safety, and shut *inly in*!

'MATTERS now take a happier turn by the arrival of Sabyro, (who has been 'freed from his chains,') and renders ORLANDO the happiest of men, by the knowledge that LANTHE is not his sister! The Spanish leader rushes to his love so wild with delight, that LANTHE remarks:

'I'd almost opine  
And my fond heart would *let the idea off*,  
My brother's crazed.'  
ORLANDO: 'Yes: crazed with ecstasy!'

'So much so, that he cannot explain the reason for his joy:

ORLANDO: 'Come in,  
Come in: the good friar shall tell thee all.  
Oh! this excess of joy!'  
LANTHE: 'But this is strange ——'  
ORLANDO: '*We'll be married! — we'll be married!*'  
LANTHE: 'Married!'  
ORLANDO: 'Come in — come in — come in!'

'These violent delights have violent ends.' The Moors approach in battle-array:

ORLANDO: 'How! — the Moors in arms?  
MESSENGER: 'Unwelcome, I fear, is my intelligence.'  
ORLANDO: '*I was to be married, and this hinders me!*'

'The General droops: if the piece were melodramatic, it would be advisable to introduce at this point: 'Music expressive of not being able to get married.''

So neatly was this sly, burlesque criticism accomplished, that the author of the 'Tragical Tragedy' was perfectly delighted with it, and sent for several numbers of the Magazine containing it, 'for circulation among his friends!' But we must pause: meantime, await our next number, as some atonement for the dulness of this.

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TAKING OF THE MALAKOFF: 'HORRID WAR.'—As you pass down the shady side of Broadway, reader, in the morning, pause for a moment (you will make it minutes) at the art-window of GOUPILOFF AND COMPANY, of Paris and New-York, and survey the great picture of *The Taking of the Malakoff*: and see how *perfect* was the limning of the *Horrors of War*, which we quoted from TIMOTHY FLINT, in our April number. Observe it is not only the 'central point' of the picture which he drew, that is presented in this painting, so terribly true; but all around, and in all the visible distance, the grand scene and its sublime accessories are preserved, and painted from nature and 'from life,' and alas! from death. It is a wonderful picture, of the 'French school,' to be sure, but without any trickery of art; as vast in its scope and extent, as it is comprehensive and effective in detail.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—When we read the subjoined, in the somewhat crabbed 'hand-of-write' of our San Francisco correspondent, we incontinently called to mind the 'Stout Gentleman' of GEOFFREY CRAYON, beguiling the tedium of a wet Sunday in a country inn, by reading all the advertisements and business *affiches* which garnished the walls of the 'Travellers' Room.' Very little was known, at *that* day, of *Rail-road Posting Literature*: yet see what sweeps of distance, what transitions of time, what immensity of space, are hinted at in this familiar, off-hand, literally 'running epistle,' which we received, late in March, from the New-York of the Pacific, San Francisco. The writer, (from whom we shall be glad to hear again,) in his note to the EDITOR says: 'I have a friend, a curious fellow, who for some time has been travelling through those States which you call 'Western,' but which are some distance east of *us*. He has but lately landed upon these shores: and the other day I received from him a letter, from which I take the liberty to send you a short 'excerpt.' Any person of a 'nervous diathesis,' who, in travelling much by land, has been obliged to spend weary hours in waiting for trains in cheerless hotels, or still more desolate rail-road stations, trying meanwhile to extract some particle of interest, after all other sources of relief have been exhausted, even from the dingy 'Traveller's Guide' upon the walls, can appreciate my friend's almost monomaniacal troubles: but let him speak for himself:'

'GIVE me joy O Πῶς! — I have escaped a nuisance! I can smoke in peace: I can lounge of an evening: I can put my hands in my pockets, and walk about like a common man: I can cock my hat, and whistle — for I am free again! An incubus has been taken off from me: a hydra-headed, hundred-fisted NIGHT-MARE, which has haunted me. What *form* do you think it was in? Listen: I will tell you: *Posters*! Yes, Sir: *Bills* and *Posters*! 'The Illinois Central Rail-road' has haunted me: 'The Michigan Central' has haunted me: so has 'The Chicago and Alton:' so has 'The Ohio and Mississippi:' 'The New-York Central:' 'The New-York and Erie;' *et omnes id genus*. They have dogged my foot-steps by day and by night. In the East, they were there: to the South I journeyed — and lo! they were there: if I took the wings of the morning, and fled to the West, they were ~~there~~ also! I buried myself in the wilderness: I sought the lone hut of wandering woodsmen: I journeyed for many days beyond the haunts of enlightened men, across the lonesome plains, where the buffaloes roamed, the serpents hissed, and the wild-fox dug his hole unscared. I said to myself: 'I will flee from my torments to the untrodden wild: *there* at least I can rest.' At nightfall a distant hut appeared. I sought its shelter; nor did I apply in vain. Wearily I cast my toil-worn limbs upon the rude but grateful seat, breathing a sigh of freedom and of peace: 'O blessed PEACE!' I cast my eyes around the room; and there — yes, *there*! Do you *see* it? Look — over the mantel — *THERE*! 'Air-Line!' over the mantel; running out from the centre to the corners each way: 'The Only Route to the East!' at the top, and a map to show you the fact: *that's* the road, that blood-red line running from the 'South Pass' straight through Lake Michigan into the City-Hall: *that's* the only way to go! Start from St. Paul, and keep on a straight line through Cleveland and Philadelphia, crossing the State of Illinois four

times, and Lake Erie twice — *that's* the road: do n't that painted Night-mare tell you so? Oh! we are a persecuted race! — there is no escape. Climb the Rocky Mountains, and you'll find a 'Broad Gauge' stuck in the crotches of the trees. How many a weary night have I sat trying to smoke, trying to think, trying to keep from reading the horrid things! — reading, reading, and reading again, '*The Only Safe and Sure Route!* Be sure and call for tickets by the Moon-shine Air-Line: 'cocking my feet on the stove, and pulling my hat over my eyes to keep out the torturing vision: but like BANQUO's ghost, it would not 'down at bidding;' I believe they were stuck full of 'Evil Eyes,' that had a wicked charm about them: always drawing you nearer and nearer, and compelling you to read them, whether you would or no: compelling you to *repeat* them, little by little, the same words over and over again, until they 'mixed in' with your common thoughts, and you went to sleep muttering them in a strange, half-somniferous jumble. 'Now I lay me down' the 'Broad-Gauge: 'I pray 'Great Western Route' to keep: If 'The Central' bu'st before I wake: I pray the 'Air-Line' my trunk to take!' Despair 'got hold upon me: 'it was more than I could bear: I flew to the sea-shore, and sailed out on its broad bosom; rough it was, and continually heaving in its wild unrest: but its fiercest storm was peace — sweet peace: no 'Broad-Gauge — no 'Air-Line' — no 'Through-Route,' could pierce its oozy breast!'

'Well put,' for an 'amateur.' - - - SELDOM has there been a truer thing said, than DICKENS, or some one after his manner, has said, in a recent number of '*Household Words*,' touching the '*Over-work of the Brain*,' concerning which so much sympathetic 'bosh' is uttered. An over-fed, unexercised, dyspeptic clergyman acquires a reputation for the 'great strain on his brains,' caused by the weekly out-pouring of a puddle of words; rattling about in his empty head, from one year's end to another, the few ideas of other men which he has contrived to borrow and disguise: a lawyer elevates his routine into a 'crush of brain-work: 'the author and the merchant account themselves flattered by the compliment of 'over-work of the brain; 'yet it is 'not by a good deal so dangerous as *under-work* of the brain, that rare and obscure calamity, from which nobody is ever supposed to suffer. The truth is,' says the writer, 'that hard work of the brain, taken alone; apart from griefs and fears, from forced or voluntary stinting of the body's need of food or sleep, and the mind's need of social intercourse; does infinitely more to prolong life and strengthen reason in the workers than to cut or fray the thread of either.' True, every word of it. Sound brains, in a sound head, upon a sound body, are not often over-worked. - - - Who wrote these lines? 'Candidly,' we do n't know: but 'whoever did or not,' there is a smack of just satire, and a touch of honest truth in them, which will commend them to the discriminating reader.

'Much may be said on both sides.' Hark! I hear  
A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear:  
The voice of CANDOR. Hail! most solemn sage,  
Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age:  
CANDOR, which softens party's headlong rage.  
CANDOR — which spares its foes, nor e'er descends  
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.  
CANDOR — which loves in see-saw strain to tell  
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well;  
Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,  
Convinced that *all* men's motives are the same:

And finds, with keen discriminating sight,  
 BLACK 's not so black — nor WHITE so very white.  
 'Give me th' avowed, th' erect, the manly foe,  
 Bold I can meet — perhaps may turn his blow;  
 But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,  
 Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend!*'

Reading this to a friend, he says: 'If I am not much mistaken, that is by CANNING, the brilliant English statesman, satirist, and humorist.' Possibly, but 'expect not.' - - - ONE among the many pleasant things in the life-editorial, is the intimate personal 'communion' which it inspires in the mind and hearts of many and myriad-minded readers, in distant and different sections of our 'dear, favored land.' Our readers know how often, we might say how irrepressibly, we respond to friendly missives, confirming the truth of this remark, coming from the West and from the East, from the North and from the South: Listen then, an' it please you, to the greeting of 'F. R. M.' 'Nueva Rancho, Corpus Christi,' whose home is on one of the boundless prairies of Texas, and whose heart, it is quite plain to see, is in her pen as she writes:

'DEAR OLD FRIEND KNICKERBOCKER: I wish I could spirit you away from the dust and din of your 'Great Metropolis' to my 'Prairie-Home,' for a few hours this charming afternoon. Our house is situated in a thick cluster of trees, called here a '*Mot*': the long moss waves its sombre curtains over the roof, and forms a beautiful contrast with the dark-green foliage of the Live-oak. Although the rough, new-looking, unpainted little buildings can boast no architectural beauty, yet the *coup d'œil* is decidedly picturesque, even to a scrutinizing artistic eye. '*The Prairie*,' vast and illimitable, extends *out* all around: the air is laden with the perfume of wild flowers: the sky is azure-crimson and gold: the earth beneath is *rich* with a verdure of emerald-green: in the distance wild horses and deer are feeding: nearer the 'Ranche,' flocks of cattle and sheep are quietly winding their way home. The peace and content of a shepherd's life can scarcely be imagined by your restless, toiling denizens of the World of News and Steam. Here there are no mad mobs to contaminate the purity of my abode with profanity: here is no 'political wire-pulling:' no 'manœuvring Mammas' nor coquetting daughters: no 'Patent Medicine' venders: no — I am wrong! An Italian organ-grinder *did* get 'in sight' of us one day, when his tired limbs failed to bear him farther. According to the custom of such characters in other places, he was on foot, and carried his instrument on his back, which weighed sixty pounds. Wearied and exhausted, he fell prostrate in the middle of the road. Fortunately help reached him, and he at length arrived at '*La Casa*.' He regaled us with Music and the Monkey, when sufficiently recovered from his fatigue. We could scarcely restrain our laughter, when he told us, in his broken language, that he had started for California, and expected to pay his expenses with the *Organ* and *Monkey*: 'but dere was no plenty houses in dis country: walk! walk! — no see any body!'

'COLUMBUS could not have more surprised the aborigines, on his advent to their shores, than did this last vestige of CITYDOM our 'Rancho.' VULCAN in his smoky domain eyed not more curiously the capricious VENUS, when she descended to his fiery regions, than did we this poor Organ Man and Monkey. We extended to him the hospitalities of our house; and the next morning he started to walk across a stretch of country, in which there is not a house for miles; and what is worse, no timber, and very little water. He left us, however, in good spirits, for his dreary journey; confident that he had afforded us unbounded amusement!'



'We are *forty miles* from town, church, school, and Post-office. When our mail arrives, it is truly 'an event' in the even tenor of our pastoral life; and you may well imagine the 'sensation' which it causes. The '*PICCOLOMINI*' *furor* is tame, when compared with it. I read aloud to 'the loved-ones at home,' around our humble fire-side, your last magazine. It is not necessary to enumerate the merits of these pages, which are read of so many: even we, the simple '*Rancheros*' of the great Western *Llanos*!

'I send this little messenger to your *SANCTUM*, trusting that you will receive it as a wild-flower culled from the far-away prairie; and I pray you, estimate it not for its *real* value, but for its incense of Love and Gratitude. Adios!'

Accepted, with thanks. - - - *THERE* is not only an 'illustration' of an incident of 'Animal History,' out of the *Good Book*, in the following, but also, as we think, a still more forcible exemplification of unusually 'Young America.' At any rate, the juvenile fact is unquestionable: 'A friend of mine has a fine little son, of some five years of age. Among his neighbors is an old gentleman, who happens to be bald; a fact which the mischievous urchins of the vicinity are in the habit of proclaiming after him in the streets. Little *CHARLIE*, on one occasion, having joined in this performance, his mother took him seriously to task for the same, and, as eminently appropriate to the occasion, narrated the history of the children who had saluted the prophet *ELISHA* in a similar way. The story of their fate seemed to affect *CHARLIE* very deeply; but the next day the old gentleman happened to pass again. *CHARLIE* hesitated; but finally the temptation was too strong to be restrained by consequences. He rushed out, exclaiming: '*BALDY! BALDY! BALDY!*' and then, 'squaring himself,' he added: '*Now come on with your Bears!*'" - - - *SOLOMON* in his 'Songs,' and the 'sweet singer of *ISRAEL*,' 'numerously' celebrate the odor of the *CEDAR*—the 'cedar of Lebanon,' the 'cedar upon Libanus.' But if you wish to have the sweet smell of the cedar permeate your person, and take entire possession of the olfactory sense, let our city friends, 'taking board' for the summer along the west bank of the Hudson, above the Palisades, drop in at the *Cedar-Ware Manufactory of the BROTHERS STORMS*, at Nyack. We often walk there, not only to delight the most spiritual of all the senses, but to see how neatly, how quietly, how *perfectly* *STEAM ENGINE*, Esq., the 'Boss' of the establishment, does his work: all the while as neat and clean as a pin himself, and yet all the while at hard labor, turning out the most beautiful ware, of *every description*; putting the staves together, placing them, sand-papering them, polishing them, brightening their brass hoops until they shine like gold, sticking handles upon them—every thing they require, in short, he does for them; while his own wants are very few: he drinks nothing but water, and a few shavings and dry bits of cedar constitute his almost only food: cheaper even than bran-bread, and for him quite as wholesome. *Messrs. STORMS* inform us that he has never had the dyspepsia since they first made his acquaintance, several years ago. He came to them soon after the fire which destroyed their establishment, and has remained with them ever since. - - - Our Philadelphia friend, to whom we were indebted for the '*Steam-boat Fog-Line on the Mississippi*,' which is running the circuit of the press, appends to a recent private note to the Editor, the following postscript: 'One evening last week, on my way to New-York by the

evening train, the funereal quiet of the car in which I sat was ludicrously broken up by an incident, which, in your hands, could be made to 'tell.' This it was: Whenever the train stops at any of the numerous stations, it is the duty of the 'brakeman' to open the door, and announce the town or station. Of course frequent repetition of the names has rendered the pronunciation brief and scarcely intelligible. For example: Rahway sounds, 'Or-wa,' and Elizabethtown, 'Zz-bith-town. As we 'slowed down' at New-Brunswick, and gradually came to a full stop — half the passengers sound asleep, and the rest *trying* to be so — a wag opened the door, and sung out in a clear, loud voice, imitating only the monotonous tones of the brakeman: '*All out for States Prison and the Lunatic Asylum!*' The effect was positively electrical: one universal burst of laughter acknowledged the wit to be genuine. And after all, there was no less wit than truth in the call: for how many who heard it, 'tried by their deserts,' were not entitled to a cell in one of these public Institutions!' - - - The following comes to the Editor hereof, 'with the regards and compliments of his friend, SCOTT THOMPSON, Crawfordville, Mississippi: ' with the distich below affixed to the autograph:

'A LITTLE nonsense, now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.'

We are delighted to receive it: and 'why, O *why*,' did n't he send it to us in the first place? It has never appeared in these pages; and therefore we 'amberize' it for the readers who are to come after us. A newspaper may be *torn* up, but as a general thing, perhaps a Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER is *bound* up: so *this* 'good thing,' among others, will be preserved and perpetuated. We should premise, that the sheet upon which we receive it, is of imperial size, of a fine and durable texture, embellished with a cut of the Hard-Shell Baptist preacher, standing upon a pile of boxes containing 'Water-proof,' contiguous to a certain barrel containing 'Sperits,' and surrounded by a congregation, the varied 'portraiture' of whose fixed and striking countenances would do no discredit to the pencil of DABLER. Let us add, that this sheet affords us the first sketch we have ever seen of the history and *personnel* of the preacher, although his 'discourse' has convulsed thousands of readers. We have seen prelates and clergymen of the Church, while reading it, convulsed with laughter, as hearty as it was irrepressible. It is, in short, entirely unique in its kind. The *Brandon (Miss.) Register*, in which the sermon first appeared, states that the *locale* of this apostolic effort was the small village of Waterproof, in the adjoining State of Louisiana. Morally speaking, it was rather a hard place; a part of the Lord's vineyard where the pruning-knife of the Gospel had not lopped off the rank and luxurious shoots of sin and wickedness. There had not been a 'sarmint' preached in the place for half-a-dozen years. It was not a matter of surprise, therefore, when a free missionary came along, presenting spiritual privileges of all kinds at 'a low figure,' that he should at once engage the attention and sympathy of 'the natives.' He came down the river on a flat-boat from the Wabash, in the interior of the Hoosier State; tied up at Waterproof; gave them to understand that he was a preacher; and they, not having had any thing in that line for several years, thought it would be a favorable opportunity to take a benefit; and as 'Brother ZEEE' seemed to be rather on the verdant order, they expected to have a little amusement

mixed up with the exercises. The 'b'hoys' rustled up a house for the services to be held in; and on Sunday morning 'Bro. ZEKK' rigged himself up in his finest tackle, his Sunday's best, and rolled up to the 'place where prayer was (*not*) wont to be made.' His dress consisted of a pair of Kentucky jean pants, very much too short, and fitting tight to the skin; a corduroy vest; red neckcloth, and a blue cloth coat, the style of which reaches back to a by-gone period that knows no recent date. The collar was stiffly braced with buckram and coarse flannel, and mounted up very nearly to the top of his head — the skirts projected below the calves of his legs, and set off each from the other, like the prongs of a boot-jack. These were the leading features of the costume, the whole *tout-ensemble* of the flat-boat Apostle, presenting the extreme converse and opposite of our modern Shanghai gentlemen. Rising in the pulpit, he delivered himself as follows:

'I MAY say to you, my breethring, that I am not a edecated man, an' I am not one of them as bleeves that edecation is necessary fur a Gospel minister, fur I bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated; an' although I say it that oughtn't tu say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thars no man as gits a bigger congergation nor what I gits.

'Thar may be some here to-day, my breethring, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my breethring, that I'm a Hard-Shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as do n't like Hard-Shell Baptists, but I'd ruther have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my breethring, dressed up in these fine clothes; you mout think I was proud; but I am not proud, my breethring, and although I've been a preacher of the Gospel for twenty year, an' although I'm Capting of the flat-boat that lies at your landing, I am not proud, my breethring.

'I'm not a gwine to tell you *adsackly* whar my text may be found: suffice it to say, it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhar between the fust chapter of the Book of Generations and the last chapter of the Book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and sarch the Scriptures as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many, other texes as will do you good to read; and my tex, when you shill find it, you shill find it tu read thus:

'*And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings — sperits of just men made perfect.*'

'My tex, breethring, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar's a great many kinds uv sperits in the world: in the fust place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, and then thar's the sperits uv turpen-time, and thar's the sperits as some folks calls liquor, an' I've got as good an artekel uv them kind uv sperits on my flat-boat as ever was fotch down the Mississippi River; but thar's a great many other kind uv sperits, for the tex says: 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings, sperits uv just men made perfect.'

'But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex: it's *fire*. That's the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex, my breethring. Now thar's a great many kinds uv fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you lights your pipe or segar with, and then thar's fox-fire and champhire, fire before your ready, and fire and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex says: 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings, sperits uv just men made perfect.'

'But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my breethring: it's *hell fire*; and that's the kind of fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you do n't do better

nor what you have been doin': for 'He played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperits uv just men made perfect.'

'Now the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world :

'In the fust place we have the Piscapaleyuns; an' they 're a high-sailin' and a high-falutin' set; and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard that flies up into the ar, and he goes up and up, till he looks no bigger nor yur finger-nail, and the fust thing you know, he kums down, and down, and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss uv a dead hoss by the side uv the road: and 'He played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperits of just men made perfect.'

'And then thar's the Methedis; and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methedis beleeves in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfectshun; and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and from branch to branch, and the fust thing you know, he falls, and down he cums ker-flumux; and that's like the Methedis, for they is allers fallin' from grace-ah; and 'He played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperits uv just men made perfect.'

'And then, my breethring, thar's the Baptist-ah! and they have been likened unto a possum on a 'simmon-tree; and the thunders may roll and the yarth may quake, but that possum clings thar still-ah! and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail round the limb, and he clings, and he clings, and he clings furever; fur 'He played on a harp uv a thousand strings — sperits of just men made perfect.'

Not new, but *very* capital. - - - A MERE description of *Church's Picture of 'The Heart of the Andes'* would afford little gratification to our distant readers, who *cannot* see it; and our metropolitan readers who *can*, will have enjoyed it long before these brief remarks will come before them. We but speak the universal judgment, when we say, that it is unquestionably the very first painting in its kind which has been produced within the last hundred years. It combines all the elements of grandeur and sublimity; of beauty manifold; and of NATURE her very self. Such effects of color, of perspective, of grouping, of sunlight, and atmosphere, we never beheld before. The throng of carriages before the door, and the crowd in the exhibition-room, avouched the appreciation of CHURCH'S preëminent genius. - - - '*An Adventure in Bamboo-Town*,' from a new correspondent, 'Colonel CANOPY JENIFER,' (a *nom de plume*, as we infer,) needed no apology for the brief and life-like sketch thus entitled, which he has had the kindness to send us. These little incidental narratives, connected with our later national history, we have always found to possess attractions for by far the greater number of our readers :

'Or all the regiments that carried the banners of our Republic, in their triumphal march through Mexico, none entered or left with a higher reputation for 'deeds of derring do' than the Texas Rangers; not even excepting the intrepid Mississippians, the reckless 'Bowery Boys,' or the chivalrous sons of South-Carolina. Varied and many were the characters and classes of those border warriors. The gray-haired veteran, whose brothers or kinsmen mayhap had fallen at Goliad or the Alamo, rode side by side with his sturdy sons, or even grandsons, as the 'yearlings' were neither few nor far between. There also might be seen men who by birth and early education

were better fitted for the halls of state, or chambers of justice, than the turmoil and danger of the ranger's camp. Some were thus found there from a fondness for excitement and the national spirit of adventure; some whom dissipation and prodigality had rendered desperate; others, and I sincerely believe the majority, solely from a desire to 'render the state some service.' Among such a motley crowd, of course cosmopolitans were not very rare; and many wondrous tales of adventures in lands beyond the sea were told by the camp-fires, and eagerly listened to by the untutored frontiersman, whose knowledge of life was limited to such parts of the earth's surface as lay between Spanish Peaks and Red River. There were several such individuals in our Company, (commanded by the gallant and talented FORD.) One in particular, who merits a passing description. His name was 'CRIS;,' that is, it was all the name we knew him by: and as he himself said he never knew any other, we hailed him accordingly. In appearance he was short and chunky, with prodigiously bandy legs. His face gnarled like the root of a chestnut-tree, contained a pair of small stony-gray eyes, set and unvarying in the expression. His age no one could tell, or even guess at; although he must have passed the meridian of life, judging from his extensive acquaintance with all quarters of the globe. That fact was indisputable, as he bore on his body and limbs the tattooing of divers savage and distant islanders. His conversational powers were good, and many hours that would otherwise have been tedious, did he cause to pass swiftly by. Once, when acting as an escort to a wagon-train, we had halted for the night: CRIS was called upon for a narration. After swallowing a huge pot of coffee, he exclaimed: 'Well, gentlemen, I will tell you how I got pretty well bamboozled, many years ago. I was before the mast in the old ship 'Beaver,' trading between the East-Indies and New-York. During a fearful hurricane, in which we came near going to the bottom, a number of our water-casks broke adrift, and stove in, rendering it necessary to make for the nearest land where that highly-essential article could be had. A day or two brought us to one of the numerous small islands in the China Seas, where was a good harbor, and where we found an English man-of-war on the same errand as ourselves. We landed: and wandering through a thick grove of cocoa-nut trees that fringed the beach, saw a sloping ascent, on top of which was a large collection of cabins, forming quite an extensive village. It was in the middle of a warm afternoon; and we sauntered up among the houses that seemed deserted, as the wicker doors were shut. I entered an inclosed space, and was about pushing one open, when I received a tremendous blow upon my seat of honor. Smarting under the infliction, I turned and beheld a skinny native in the act of repeating the dose with a club. I promptly knocked him down; and was proceeding to administer a sound kicking with my sea-boots, when I was startled by loud cries of rage and pain. Hastily leaving the inclosure, I beheld my companions dashing madly down the hill, hotly pursued by a number of natives, each bearing aloft with both hands a lengthy bamboo stick. There was no time to lose, so off I put; and as the alarm spread, each hut sent forth two or three impish-looking creatures similarly equipped. Well, gentlemen, I have heard somewhere that the mark of CAIN is on the brow; but we did not find the marks on our brows exactly — no, *Sirs*. Howsoever, on we sped down through the cocoa-tree grove to the beach, where, to our intense delight, we beheld three boats from the man-of-war, with their crews engaged filling up with water. The jolly tars, ever ready for fun or fight, saw in an instant our predicament; and, seizing boat-hooks and stretchers, rushed to our assistance with yells of delight. The combat for a few moments was terrific; but their long poles were no protection against our heavy oaken stretchers. They were soon put to utter rout, and sought safety in flight.



The cries of those who, endeavoring to escape, were goaded in the rear by boat-hooks, accelerated the movements of the as yet uninjured. We pursued them in all directions, and stopped only from sheer exhaustion. That, gentlemen, is the way I was bamboozled; although I reckon they would not like to try it again with the same results.'

'When 'Cais' finished, a low 'Wagh!' expressive of deep admiration, ran around our circle. Then, as one by one wrapped himself in his blanket, in a short time nothing was heard but the tramp of the sentinels keeping watch and ward over their slumbering comrades.'

Let's hear from you again, 'Colonel.' - - - We have been made aware, from time to time, by the considerate kindness of advance-sheets from the hand of the author, Gen. J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, of Tivoli on the Hudson, of his indefatigable labors of research and condensation, in producing a '*History of Carusius, the Dutch Augustus and Emperor of Britain.*' The work is now before us, complete; a goodly and most comely volume, of some two hundred and fifty pages: in which is interwoven an historical and ethnological account of THE Menappü, the ancient Zealanders and Dutch Flemings. It reaches us just as our last sheet passes to the press: so that it must needs form the subject of a future notice. In its externals, good taste, good paper, and good printing, we are glad to see, attest the ability and care of the author's printers and publishers. - - - THERE is a corps of *Marines* at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, to whom our correspondent should address the subjoined: 'What do you think, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, of a *Black-Snake Milking a Cow*? My nearest neighbor but one solemnly avers that he beheld the other morning a large black-snake drawing upon the udder of a fine cow, and the lacteal fluid undulating along down the carpent's body with every swallow?' What do we *think* of it? Why, that 'not to put too fine a point upon it,' it really 'do n't seem's of it could be so!' - - - SELDOM has there been a more merry meeting, or one more numerously attended, than the '*Paäs Festival of the Saint Nicholas Society on Paäs Monday.*' It was our full purpose to have been present, a pleasure of which we had intimated to the stewards we should not fail to 'avail;' but pressing duties at the moment, (necessarily including two days' absence from them,) imperatively prevented. We are still waiting for the to-and-fro daily trains to Cedar-Hill, on our West-shore Rail-road. - - - On one occasion last winter, being detained in town over a cold and stormy night, by the departure of our pleasant afternoon-steamer a half an hour earlier than was its wont, we stopped at the 'GIRARD House;' called for a room, with a fire; and presently, with our clean and nice 'galley-proof' slips before us, were making up into pages our number for the month. By ten o'clock, every thing was complete, in due 'form,' and the 'Table of Contents' carefully made out. Then, feeling somewhat an-hungered, we descended to the 'Saloon,' always open for late and early Hudson-River Rail-road travellers, and, mounted on a high cane-seat stool, were busily engaged in the discussion of a plate of freshly-cooked but fully-cold turkey, and a pot of delicious tea, green and black, judiciously and thoroughly mixed and mingled. 'Is this you, Old KNICK?' exclaimed a deep-toned, familiar voice at our side. Turning, we encountered an old friend, long resident '*Up River,*' and not far distant from the spot whence came the pleasant letters thus indicated. Indeed, the writer of those agreeable, gossiping epistles once visited his sequestered homestead, from which

he would have returned sooner, with his loving spouse, had not the horse (which in the absence of the coachman, himself had 'harnessed') walked away from the vehicle to which, by an over-sight of the *last* 'moment,' he had not been attached, leaving the occupants glued to their seats from sheer surprise. 'Hitching on' is a very important part of 'harnessing.' But this is 'neither here nor there.' 'Come up into my parlor,' said our friend: for, being an important State officer in the city, his duties kept him much in town, and he had comfortable apartments at the hotel. Affirmatively we *re-plied* — willingly *com-plied*. A cheerful fire: books, periodicals: the evening papers: some unopened letters. A pleasant, mild Havana, and a glance at the '*Evening Express*,' third edition, while the said letters were opened and read with an unnecessary apology for a necessary duty, to say nothing of an unpostponable inclination, on the part of our friend. He paused a moment, after reading the last letter, which he seemed to have *kept* for the last, as we saw him take it up and look at it four or five times, and then lay it down again. That letter made mention of a little boy of eight years, a nephew of our friend, with whom the child had lived almost from infancy, and to whom he had been, from circumstances peculiarly trying, exceedingly attached. He read a passage from the letter; and taking out of his waistcoat-pocket, 'from the part nearest the *heart*,' (as SHYLOCK has it, with a different meaning,) an egg-shaped daguerreo-type, he surveyed it for a moment, and then passed it to us, for a moment's examination. It was the 'counterfeit presentment' of a little boy of some seven or eight years. As he looked at it, with 'devouring eyes,' he said: 'It is no great merit, *is it*, for any man to love *his own* children? I hope I love *mine*, as well as any man need to love *his*; but in *this* kind of love, even many animals excel the best of us, so far as affectionate demonstration is concerned. But this little boy, now gone hence—and to-night is the first anniversary of his death—was endeared to me by ties so holy, that it really seemed to be a sundering of the heart-strings when he was called to pass away.' This conversation arose from the casual remark, that we had forgotten to purchase a pair of skates for our little 'Seven-year-Old,' which we had designed to take home with us. '*Oh! do n't do it!*' said our friend: 'it was in the use of those, so unsuited to a child, that *this* little boy lost his life. I could refuse him nothing for which he asked; and one morning, as I was coming down to the city in the cars, he asked me to bring him home a pair: I did so: and the next day, in his first trial with them, he fell back upon his head, on a little pond of ice near our mansion; and in eight hours was dead, with his little hands folded on his breast, under a white sheet, on the table. *Do n't buy such toys for mere children.*' This should have been a lesson to us, as we hope it may be to all parents: but we heeded it so little, we are sorry to say, that the other day a young lad came past the 'Cottage' with an old-fashioned 'cross-bow gun,' with stiff walnut-bow, strong 'cat-gut' string, brass-trigger, arrow (or 'pile,' as they term it hereaway, for what possible reason we know not) 'all complete.' Well, we bought it; and after brief personal target practice, consigned it to the little 'chip of the old block'-head, who went out into an adjoining pasture-lot to renew the sport. The first thing we heard was a scream, then we saw a jumping-up into the air of the small agile 'frog;' and next, a little hand placed to an eye, through the fingers of which the blood was streaming! Then came run-

ning down a pale wee companion, who had been firing at a spot of red cloth fastened upon that part of his little person which is usually the last to become sun-burned. And the small animated target had been looking under and backward through his little sturdy supporters, to *see* the arrow when it came! — and come it did: and wonderful it was, that instead of striking deeply *above* the eye-brow, it had not *penetrated* the gray-blue depth of the orb itself, and liberated an ever-varying 'expression,' which, to a father's eye, *we* think is as little 'easy to be imagined' as it is 'to be described.' That cross-bow gun is now of 'the things which were:' and the moral of all this 'screed' is: 'Let children play with things which are not dangerous in their unpractised hands, and their unreflecting direction.' How *many* parents, from sad experience, will admit the heedworthiness of this (to us irrepressible) caution! - - - We have seldom seen any work, blending entertainment with valuable instruction, more widely commended by the best authorities, than *Mrs. A. M. Redfield's Chart of the Animal Kingdom*, published by Messrs. E. B. and E. C. KELLOGG, Number 87 Fulton-street, New-York. Ex-Governor SEYMOUR, in a few brief sentences, expresses the universal opinion of this excellent production; an opinion in which he is fully joined by the most prominent dignitaries and men eminent in educational science, in this and adjacent States:

'HAVING recently examined this chart, I wish to express my admiration of its arrangement. I have seen nothing to compare with it. It gives at a glance a vast amount of information, and serves to convey clear and definite ideas to those who pay any attention to natural history. I hope it will be placed in all our schools and academies.'

IN our last issue we neglected to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. PHILIP TABB'S Ornamental Iron Works, 522 Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, including fountains, vases, summer-houses, dogs, lions, all kinds of furniture and appliances for private and public use — elegant as chiseled work, and as durable as the everlasting hills. - - - Our old friend ROLLO, late of the house of A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY, Number 27 Park-Row, (an open hand and a staunch craft welcome you at the door,) has in press a *Summer Volume*, which we can commend to the appreciation and enjoyment of our readers. It will be admirably executed, and 'somedele' illustrated with good engravings: its title: '*Kit Kelvin's Kernels*.' The KNICKERBOCKER'S readers *know* 'KIT KELVIN,' and what manner of writer he is: they will find *more* of him, in the volume to which we have referred. - - - We notice that the firm of DEXTER AND BROTHERS, News Agents, who have so long supplied many of our subscribers with the KNICKERBOCKER, have removed to 113 Nassau Street, New-York: under the name of H. DEXTER AND COMPANY, the company includes Messrs. FARNSWORTH and EICHOLL, long in the establishment. - - - WHILE alluding to educational institutions in our last issue, it was our intention to refer to the YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL of Mrs. WILLIAMS, Number 26 West Thirty-ninth Street, New-York; where are taught all the branches requisite for a thorough and accomplished education, and a home afforded for the best training and personal happiness of each pupil. WASHINGTON IRVING and Dr. FRANCIS VINTON are among the references.